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Book 12

BOOK NEWS

A MONTHLY SURVEY

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE

VOLUME VII

SEPTEMBER 1888 TO AUGUST 1889

PHILADELPHIA
JOHN WANAMAKER
1889

ROY WOOD
3.18.4
VIA RAIL

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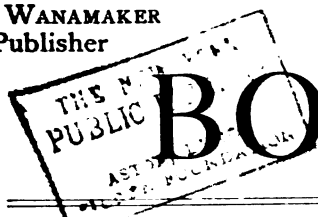
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THE PERSONALITY OF PENN.



When William Penn landed in America he was a comparatively young man, about thirty-seven years of age. There is but one authentic portrait of him, and that one painted when he was scarcely more than twenty, after his return from a successful military expedition into Ireland. It represents him in armor. The painting of Penn's Treaty, by Benjamin West, depicting the Founder of Pennsylvania as a man of sixty years, portly and Quakerish in garb, after the manner of the Friends of the artist's time, is altogether erroneous, and yet this figure of Penn is the popularly accepted ideal of the man.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA commissioned a Philadelphia sculptor, G. Frank Stephens, to model a statue of William Penn from authentic data as to his age, presence and costume. It has been completed and will shortly be on exhibition.

For the purpose of placing in the hands of those who may desire it, a correct representation of the man as he was, a fine cabinet photograph, with historical data, will be sent on receipt of ten cents in postage-stamps (less than cost) by

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BOOK NEWS

VOLUME 7.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1888.

NUMBER 73.

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A monthly publication giving prompt and accurate information concerning every new book—its scope, its worth, its price—together with miscellaneous items and articles of special interest to readers, authors, and publishers. December number illustrated.

50 cents a year, postpaid.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Philadelphia.

ATMOSPHERE IN ART.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

The hypothesis of science denies inhabitants to the moon, because it has no atmosphere. How can people live where there is no air to breathe? where there are no blue sky, clouds and breezes, and where the temperature varies between some hundreds or thousands of degrees below and above the zero of Fahrenheit? not to mention the absence of water and vegetation. The situation certainly seems uncomfortable. But possibly science underrates the resources and adaptability of nature and human nature, and there may be people in the moon after all. Even on this earth, one man's meat is another man's poison; and varieties of the human animal are conceivable who argue that existence on our globe must be insupportable, because of the stifling atmosphere that strangles life, the horrible vegetation that chokes up everything, the deadly monotony of the temperature, the dimness of the days and the lightness of the nights. For my part, I expect some future Lick to set up a spy-glass which shall show us the horrible caverns, the barren plains, the ghastly peaks of the moon all covered with complacent inhabitants, of vast intellectual keenness, and of a physical organization able to extract nourishment from ether, and supporting a temperature that melts iron as easily as one that freezes whatever is most nearly unfreezable. Such people must have plenty of time for mental and spiritual cultivation (vegetable-gardens being unknown), and could one of them be imported to our planet, our philosophers and theologians might find him a tough nut to crack.

But *suum cuique* is the motto of the physical universe: each planet in the heavens has its own variety of the human race: or where would be the use of making more planets than one? And there can be no doubt that atmosphere is a leading characteristic of many of us: Jupiter has one that

would almost float a boat. We are probably a very negative sort of earth: we do not go far one way or the other. Accepting our constitution for what it is, however, an atmosphere is an essential part of it, and enters not only into our bodily lives, but into our thought and emotion. And as regards art (literary and other) as practiced among us, that too, to be successful, must have an atmosphere; for art selects and combines the human elements of nature, making us realise that nature is but a generalized reflection of ourselves: and the processes of this transformation or re-creation need an atmosphere to soften them and conciliate the observer, as well as for its own sake. How to describe atmosphere I must frankly admit that I do not know: it belongs to the emotional side of art: it is felt rather than seen. We know when it is present by knowing when it is absent: it is contributed by the temperament of the artist rather than by his brain. The Venus de Milo has an atmosphere, as well as the paintings of Titian and Turner, and the writings of Cervantes, Sterne and Thackeray. But a great many otherwise commendable statues, pictures and books lack this unobtrusive but indispensable quality, and they fail, consequently, to melt into our minds and become a part of us; and we know that the persons who produce them have mistaken their vocation, and ought to have turned their fine and industrious faculties to some other purpose. Atmosphere compensates for the want of almost every other quality; but without it, no other artistic merits are acceptable. There must be an interior principle of life: the work must proceed from within outwards, as a plant grows: if the sculptor's own heart has not beat in the bosom of his marble goddess, she will never get beyond the marble stage.

Be the reason what it may, the main fault of our contemporary literature is deficiency of atmosphere. Perhaps our clever young men are too conscious that an American literature ought to be made, and too little driven by an inward inevitable fury to create. A writer who feels under obligations to write will never accomplish the work that lasts. When I say "obligations," I do not mean pecuniary ones. I doubt if there would be any literature in the world if it were not for pecuniary obligations. Authors may cry for leisure; but necessity is what they really need.—No: it is the moral—the conscientious obligation that I am talking about. As soon as I begin to say to myself, "I must write a book which will be a credit to American literature," I am in a state of fatal and rapid decline,

and my atmosphere will vanish like that of the moon. In fact, a good many of our recent novels seem to have been written by lunar authors, and might be despatched to our satellite with advantage both to us and to them. Probably the great fault with the novels there is, that their producers will persist in introducing an atmosphere, when, as every lunar critic knows, there is no such thing. Let us, then, as soon as practicable, establish a free-trade between the two planets in the matter of novels at any rate, each sending its worst examples to the other. Thus, in a new sense, we shall profit by each others' faults.

In the meanwhile we might consider the expediency of feeling more in art, and refining less; for thereby our literature will become less like a watch manufactory, and more like a garden of living flowers.

EDWARD PAYSON ROE.

Any one looking at the striking face portrayed in the plate accompanying this month's *BOOK NEWS* cannot fail to be struck by the nobility of soul reflected there. As we said in our short biographical sketch, in the August number, E. P. Roe may not have been one of our greatest novelists in the artistic sense of the word, nevertheless he made the most of his talent and used it for the good of his fellow men.

Mr. Roe was pre-eminently a writer for the people. His style is simple, direct, and though somewhat sensational, permeated throughout with a high sense of morality. He made the working people his study and learned what they required; gathering his material from close observation of their modes of thought and living. He was in thorough sympathy with them, and eager to assist in their elevation.

Mr. Roe did not overrate himself, but was perfectly conscious of his own deficiencies in the literary art proper, and was eagerly anxious to remedy them, as will be seen by the following earnest and modest letter, addressed by him to the editor of the *Literary World*:

"I suppose by this time you have received a copy of my new book. I know you will find many faults in it and I hope you will tell me of them plainly, for I am very much in earnest in my wish and purpose to improve in my literary work. I assure you that success does not blind me to the need of such improvement. My chief desire is to find out just the points at which I am weak and faulty. The favor bestowed by the public places me under bonds to do the best work of which I am capable, and I feel that it would be dishonorable to try to palm off any other. I have taken more pains with this last story than with any other, and have tried to speak of Christianity as a *life* rather than an 'ism' or system of doctrine. * * * I think I can justly say that I do not seek popularity in my stories. I do not manufacture them, but write them just as they come to me, avoiding sensational and exciting incidents except as they aid me to portray character.

His love of nature was genuine and ardent. A friend, whose acquaintanceship began while Mr. Roe was recuperating at Santa Barbara, writing to the *Critic* says, that he proposed to visit California again

with the view of making Santa Barbara the scene of a sequel to "Nature's Serial Story." It is to our loss that he never carried out his project.

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

By TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

Mr. James Russell Lowell has done the generation since the war a high service by reprinting in "Political Essays" his magazine articles through thirty years of the fight with slavery. Such a book teaches history as nothing else does. From it one can get the atmosphere and learn what was, not merely what happened which is all dates and epitomes give. It teaches style and reminds one that politics which is "present history" deserves in its discussion something of the decorous and dignified demeanor of its elder and more reputable but less lively sister. Above all, "Political Essays" even to the last on the "Independent in Politics" teaches truth in the wisdom, the purpose and the will of our great democracy. This is the lesson of lessons to learn from all politics. It is not from men in soft raiment or from reeds shaking in the wind of every new reform that the voice of the future comes: but where the farmer is tilling his own acres and the mechanic and operative living in his own house—there is the people and there camp the hosts of the Lord with the sanctuary of right and justice and liberty leading their onward way through the wilderness to the promised land. It is good to find trust in all this in Lowell, to read his confidence in the people's Lincoln and well to forget that Hosea Biglow could once write of him in the darkest day of the war when only plain people had faith in our plain President that it did "kind o' stunt"

"This tryin' to coax a lightmin' streak
Out of a half-discouraged hay-rick."

* * *

The strong wish in all who read the New Testament to get some clear light on the life day by day led by those of whom it speaks, has had proof in the enormous circulation of "Ben Hur," a book of no great worth in itself but which meets this want. The reign of dogma in most of the books on the New Testament makes them dumb on scores of points which come up as it is read and which spring from the way in which men now write of the past so as to make clear, life as it was, not dates and lists of kings alone. Dr. Edmond Stapfer's "Palestine in the Time of Christ" does more of this than any book which has recently been put before Bible readers. The oriental interpretation of the New Testament has been carried about as far and somewhat farther than it will bear. We do not get so very much closer to the life led in Judea eighteen-hundred years ago by going to great pains to show how much it was like the East of to-day. The likeness is too apt to be one of clothes. The East has changed within, if not without, and one from the West, who does not know the East from within, is

but too apt, as Renan was, to be misled by its outer look.

**

There is left, after dogma has had its say and the oriental fable its day, a broad field of exact fact which each reader of the New Testament should know, just as in each of the Gospels he should be able to tell where one account fits another or where an epistle should take its place in Acts. The facts as to the life of the Jews in the time of Christ are not to be got easily, and a book like Dr. Stapfer's will be a great boon to many a puzzled teacher and reader. Perhaps wisely, Dr. Stapfer, when he identifies sites and fixes dates, says little about the doubt in which they are often wrapped, for he gives in nearly every case the better authority and his book would be too big to use if he tried to tell everything on both sides. He is a little too apt, as all learned men are, to let a sentence settle some custom, forgetting how life varies and changes about us from day to day. A little imagination helps to make the truth clear even when one is only handling facts. But with these drawbacks, which make the book hard and dry, for reference rather than for reading, Dr. Stapfer's work cannot but be of great use to those whose books must needs be few.

**

"Men and Women" is of all the score and more of books Robert Browning has done the one which comes near the the soul of man. There is not much said of it by those who read Browning and talk Browning to show how much more they can see in him than the rest of us; but it lies near the hearts of those who love him for what he is and not for what they are or try to be taken for. As it first came from the press "Men and Women" is the best of all his poetry to begin with. It will be with pain that those who love it will find only nine of the fifty-one poems first sent out with this title, four being added from "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics." But this leads the way to a new arrangement in two succeeding volumes, in which "Dramatic Romances," "Dramatic Lyrics," and "Dramatic Personæ" will each be brought under one head, and under "Lyrics" and "Romances," Browning will doubtless make clear what he has said in a private letter, as well as in his collection, that a thread of character strung in one of the love poems of "Men and Women," the sweetest and tenderest our tongue knows, and full of the whole-souled day of wedded life as well as of the rosy sunrise of love.

**

Mr. Edgar Saltus has written in "Eden" a novel which will attract many and should for it has the undeniable attraction of an artist's work. But the living in it is not life and the manner of its writing is not style, although the one is intended for real life, as Mr. Edgar Saltus conceived it and the style plainly pleases him. But it is not by falling into the

open snare of admiring one's tricks with words that style is got. Much that is in "Eden" happens from day to day, but it is not thereby the real or therefore the inevitable model and subject of story. Mr. Saltus assures us on his title-page that time is wholly lost which is not given to love; but it was not brute longing that Tasso had in mind and "offerings nicely placed" of word, sentence and phrase will not make a seemly deity of that desire, cover it as you will. Mr. Saltus and men like him know not that art lies as much in what is left out as in what is let in. "Corydon," on whom one of his men lightly touches in talk with a woman, was in Virgil at least not unfamiliar but in English becomes slimy with suggestion. It is as well to leave "Eden" one side as to keep clear of the wards of a hospital unless one goes to heal. Yet in Mr. Saltus' work, as in so much else of our national habit of expression, there is plain the artistic sense for form and handling which modern England lacks and which we catch from France.

**

Men show their weakness not by what they are but by what they would like to be. Mr. Howells is a good novelist but his poems are the children of his heart. He has published as poor ones as any in print. One, "No Love Lost," mercifully forgotten until he republished it in his collected poems, passes the limits of respectable doggerel. "A Sea Change" is in the same line. This little operetta has every fault such a work could have. Its jokes are old and poor, its verse is weak and silly and as a play it is utterly unplayable. But Howells is like us all. It is not what we do well and early we love. The work we do ill and with difficulty, we adore. It is the old story Pope told:

Who would not praise Patricia's high desert
His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! All interests weighed
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betrayed.
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet
Newmarket fame and judgment at a bet.

**

Mr. Samuel Merrill, of the *Boston Globe*, in his "Newspaper Libel" has given working journalists a book of great interest and some use. There is no place in which a little knowledge is so dangerous as in law, and the man who trusts to common-sense and the ordinary use of words is generally safer than one who knows just enough law to go wrong. But writing the first book on the subject from the newspaper standpoint, Mr. Merrill has made some sides clear which in a legal text-book would be missed. Possibly, too, the book may do something to teach the average newspaper reader how narrow and how full of pitfalls is the path in which walks the journalist whom most men look on as licensed to say about what he pleases.

Dr. F. W. Taussig, a Harvard Professor, with a strong underlying belief in Free Trade, but far fairer than most men of this conviction, has collected in one timely volume a number of papers on the Tariff History of the United States. It is a misfortune that the same work has not been also done by some one more open to the advantages of Protection, less anxious to give a theoretical cause for our progress and more willing to let the facts speak for themselves. This has not been done and Dr. Taussig's book will be a necessity for any one who wishes to get a perspective view of this engrossing subject. But it is well in all such books on both sides to watch closely for the gap which separates facts from their theoretical explanation.

**

Mr. Van Buren Denslow in his "Principles of the Economic Philosophy" has gone far towards setting the economic history of this country in its real relations. He has a most ill-tempered style and his work is swollen by needless digression. It is hard reading and long reading, but it is an arsenal of fact, of illustration and of argument on the side of Protection. Its striking difference from books of the English school is that it is loaded with fact and not lit with theory.

**

Mr. Edward Stanwood's "Presidential Elections" is a dry book on an interesting subject, but it is a useful manual and gives facts not easily to be had elsewhere.

**

The "Land of the Nihilists," by Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, is most newspaperly, being but a reprint, illustration and all, of newspaper letters; but the trained journalist has a keen eye for the actual and the interesting and the little book which can be read in a sitting, lets much light on Russian life not to be had from larger works.

**

Stereotyped plates have done much to hinder knowledge and keep poor school-books in use; but they also do much to cheapen good literature. Such an edition of Emerson's Essays as McKay of this city has just put out is as good a book as can be made for the money, good paper and careful press-work making up for plates somewhat worn.

**

Two women, Mrs. J. R. Green and Mrs. Zenaïde A. Ragozin have written the historical books of the month. Mrs. Green's "Henry the Second" is a book of the first order. Her singular personal charm has much to do with the reviews the book has had in England, but it is a model of historical biography and original research. Mrs. Ragozin is a woman whose ability lies in using the research of others and she has done it with her usual skill in "Media."

He must be "a fool all his life long" who cannot enjoy Mr. Edward Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes" at 4 and still rejoice over them at 40 and at 80 take them up with the old pleasure. Like Mr. Carroll and the late Mr. Calverley, Mr. Lear has filled his nonsense with a sub-flavor of wisdom and they never weary or grow old. Yet in touching on that tempting theme, the "Akond of Swat," Mr. Lear falls far behind Mr. George T. Lanigan—so high are the talents which journalism swallows and leaves no monument behind.

A CRITICISM OF EMERSON AND BROWNING.

Emerson's fame will probably be independent of any single contribution to the world's literature, for his merit does not appear to consist either in his rhetoric or his philosophy or his poetry, but rather in the genial spirit of the man, and in the generous and wholesome influence which he diffuses around him, like some bracing and exhilarating atmosphere. In a different sense from that of the sermon or the ethical homily, it "does one good" to read him; for he braces the sinews and sets the blood coursing more freely through the veins. In this respect he stands at the opposite pole to Carlyle, who supplies the malodorous and distasteful medicine, while Emerson gives the tonic of blithe air and happy sunshine. * * *

That Browning should have essayed two transcripts from Euripides is a fact not without significance for the critic, for he has thereby opened to us the secrets of his own dramatic aptitudes. For with him, as with Euripides, the humanity he paints is not the dignified, selfish man of Tennyson or Sophocles, with views on "the decorous" or "the befitting," and a conventional regard for respectable deportment, whether towards himself or to his gods; but the wilder, less commonplace, more developed human being, who hates with a will, and loves with a will, regardless of consequence, who cannot deceive himself as to his own motives, and despises external morality—a humanity which dares and sins and suffers, and makes a mock, if need be, of gods and heaven.

In a play of Browning the hero, naturally enough, talks like Browning; but so, too, does the heroine, so does the villain, so do the populace. Contrast there certainly is; but not contrast in the ordinary sense. There is none of that impersonal touch which we have in Shakspeare, and which makes one know Shakspeare's characters, while what Shakspeare's own character may be remains a mystery. Browning is too personal, too 'subjective,' too instinct with himself; he cannot project himself outward, so to speak, in his creations; he cannot forget himself by means of a wide human sympathy.

From "Studies New and Old," by W. L. Courtney.

THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The aspect of the reading room is most imposing to the uninitiated. The loftiness and space of the room impress one strongly, equally with the peculiar atmosphere of silence, recalling the interior of a church, until one becomes aware of a hushed activity and motion, which intensifies instead of disturbing the solemn repose. Gradually the almost imperceptible movement and scarcely appreciable noise is discovered to proceed from figures gliding along the floor, and from the subdued rustling of paper, turning of leaves, and scratching of pens, or the occasional dropping of a heavy volume in its place and the faint slamming of distant doors. By that time a greater familiarity with the place enables the visitor to know what had at first, strangely enough, escaped his notice, namely, the presence of the thousands on thousands of books on the walls, and the design of an apparently inextricable labyrinth on the floor of the hall.

The reading room of the British Museum is circular and lies under a lofty dome, almost of the same dimensions as that of the Pantheon of Rome. Its diameter is 140 feet, and its height is 106 feet. The reading room is flanked by its own suburbs, adjacent libraries, with a capacity of more than 750,000 cubic feet; it contains itself 1,250,000 cubic feet. In order to save every available foot of space, iron has been largely used in the construction. The dome is supported on twenty iron piers. It was covered with copper in 1855, and the peculiar construction, reserving a space between the external casing and the brickwork, has secured an equality of temperature and the means of carrying off the vitiated air. The ventilation is effected by apertures above the windows and in the centre of the dome. All skylights, lanterns, and windows are double, to avoid the steam of condensation, and an outward gallery of nine feet is so disposed as to prevent any sudden accumulation of snow from falling on the roofs below. Between the vault and the cornice are twenty tall windows, 27 feet in height, which appear narrow from below, although they are twelve feet wide. The decoration of the interior is rich and cheerful, consisting of gilt mouldings and designs on azure blue ground, relieved by a warm cream color. In the central medallion are the royal monogram and the imperial crown. Between the cornice and the floor the walls are lined with books. Three tiers of galleries with gilded railings give access to the higher shelves, but they are free only to the librarians and attendants.

By degrees, with a little attention, the design of the labyrinth on the floor becomes clear, and a clue is gained to its intricacies. In the centre a circular enclosure is occupied by the superintendent of the reading room, the clerk, and the attendants. It is reached by a path running directly from the entrance. Two wider circles, divided into sections, are tables,

under which on either side are the book shelves for the catalogues. The tables are alphabetically arranged by labels indicating the respective letters. They are provided with writing materials and printed tickets, on one side of which are the regulations, on the other a form to be filled up with particulars respecting the volume or volumes desired, and then signed. This ticket is deposited in a basket, whence it is taken by an attendant, who in due time brings the books to the desk occupied by the reader and specified by him on the ticket.

Like the spokes of a gigantic wheel, the desks radiate from the centre to the walls of the room. These spokes are twenty-five in number, and the desks in them afford accommodation for 360 readers. Some are specially set apart for the use of women; others are fitted up at the end with reading desks of a larger size, for the convenience of those who may have to consult works beyond the usual dimensions. Each reader has allotted to him a space of four feet, three inches, and is screened from the opposite reader by a raised partition. Each desk is fitted with a small shelf, containing an inkstand, a steel and quill pen, a hinged desk, and a larger shelf for spare books; these two last are on hinges, and can be brought out at will or left closed. Thus the whole space of the desk is left clear, being furnished only with a blotter and a heavy paper weight. In the framework of the tables are six distributing channels under control of valves,* and beneath is a tubular footrail, which may in winter be converted into a foot warmer by means of hot water sent through it.

The book-cases of the reading-room contain approximately 80,000 volumes; two lifts are placed at convenient distances for the purpose of raising books to the level of the several galleries; the staircases leading to them are only forty feet apart. The shelves rest on brass pins, and there are 2,750,000 holes to receive those pins, so as to adjust the books with the greatest nicety. The statistics of this land of printed matter are amazing; there are three miles of book-cases, eight feet high, and about twenty-five miles of shelves. Some calculating mind has computed that, assuming the books to be filled with leaves of average thickness, those leaves, placed edge to edge, would extend over three times the diameter of the globe. It is easier to grasp the almost equally astounding but more tangible fact that the number of volumes in the great national British Library amounts to 1,300,000; that large number does not, however, include a far larger collection of tracts, pamphlets, manuscripts, and maps. The rate of increase is enormous; in one year it has been known to reach 94,000 volumes and pamphlets.

M. DeS. in N. Y. Sun.

—Frederick A. Stokes & Brother are bringing out a life of President Cleveland, by W. O. Stoddard.

QUEER BINDING.

Extravagance in binding has frequently furnished an opening for the display of fantastic tricks and fads. In a bookseller's catalogue was once an advertisement of a Latin copy of Apuleius's *Golden Ass*, bound in the skin of an ass. A book relating to Jeffrey Hudson, the celebrated dwarf, was bound in a piece of the silk waistcoat of Charles I. Fox's historical works were bound in fox skin, and Bacon's works were dressed out in hog skin. One offspring of the French Revolution was the grim humor of binding books in human skin. France was not alone in this practice. In various parts of England the skin of murderers has been tanned and used to bind books. The public library of Bury St. Edmunds has a book containing the account of the trial of a man for murder bound in his own skin. Eccentricities of binding in such as skins of cats, crocodile, mole, seal, wolf, tiger, bear, etc., abound. The use of cloth in binding is one of comparatively recent date. In 1835 Archibald Leighton introduced cloth for covers, the first book so bound being Byron's complete works.

Providence Journal.

VICTOR HUGO.

He returned to Paris in 1871, and encouraged his compatriots during the siege by his cheerful courage, exhorting them to persevere in their gallant resistance. Little Georges and Jeanne, his grandchildren, lived with him, and great was his anxiety when the privations told on Jeanne's health. How beautifully has he written about these children! He was never old in spirit, though he lived to be eighty-three. On the top of an omnibus without a great coat, going up in a balloon, making excursions about Paris, he is frolicsome and delighted with everything, like a boy. On May 13, 1885, he died, his last word, his last conscious act, being for his grandchildren. And we all recollect what a funeral his countrymen gave him!

Who will cast the first stone? He had faults. Sometimes he "posed." At one point or another, what amount of genius (which, by itself, even weakens) may enable a man or a woman to escape the malicious, ironical, impish taint of human inferiority—shall we say, folly? The wise and kindly may regard these signs and symbols of our common humanity in no ungenerous temper, with a certain pitying, amused affectionate tolerance rather. Somebody has said how fortunate we are in having a few details about the private life of Shakspeare—fortunate, yes, if we are "valets" to our "heroes"; otherwise perhaps hardly. Hugo's theatricality was only superficial. These all have their "treasure in earthen vessels." Ah! and most of us have so much earthen vessel, so little treasure! Well, when I had the honour of being presented to the master in the Avenue d'Eylau, where he latterly lived, I noticed that the room was hung with gorgeous hangings of crimson,

brocaded velvet and gold, and that the only thing in form of a statue or a bust was a statuette of the poet himself. But this, of course, was not his private room; and what impressed me far more was the master's unaffected, unassuming, and genial cordiality, the rare charm of his manner. He neither preached nor soliloquised, moreover, but conversed. This ruler over hearts and minds was possessed of an ability to set loyal and devoted subjects at their ease, which many merely hereditary monarchs might envy. All who came in contact with him (Charles Dickens among the number) testify to his singular personal charm; and the old man's face was magnificent.

Roden Noel in London Academy.

POETS OF NATURE.

She has her Shakespeare in the ocean waves,
Her Milton in the mountains of the globe,
Her Dante in the planet's central fire,
Her Goethe in the storm-clouds of the sky,
Her Homer in the rivers as they roll,
Her Tennyson in all the winds of Heaven.

William H. Hayne in The Independent.

THE SONNETEER.

The lazy poet is the sonneteer,
Who in his twice-seven lines puts all he knows
Of something, be it wood, or mead, or rose,
Or love, or hate—a wedding, or a bier.
He has his pattern always to his eyes;
His thought can soar but in this narrow space,
And be it Niagara or a pretty face,
The limit his expansion ever ties.
The rivulet, within its confined bed
Of rock or clay, can seldom burst its banks;
Its song, though flushed, can never leave the ranks
Of small endeavors. With its proudest head
'Tis but a small thing to the epic roar
Old ocean dashes o'er a mighty shore.

Edward S. Creamer in "Literature."

==Mr. Edmund Gosse's book on "Eighteenth Century Literature" will, the *St. James's Gazette* says, be issued early in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Mr. Gosse takes up the story of the development of English literature at the point where Mr. Saintsbury dropped it in his recently published volume on "Elizabethan Literature," and carries it down to those closing years of the eighteenth century—the times of Dryden, Pope, Swift, Defoe, Johnson, Gray, Goldsmith, Fielding, Gibbon, and Burke. Mr. Gosse in his work has dealt with the poetry, the drama, and prose after the restoration; with Pope; Swift and the Deists; Defoe and Essayists. The dawn of naturalism in poetry is discussed, a chapter is devoted to the novelists of the times, another to Johnson and the philosophers; and the poets and prose-writers of the Decadence are considered.

VERNON LEE.

Vernon Lee is the young English woman upon whom the mantle of George Eliot is supposed to have descended. If her future fulfils the promise of her present she will leave George Eliot behind in the race. Probably no literary woman of any time has or has had an early record to compare with that of Vernon Lee. She is only twenty-five, and she has written several large volumes on mediæval literature, involving years of research; she has contributed for at least eight years to the leading English Reviews; she has published three or four volumes of essays, several short stories, and a remarkable novel called "Miss Brown," which was the literary sensation of the day. Vernon Lee—her real name is Violet Paget—lives in Florence with a lame and musical brother. She is very plain, decidedly masculine in appearance, and is fond of sitting with her legs crossed and of smoking cigarettes. The reading world has been waiting impatiently for new work from her pen. *Current Literature.*

source of supply?" Certainly not the "Elsie" type of book, which is so eagerly read by girls, and which gives them such a false conception of life; certainly not the moral tale, in a wrapping of incorrect English and weak illustrations; certainly not the sickly love story padded with religious sentimentalities; certainly not the books, of which there is a large class, which are neither thoroughly good nor thoroughly bad, but are mediocre in every respect, which fill the mind with chaff instead of wheat, which cultivate a taste for aimless reading, and, because there is nothing worth remembering, sow the seeds of a defective memory.

* * *

The Rev. Alexander McLeod, D. D., has described the reading which alone should be given through the Sunday-school library. He writes:

Our Sunday stories should be brimful of life, wholesome with the wholesomeness of life, and their natural influences should be along the lines which lead to manly and womanly worth, and to honesty, purity, temperance and truth in daily life. They should be such stories as go to make boys brave and honorable, and girls tenderhearted and pitiful, with the pity and tenderness of God.

WHAT SHALL OUR BOYS AND GIRLS READ?

In these days when "Of making many books there is no end," this question of reading for the young presses with heavy responsibility upon the parents and guardians of children. The bewildered mother, confused by the multitude of books from which selections must be made, may well sigh for "the good old days," when "Mother Goose Melodies," "Jack, the Giant Killer," "Goody Two Shoes," Maria Edgeworth's stories, Barbauld's Hymns, with now and then a fairy book, constituted the sum total of juvenile literature: when the little ones clustered about the mother's knee, reveled in stories from the Bible, or when the older boy or girl read with the father or mother "Pilgrims' Progress," Shakespeare, Milton, and Young's "Night Thoughts," or pored over the well-thumbed copy of "The Arabian Nights," "Gulliver's Travels," or "Robinson Crusoe."

It was hard, perhaps, for the omnivorous boy reader to labor painfully through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as one boy of my acquaintance did, for lack of reading better suited to his years; but I question if those days of few books, when most of the few were such treasure-houses of wit and wisdom, and were read and reread until they were mentally digested, were not better for the youthful mind than the present age of indiscriminate cramming.

Perhaps the books most readily accessible to the very young, and which reach the greatest number of readers, are in the Sunday-school libraries, scattered through the cities and villages of our land. This being true, we may properly ask, "What books should be given as mental and moral food through this

Charles Kingsley, George MacDonald, Pansy, Mrs. Prentiss, Mrs. Ewing, Charlotte Yonge, Dinah Mulock Craik, Mrs. Whitney, Louisa Alcott and others, have given us just such stories as these. Yet not everything written by these authors can be unreservedly recommended. I have learned that it is not safe to accept any book on the merit of the author without careful examination. Mrs. Burnett has written the sweet, helpful stories of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," but she has also written "Through One Administration," a book which should go into no Sunday-school library. While Pansy is almost always true and helpful, her book, "From Different Standpoints," is considered objectionable by many. This is true also of Louisa Alcott's "Moods." Very few persons would think of disapproving of George MacDonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" or "The Marquis of Lossie," but many object to "Robert Falconer" as unsettling to the simple Christian faith of the young.

There are many patrons who have low tastes for reading, and these cannot be led at once to feed on Dr. Munger's "Saints." To the boy accustomed to reading *The Police Gazette* and Dime Novels, it is a step upward to put into his hands the best of Optic's, Castlemon's or Alger's stories; to the girl who has fed on *The New York Ledger*, *Fireside Companion*, Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Southworth, E. P. Roe, Miss Warner and Marion Harland, are a decided advance in the right direction. But the mind which feeds largely on these and kindred authors will be weak and sickly, therefore the number of these books in all libraries should be limited, and as soon as possible the boys and girls should be encouraged to read a better grade of books.

I have a word of earnest advice for those parents whose children start on a higher plane of taste because of the coming into the home of such periodicals as *Baby Days*, *The Wide Awake*, *The Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Young People* and *St. Nicholas*. It is this: Keep Optic, Castlemon and Alger from your children. It is a pernicious waste of time to allow them to read these authors when there are so many interesting books of a higher grade. This advice is certainly needed when book-dealers tell us "that more of these books are sold than of any other writers of juvenile literature."

While I give this advice, I freely acknowledge that some of the earlier Optic books, like the "Lake Shore" series, are in the main harmless. They are fairly well written, comparatively free from slang, and of good moral tone; but some of the later books, notably "The Boat Builders" series are marred by slang and bad English, and should find no place in any library.

Most of Castlemon's stories are still less desirable. They are neither elevating to the morals nor improving to the mind, and are slangy and of an inferior literary order.

Alger's books may be elevating to the street gamin, but are undesirable reading for children of more careful bringing up.

Mayne Reid is an author whose books must be selected with care. They are very fascinating to the average boy, and some of them may legitimately satisfy his taste for thrilling adventure. Such stories as "The Cliff Climbers," "The Wood Rangers," "The Plant Hunters," "The Forest Exiles," and "The Young Voyagers," have undoubtedly stimulated many a boy to a healthful love of woods life. A minister who finds his greatest recreation and pleasure during his summer vacation in plunging into the almost unknown wilderness, testifies that his first taste for this healthful enjoyment was given by the reading of Mayne Reid's books. I must, however, warn the boys against some of them. Banish "Osceola," "The Scalp Hunters," "The War Trail," "The White Chief," and "The Wild Huntress" from the shelves. The fire is the only purifier of these as well as the large class of Dime Novels.

Jules Verne is a writer condemned by many; but some of his books I believe to be healthful and stimulating. It is a natural step from his "At the North Pole," and "Desert of Ice" to Kane's "Arctic Explorations" and other works on exploration. It is true that Verne blends fact and fiction so skillfully that it is difficult to distinguish between them; but I believe that his books of the character of those mentioned do stimulate a taste for reliable works of travel and exploration.

C. A. Stephens, and W. H. G. Kingston have written many pleasant stories of travel and adventure, some of which may be commended, though they are not above criticism. Stephens's stories are too often

marred by slang; but in "The Camping Out" series much general information is given, which is not likely to be acquired by children in other ways. In "Off to the Geysers," there is a full account of the laying of the Atlantic Cable, which cannot fail to interest and instruct the reader, while "On the Amazon" contains many interesting facts from Natural History.

Edward S. Ellis is a favorite author with the boys. He can be heartily commended as a writer of healthful fiction after the Cooper order. His stories portray Indian life, and while they are not specially instructive, they are entertaining and harmless. The "Log Cabin" and "Deerfoot" series are above the average boys' book in moral tone and literary finish.

Another writer of Indian stories who can be highly commended is William O. Stoddard. His "Talking Leaves" and "Two Arrows" are delightful to both boys and girls. They give a vivid and realistic picture of pioneer life among the Apache Indians, and are remarkably well written.

The younger boys and girls will enjoy the stories of James Otis and W. L. Alden, which have appeared in *Harper's Young People*. It is safe to say that the stories which appear in this periodical or the *St. Nicholas* are desirable reading for most children.

Robert M. Ballantyne's stories, "The Gorilla Hunters," "Ungava," "The Young Fur Traders," and others, are found in most public libraries, and are interesting and unobjectionable.

"The Boy Traveller" series, by Thos. W. Knox; Edward Greey's "Young Americans in Japan," and "The Wonderful City of Tokio"; the "Bodley Books"; Hale's "Family Flight" series; "The Vassar Girls" series, and "The Zigzag Journeys," are to be specially commended, for they cannot fail to develop a taste for larger and more complete works of travel.

While the books just mentioned will interest the younger readers, the older boys and girls should be encouraged to read Sir Samuel Baker's, Paul duChaillu's, Livingston's, and Stanley's wonderful travels in Africa; Parkman's "Oregon Trail"; Irving's "Astoria," and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures"; Bayard Taylor's "Travels"; and Isabella Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," and "Life in the Rocky Mountains."

There are many charming histories suitable for children, but it is questionable whether they should be read during the school year. I believe that the child who does faithful work in school, needs diversion in some reading, rather than a further cramming of the minds with facts. But during the long vacation there are many children who will enjoy reading, especially if the father and mother join them, such books as Dickens' "Child History of England," Miss Yonge's histories, Miss Strickland's "Tales from English History," and "Stories from History"; Church's, Abbott's, Higginson's, and Parkman's histories; C. C. Coffin's charming series containing

"The Boys of '76 and '61," and Scudder's "Boston Town."

There are many historical stories, also, which will be read with interest and profit. How we older ones recall with delight the days when we pored over Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales" and Scott's delightful novels! What a charming thing the history of England and Scotland became when followed through "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot" and "The Monastery"! How our youthful hearts were stirred by "The Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw"! And through all the coming years every boy or girl into whose hands "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may fall, will weep over poor Uncle Tom and the wrongs of his race, and many will be stimulated by it to read the histories of our Civil War.

As a wise and suggestive guide to parents and librarians in the selection of reading for the children, I know of nothing which can be so highly recommended as Miss C. M. Hewins's catalogue of "Books for the Young." It contains a very complete and classified list of books, and offers many valuable suggestions which any one having the care of children would do well to study.

Lilla M. Tenney in The Independent.

THE MONOTONE IN MODERN LIFE.

If we were asked what appears to be the most characteristic feature of our own day, at least in England and the United States, we should say the remarkable monotone—a monotone with often a note of anxiety in it,—which seems to pervade even the richest and most thoughtful lives. * * * Read through George Eliot's "Letters and Life," and the monotone is still more remarkable and still more painful. Turn to lives as far apart from either of these as Archbishop Trench's and Frederick Denison Maurice's and though you find in them,—especially the latter,—that exaltation of sadness which the highest faith always ensures, none the less the monotone which is the keynote of the life is more remarkable than ever. Probably we shall find it dominating Dr. Pusey's life, when that is given to the world. It certainly dominated Mark Pattison's, and even that of a man as different in character and in his sphere of work as the late Mr. Fawcett, though there the note of anxiety was wanting. In short, with but a few exceptions,—of which, perhaps, Charles Dickens's and Charles Kingsley's are the most remarkable,—all the most striking lives of our time, from Carlyle's to John Stuart Mill's, from Lord Shaftesbury's to Mr. Samuel Morley's, from Mr. Keble's to Sir Henry Taylor's, have been as remarkable for the monotone which sounds through them as those of a former age, from that of Goldsmith to that of Burns, from that of Byron to that of Moore, from

that of Mrs. Piozzi to that of Sir Walter Scott, were remarkable for the number and variety of the notes which are struck in the course of the life's story.

What is the reason of this? We should say that in a great measure it is due to the causes indicated in those lines which we have quoted from Miss Veley's verses: the

"—dim perplexities and hopes that wane,
Doubt, and the ghastly riddles, Sin and Pain,"

which have pressed very much more steadily on the conscience of the last fifty years than they pressed on the conscience of the preceding half-century. But this is by no means the whole account of the matter. We should hardly say, for instance, that it explains the monotone which pervades Sir Henry Taylor's or Sir Author Helps's lucid and sedate musings; or that it explains the monotone in the higher literature of New England, from Emerson to Hawthorne, from Howells to Henry James. We believe that the more general cause is the pressing upward into a predominant position of the middle and working classes, with their great inheritance of anxieties and cares, and the consequent absence of that playfulness, that old-world alternation between pensiveness and playfulness or buoyancy, which we see in Cowper, and Goldsmith, and Byron, and Moore, and Scott. The last fifty years have, as a literary epoch, fallen to the anxious classes, and though here and there, as in the case of Charles Dickens and Charles Kingsley, we have had men with such large reserves of unspent vigor in them that their genius has not been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," for the most part the thought of the careful classes has not often succeeded in throwing off the sober uniformity and intellectual pallor which naturally mark the stratum of life in which it had its origin. All democracies tend to monotony, for all democracies tend to impress the thought of the day with the sense of responsibility to the "dim common populations," as Carlyle called them, and so fall under the shadow of the anxieties which oppress these "dim common populations." Of course, this is not quite so true of the Latin peoples, which are naturally more variable and open to mighty waves of caprice as it is of the Teutonic. But still, it is more or less true of all the Western peoples that as they appreciate more and more the gravity of the problem of human life, and become conscious that it is for them to solve it for themselves, they lose the joyousness, the playfulness, the elasticity of the older days, when the pressure of democratic duties had hardly been felt.

Directly the literature of an age falls into the hands of the hard-working classes, the range and variety of its notes begin to diminish, and the buoyancy to be reserved for those few gifted natures which can throw off every now and then, in the richness of their vitality, that sense of duty, discipline, and drill by which their ordinary life is penetrated. The pressure of popular wants is a very steady and sobering

pressure, and in every democracy the sense of this pressure is predominant. Sometimes it takes the form of religious and moral pressure, and then we have an impressive monotone, like a deep organ-note, such as penetrated every thought and act of Frederick Denison Maurice. Sometimes it does not go beyond that placid seriousness which marks the vigilance of intellectual fidelity, and then we have the kind of monotone which pervaded the life of Fawcett and of Mill. But in both sets of cases alike the monotone has the same origin; it is due to the predominance of a kind of intellect which has been put under too constant a pressure to be rich in playfulness and lightness of heart. Ours is an age in which even the humor is apt to be tragic or sardonic, like Carlyle's. "Lightness of heart" like Charles Lamb's has gone out of it.

We suppose that there may be an advantage as well as a disadvantage in the monotone of modern life. If individuality is leveled down, it is also leveled up. The hewers of wood and the drawers of water gain by it, if the men of genius and power lose. The mean is raised if the higher summits are depressed, and the valleys are exalted even though the mountains are made low. *London Spectator.*

SOME CURIOSITIES OF ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

The first real English Dictionary—that is, the first book containing explanations in the ordinary alphabetical order of words only—is a small octavo volume, by Robert Cawdrey, published in 1604. It claims on its title-page to be "A Table Alphabeticall, conteynyng and teaching the true writing and understanding of hard usuall English wordes." The author does not give his readers credit for much intelligence, for he thus innocently instructs them in the use of the book. "If thou be desirous (gentle reader) rightly and readily to understand, and profit by this table, and such like, then thou must learn the alphabet, to wit, the order of the letters as they stand, perfectly without book, and where every letter standeth: as (b) neere the beginning, (m) about the middest, and (t) toward the end." * * *

In the Boston Corporation records, there is the following entry, under date 1578: "That a dictionarye shall be bought for the scollers of the Free Scoole, and the same boke to be tyed in a cheyne, and set upon a deske in the scoole, whereunto any scoller may have accesse, as occasion shall serve." The work thus purchased and secured was probably a copy of Baret's "Alvearie," or of the "Abecedarium" of Richard Huloet, a curious and interesting old English-Latin dictionary. Some of the definitions in the latter book are very strange. "Cockatryce," says the author, "is a serpent, called the kynge of serpentes, whose nature is to kyll wyth

hyssynge onlye." The cockatrice or basilisk continually appears in our old writers as an object of dread. Robert Greene, the voluminous pamphleteer of the Elizabethan time, in numerous passages, attributes to it the power of killing or depriving of sight, anyone who might look upon it. * * *

Henry Cockeram's "English Dictionarie," 1623, has an absurd account of a creature called the "ignarus," "which at night," says the writer, "singeth sixe kind of notes, one after another, as la-sol-fa-mi-re-ut." Bailey's well-known "Dictionary," which is in some respects still a useful work, has the following odd account of the "loriot," or golden oriole, "A bird that being looked upon, by one who has the yellow jaundice, cures the person, and dies himself." Fenning's "Royal English Dictionary," 1761, defines "loriot" simply as "a kind of bird."

In many cases the explanations given by our dictionary-makers are pure blunders. Edward Phillips, nephew to John Milton, in his "New World of Words," 1658, defines a gallon as "a measure containing two quarts," and again, a quaver is stated to be "a measure of time in musick, being the half of a crotchet, as a crotchet, the half of a quaver." Even Webster, in his first issue, has some curious mistakes in cricketing terms. The wicket-keeper, he says, is "a player in cricket who stands with a bat to protect the wicket from the ball," and a long-stop is "one who is sent to stop balls sent a long distance."

John Wesley published in 1753 a little dictionary, on the title-page of which he modestly assured the reader that the author considered it "the best English Dictionary in the world." The theological definitions are characteristic. A Methodist is "one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible;" a Latitudinarian is let off lightly as "one who fancies all religions are saving;" "a Swaddler" is "a nickname given by the Papists in Ireland to the Protestants." An anonymous lexicographer of 1689 derives "Hassock from the Teutonic Hare, an hare, and Socks; because hare-skins are sometimes wore instead of socks, to keep the feet warm in winter."

While Johnson was hard at work on the preparation of his book, an anonymous correspondent one day sent him a derivation of "curmudgeon" from the French *cœur méchant*—a wild enough guess truly, but it was duly inserted in the dictionary, and "unknown correspondent" was entered by Johnson as his authority. Twenty years later Dr. Ash, in preparing his well-known dictionary was struck by the beauty and appropriateness of this etymological gem and boldly "annexed" it; but wishing to conceal his indebtedness to Johnson, and anxious to display his own learning, he gravely informed the readers of his work, that "curmudgeon" was derived from *cœur*, unknown, and *méchant*, a correspondent!

G. L. Apperson in The Gentleman's Magazine.

FRAGMENTS OF BOOK LORE.

Weread in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," the offspring of Robert Burton's mosaic brain, how Heinsius, keeper of the Leyden Library, used to say that he was no sooner come into it, than he bolted the door, excluding all vices, and amongst so many divine souls took his seat with such sweet content that he pitied all the rich who knew not this happiness.

Books, which have belonged to those who from various causes have become famous, are often eagerly sought after: thus the "Rabelais" of Madame de Pompadour was bought for £60; two works, strange to say both on divinity, formerly in the collection of Diana of Poitiers, produced £80 and £85.

Among the books in the possession of Marie Antoinette the little volume of prayers *Office de la Providence*, is especially valued, inasmuch, as shortly before her death she inscribed these words on the fly-leaf:

"Ce 16 Octobre à 4^h $\frac{1}{2}$ du matin, Mon Dieu! Ayez pitié de moi!

Mes yeux n'ont plus de larmes pour prier pour vous, mes pauvres enfants. Adieu, adieu!

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

But the busy scissors of some fanatic lover of equality and fraternity could not resist the temptation to mar the little book by clipping away the arms on the corners.

The sale of the Heber collection (the Bishop's brother) commenced April, 1834 and extended over several years, the catalogue reaching to six thick and closely printed volumes; yet this magnificent collection had but a small beginning—one *chance volume* the "Value of Varietie" picked up at a bookstall.

The Woodhall library realized £12,000 as the proceeds of a ten days' sale, a thick quarto containing a collection of autograph letters of Victor Hugo was sold for £200.

The original MS. of "Peveril of the Peak" sold in 1857 for £50, that of Gray's *Elegy* (1854) for £130, and in 1866 the MS. of "Marmion" brought 191 guineas, the celebrated sporting treatise of Dame Juliana Berners, the wise prioress of Sopwell, is one of the rarest of typographical antiquities, and a copy was sold in 1882 for 600 guineas. First editions of popular authors are daily growing rarer and command handsome prices; thus, for Byron, £25; Thackeray, £110; Lever, £48, etc.

Sometimes great discoveries reward the searcher after hid treasure. Thus, Sterne describes exultingly the good fortune by which Mr. Shandy obtained Bescambilles *Prologue on Noses* for three half-crowns. "There are not three Bescambilles in christendom (said the bookstall man) except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious." My father flung down the money as quick as lightning, took the book to his bosom, hied home from Piccadilly with it, without

taking his hand off it all the way." The earliest copy unearthed of the first part of "Pilgrims' Progress" was originally purchased with a mass of rubbish for ninepence, but in 1884 the Trustees of the British Museum paid £60 for the fourth known copy of the same work.

The escapes which some of the most celebrated writings of antiquity have had from destruction are absolutely marvellous.

The great work of Quintilian was discovered in 1415, corroded with damp, in an old monastery at St. Gall, the only MS. of Tacitus was discovered in a monastery of Westphalia, and the poems of Propertius long lay hidden beneath the casks of a wine-cellar.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters were found in the false bottom of an old trunk; and Milton's Essay on the "Doctrines of Christianity" tumbled out of a bundle of dispatches in the early years of the present century.

As accident has had so much to do with the preservation of books, so also has it led to the composition of some of the most celebrated of them. Gibbon tells how at Rome, October 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the capital, while the bare-footed friars were chanting vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing a history of the Decline and Fall of the City first presented itself to his mind.

Sir Walter Raleigh's unfinished "History of the World" was the fruits of eleven years' confinement.

The plan of the "Henriade" was sketched and the greater part of it composed by Voltaire during his incarceration in the Bastille. Cervantes commenced "Don Quixote" within the walls of a dungeon. Lovelace, shut up in Westminster Gate House, wrote his "Althea," wherein occur the oft-quoted lines:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

And the "Pilgrims' Progress" of the tinker of Elstow was performed in the circuit of a prison's walls at Bedford. De Foe, confined in Newgate for a political pamphlet, commenced his "Review," which extended to nine volumes quarto, and is said to have furnished a model for the celebrated Steele.

The germ of the system of illustrating books existed as early as the days of Charles the First, when Nicholas Ferrar composed a *Concordance of the Evangelists*, which was adorned with many beautiful prints.

In the early days of the 16th century morocco became the favorite leather for binding and the skilled dyers of Venice knew how to impart to it almost any variety of color.

Burning books was once considered a cheap and easy way of answering an adversary. In 1643 King James' "Book of Sports" was burned by the common hangman "in the place where the crosse stoode and at the Exchange."

The last instance of a book being burnt was that of the "Commercial Restraints of Ireland Considered," which was written by the Hon. Hely Hutchinson and printed at Dublin 1779. This work is now so scarce that Mr. Flood, in a speech in the House of Commons, said that he would give £1000 for a single copy.

Many are the methods which have been adopted for marking the ownership of books; thus the book-plate of an old French collector bore this text from the parable of the Ten Virgins:

Go ye rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves.
Or, again:

If thou art borrowed by a friend
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, and to lend,
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent
Return to me no more.

Murray's Magazine.

WILLIAM BLACK.

It is during his summer sails and rambles that Mr. Black plans his stories. His note-book is his constant companion; and he is quick to jot down, with the scene before him, any unusually picturesque or suggestive phase of natural scenery or of atmospheric surroundings. All the time his story is taking form in his mind, even to the construction of sentences, some of which he testifies, lies in his mental store-house for months before he has occasion to use them. In the same way, when his head becomes dull and his wit sluggish from work in the house, he wanders for miles over the Brighton Downs, which are easily reached from his home in that brisk little city by the sea.

The real work of the year—the labor of transferring one of these stories from the mind into "copy" for the printer—begins in October, when Mr. Black returns to his house in Brighton. The rooms are filled with relics of foreign travel and with the trophies which a sportsman prizes. The writing-room is at the top of the house. Here Mr. Black is free from interruptions and is not disturbed by the slightest noise. It is one of his wife's duties to see that, while he is at his desk, everything is quiet in the upper part of the house. He writes all day, beginning early in the morning, for two or three days in the week, from October until April. His handwriting is small, but is read without difficulty.

The long room in which Mr. Black does his work is bare, if one compares it with the luxuriously furnished apartments on the floors below. His desk stands between two windows, through which one can look out upon the white sails in the Channel. On the

wall hangs an Admiralty Chart of the Western Highlands, the scene of some of his most popular stories. One side of the room is filled with book-cases, and on one of the shelves are bound volumes of the MSS. of his novels. His favorite authors, as indicated by their position on the shelves, are Alfred de Musset, Thackeray, George Sand, Heine and Marcus Aurelius; and the two books which he is said to read most of all are, "Henry Esmond" and "Consuelo." Mr. Black, under date of February, 1887, referred to "Madcap Violet," then just published, as the most popular of his own books, and as undoubtedly containing the best work of which he was capable. At this time he had also published "Love or Marriage," "In Silk Attire," "Kilmeny," "A Daughter of Heth," "The Strange Adventures of a Phæton," "A Princess of Thule," and "Three Feathers." Later followed "Yolande," "White Wings," "MacLeod of Dare," and others.

Book Buyer.

AN INTERESTING DINNER.

My friend, it is half-past five, and you are tired. Let us get back to Temple Bar and dine at the Mitre, where we can take our cut off the joint for eighteen pence. About this time most men are thinking of dinner. Buy an evening paper of the boy.

So: this is cosy. A newly sanded floor, a bright fire, and a goodly company. James! a clean tablecloth, a couple of candles, and the snuffers, and the last joint up. What have you got in the paper? Madagascar Embassy, Massacre in New Zealand—Where the devil is New Zealand?—Suicide of Champion, who made the infernal machine; Great Distress in the Highlands; Murder of a Process-server in Ireland; Crossing of the Channel in a Balloon—I hope that some day an army may not cross it—Letter from Syria, concerning the Great Earthquake; Conduct of the British Legion in Spain; Seven Men imprisoned for unlawfully ringing the Bells; Death of the Oldest Woman in the world, age 162 years, said to have been the Nurse of George Washington—a good deal of news all for one evening paper. Hush! we are in luck. Here is Douglas Jerrold. Now we shall hear something good. Here is Leigh Hunt, and here is Forster, and here—ah! this is unexpected—here comes none other than "Boz" himself. Of course you know his name? It is Charles Dickens. Saw one ever a brighter eye or a more self-reliant bearing? Such self-reliance belongs to those who are about to succeed. They say his fortune is already made, though but yesterday he was a reporter in the House, taking down the speeches in shorthand. Who is that tall young man with the ugly nose? Only a journalist. They say he wrote that funny paper called "The Fatal Boots," in *Till's Annual*. His name is Thackeray, I believe, but I know nothing more about him.

From "Fifty Years Ago" by Walter Besant.

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF "DON QUIXOTE."

Dr. Johnson used to say that there were few books of which one could ever possibly arrive at the *last* page; and that there never was anything written by mere man, that was wished longer by its readers, excepting "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrims' Progress." After Homer's "Iliad," he said, the work of Cervantes was the greatest in the world, as a book of entertainment; and when we consider that every other author's admirers are confined to his countrymen, and perhaps to the literary classes among them; while "Don Quixote" is a sort of common property, an universal classic, equally enjoyed by the court and the cottage; equally applauded in France and England, as in Spain; quoted by every servant, the amusement of every age, from infancy to decrepitude; the first book you see in every shop, where books are sold, through all the States of Italy; who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the superiority of Cervantes to all modern writers?

Percy Anecdotes.

EMBROIDERED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Although the British Museum does not probably contain so many magnificent specimens of the art of book-covering as the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, yet perhaps no other collection has such variety of good specimens of every school, or is able to show so complete a gallery of the art in all its many varieties. English, French, German, Venetian, Slavonic, and where not, are all represented, by (if not the most elaborate) some of the best specimens which the various schools have produced.

Possibly the best represented kind of sumptuous book-covering is that of embroidered bindings, a species of art it would be well if more practised. That embroidery in colors on silk or velvet is capable of very artistic effects every lady who cares for fancy work knows well, and an outlet for skill at once useful and ornamental might be found in working book-covers instead of slippers and antimacassars. And this is emphatically women's work: in olden time the books were written in the scriptorium of the monastery, but embroidered in the nunnery, and in later times when monks and nuns in England had ceased to be, female fingers oftentimes emblazoned the covers of volumes intended for royal or noble libraries.

The most curious embroidered book in the Museum is a small 8vo "Biblia Sacra" printed at Antwerp by C. Plantin in 1590, and bound shortly afterwards. The cover is of green velvet embroidered richly with seed pearls, a garnet forming the centre. It consists of a broad border ornamented with a running device in pearls, the centre being formed of a radiating floral form, not unlike a lily. In the corners are roses

and a variety of triple fleurs de lys. The stems of the flowers are formed of gold threads, with which also the flowers are outlined. The lesser flowers are formed in silver thread. Small devices in silver thread and pearls, and the letters "T. G." in pearls, fill up the groundwork. The back is embroidered to match, and is without ribs, panels, or lettering. The book has been cut, and does not appear ever to have had clasps.

Another superb book is an "Acta Synodi Nationalis Dordrechtii Habitæ," printed at Leyden in 1620. This folio was bound in red velvet for James the first.

The border consists of three lines worked in gold thread, the middle line being much the thickest. The centre of the top cover is filled with the full royal arms, with supporters and a superb mantling. In the garter surrounding the arms and within a romanesque scroll are the royal mottoes. The crest is a lion on an helm, crowned. Above the arms is the letter "J." crowned, and beneath them the letter "R.," also surmounted by a crown; these letters are set in a device of roses and thistles. The embroidery is in gold and silver thread, and is embossed. The back consists of embroidered roses in panels; it is not ribbed. The label on the back is of leather, and bears the name and date of the book.

A folio Cambridge Bible, printed in 1674 and bound for James II., is not very dissimilar in style.

The centre consists of a debased crown surmounting the letters "J. R.," and surrounded by a floriated wreath of exquisite workmanship, the whole being enclosed in a Grolier band. The corners are formed of cherubs, whose wings, being drawn tightly together, meet in the angle formed by the lines of the cover. The faces of these cherubs are of silver thread, the wings of gold: the eyes having been emphasized by black beads. At the middle of the top is a rising sun, shedding labient drops. Leaves in gold thread and small flowers fill up the ground, which is of red velvet. The back is banded, the panels being filled with floral forms in gold thread. There is no lettering.

Another book, printed at Leyden in 1583, and bound for Queen Elizabeth, is covered in black velvet. It has a broad border of interlacing gold and silver leaves with flowers. The centre is formed by interlacing geometrical forms. This book is noticeable rather for its exquisite workmanship than for its artistic design.

The Bookworm.

— There is likelihood that Mr. Sidney Colvin will be appointed Librarian to the Queen at Windsor Castle, where he will have charge of the Queen's collection of miniatures and prints, which is one of the finest in Europe.

— Probably the largest advance order ever given for a new novel, has just been received by G. W. Dillingham. It is a single order from one concern for 10,000 copies of "The Hidden Hand," the New York *Ledger* story by Mrs. Southworth.

DAUDET'S "L'IMMORTEL."

It is not improbable that a considerable proportion of those who have been expecting with increased interest, from month to month, the appearance of Alphonse Daudet's new novel, "L'Immortel," will feel, on reading the work, that they have been given a stone rather than the bread they expected and for which they felt they had a right to ask. Especially is this the case in view of the wide departure from the novel of the author immediately preceding. Compared with "L'Immortel," few, if any, of M. Daudet's books have been as close a study of a single, rather abstract idea, and one developed with as rigorous a devotion to illustrating it which makes its narrative qualities quite subservient and tame. In "L'Immortel" we have, first, a savage uncompromising attack and satire upon a famous national institution, and one which has had the reverential respect of the whole literary and scientific world—the French Academy; and, second, a powerful and very somber story. Leonard Astier, the leading figure in the book, is a miserly, cold-hearted, ambitious man, well on in years, a profound pedant and indebted to his duplex and fascinating wife for his academic success. There home is anything but happy; and Mme. Astier's passionate fondness for their son, Paul, is the chief element in reconciling her to her dry and formal existence. Paul does not live at home but in a fashionable circle of society; and, deep in debt, it is his mother who does not hesitate to rob her husband to help this unprincipled son, surreptitiously. Astier's autograph-collection is his pride. The wife sells fragments of the stock behind the savant's back, Paul's social ambitions end in a marriage of small credit to him—with a woman old enough to be his mother, infatuated with his youthfulness. Discovery descends on Mme. Astier. In the same breath all the boasted collection of autographs, indorsed solemnly by the Forty, is proved a villainous sham, the work of a clever Jew forger. The academicians in mortified and secret session decide to suppress their disgrace and Astier's, to save their own credit, at least. But it is too late; and in an angry lawsuit (the testimony in it excoriating the Academy and its value and *personnel*), Astier's dullness is evident and a blast of satire poured forth from the council for the forger, Fage. On returning home, Mme. Astier completes the miserable man's downfall by showing him where he stands in her estimation and to what has been due his elevation and fame; and Astier goes out, a broken, bewildered, but to the last singularly unpitiable, creature, and drowns himself. Such is the main thread. Around the Astiers and Paul are grouped such persons, to strengthen M. Daudet's vindictive attack, as the Duc de Freydet, who sacrifices every manly interest and aim, and even his sister's health and life, to be elected into the Forty. He fails, and cares nothing for the loss of his sister, compared with his disappointment. We have the Vedrine family.

M. Vedrine is the most wholesome and cheerful type in the novel—a man who realizes that to be an Immortal is one of the shams of modern society, and from them all he has disinfected his mind. We have the Duchesse de Padvani, who marries Paul; scarcely able to surrender her pride, but willing to compromise her womanhood, "coaching" the fatuous Prince of Athis give him to a supposititious intellectuality that he may move in the charmed circle. There are scenes springing out of all these and other characters, which are as powerful and sharp-edged both against the Academy and against phases of modern French life; those one would expect from the wonderful insight and expressive abilities of the author. That many are disagreeable and repulsive goes without telling. M. Daudet writes with an unrestrained pen, when he has an aim in view, and in this case it is the peculiarity of his material and the intellectual force of his novel that lessens that element in it from which our taste revolts and which appears to us gross and ethically untoward. It is a book for thoughtful men and women, and for those familiar with French literary conditions and life from the standpoint of the French analysts of character. This need scarcely be said. But only in one chapter does the author overstep what may be considered the exigencies of his treatment. The whole book is specific in its purpose, and that purpose developed to completest exposition with the mastery of genius. It might have been more entertaining, but hardly more trenchant. According to M. Daudet, to be an "Immortal" argues nothing for the mentality of the elected which could deserve a supreme recognition; in fact, it argues the exact reverse. To strive for the niche means the sapping, if not ruin, of a man's best intellectual and moral and emotional side. One sacrifices himself and everything else to achieve—a pinchbeck, fraudulent, petty distinction—a *lucus a non*. It is one of life's dearest purchased apples of Sodom. Plucked and tasted, it poisons and then desiccates. It is a pernicious, miserable, national delusion that ought to perish as soon as possible for the good of France and honesty, and for the good name of both. Such is the teaching of this fierce and graphic and gloomy philippic by the most brilliant man in his sphere that France owns to-day. *The Independent*.

—Carlyle's youngest sister, Mrs. Aitken, died on the 27th of July, at her residence, The Hill, Dumfries, Scotland. She was a woman of fine character and strong intelligence. She very often appears in the biography and letters, usually under her family *sobriquet* "The Crow," given on account of her black hair.

—Anna Katharine Green, the author of "The Leavenworth Case," has a new novel in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, with the title "Behind Closed Doors."

HOW CHINESE HISTORY IS WRITTEN.

Chinese history is compiled by a permanent commission of accomplished literary men, who are always at work upon it. In 1737 an imperial edict stated that history ought not to be written for the emperor's use only, and remain shut up in golden caskets and marble chambers; it ought to be made accessible to all officials, that they may know the mind of the emperors and the laws of the land. From the Chinese standpoint, history is divided into two parts, one an exact narrative of events, the other a record of what the emperor has said and done. This division originates two sets of publications; one in which the officers speak, the other in which the emperor is the spokesman. In the first, the industry of the bureau of history is run in the collection of facts, but there is always a danger that the recorder may be under a strong court influence. Historical candor can scarcely find a place in reference to nations or persons who have been in conflict with the court. With this exception, the array of facts thus recorded is most valuable. The edicts published in the second series express the mind of the emperor. He is always a man who has the advantage of good training and if his style is tolerable and he happens to be fond of writing his edicts himself, they will all be transmitted to future times in full. The scribes, who stand writing when he speaks, translate his spoken words into official phrases, and his opinions and decisions will then pass into official history, written partly by himself and partly by the scribes of the cabinet. Besides these there are various series of historical works—the first having been prepared in the eleventh century—to popularize the the subject and place the chief facts of the Chinese annals within the reach of common readers, who have not the opportunity to study them in full. The last of these has just been published. It deals with the reign of Kienlung, from 1736 to 1795, and is in sixty volumes. Every important public matter is recorded under the day on which it occurred. The emperor has, as usual, the lion's share of the talking, and there is room for him to say a good deal in 120 chapters.

North China Herald.

THE PLACE OF HOME IN AMERICAN FICTION.

Those who read current American fiction must have noticed how small and insignificant a part is played in it by the American home. It is the great summer hotel, or parlor car, or steam yacht, or Atlantic liner, or Continental *pension*, or any other of those devices by which Americans seek to get as far away from home as possible, which is chosen for the setting of our pleasant tales. As a consequence, the American is too often depicted as acting a part which is not natural. He is either aping manners and customs which are not his by inheritance, or scoffing at them

in a very disagreeable way. He is, no doubt, in this capacity a fit subject for satire.

But take him where he is at home, where he has achieved success from very humble beginnings by sheer force and shrewdness, where he has gained the confidence of his neighbors along with his riches, and there you will find him a more admirable character, and his daughters more lovable and refined, and his wife not so much an object of laughter as of admiration or, perhaps, of tears.

For there are hosts of American homes of the right sort, where mother, father, and children are united into a compact and influential social unit by affection, respect, and even something of reverence. The struggle of such a family for fortune and position is not the sordid thing which fiction-writers have so often depicted. There spring from these homes, every day, most beautiful examples of self-denial, mutual aid, self-help and almost heroic endeavor. It will not do to satirize continually the rising man or the rising family; in them are boundless hope, new ideas, progress, and rich variety.

The other side to this picture 'is furnished by the largest cities, where lonely and homeless young men struggle on to selfish and luxurious middle age, or sink into pitiful poverty. These furnish our writers of fiction with too many types—perhaps because they are most familiar with that side of life. So long as homeless men and women are the chief characters in our novels, we can expect that only the surface of our national life will be touched by them.

Contrast with ours the great masters of English fiction—Thackeray, Meredith, George Eliot. They give you heroes and heroines surrounded, for good or ill, with relatives of various degrees of loveliness or the opposite. You see how large a part the home plays in human destiny for success or failure; you see how large a part it plays in love; you watch its gentle influences or its sad limitations to the very end of the story.

Every man knows in his heart that this is the right point of view for any acute observer of life and manners. Yet Mr. Howells has been almost alone in adopting it to a degree, here, and he has given us a number of beautiful family pictures, perhaps none more genuine, and almost pathetic, with all its humor, than the *Putneys*, of Hatboro', in "Annie Kilburn." Such American homes make the heated atmosphere and false sentiment of Edgar Saltus's "Eden" seem a horrid nightmare, and not a picture of life.

Droch in Life.

—Princess Christian has just passed for the press her translation of the "Correspondence between Voltaire and the Margravine of Baireuth." The volume will be published uniform with Her Royal Highness's translation of the "Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth."

SOME TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

The number of curious typographical blunders which from time to time have been committed is naturally very great. In most cases the errors have been simply absurd, but in some instances they have been of such a nature as to be fraught with serious consequences to the perpetrators of them.

Shortly after the invention of printing, the wife of a printer in Germany, whilst an edition of the Bible was in the press, on one occasion made a small, but important, change in the types. The sentence in Genesis in which it is declared that Eve shall be subject to her husband runs thus: 'He shall be thy lord' (Herr). This was altered to 'He shall be thy fool' (Narr). Many copies of the book got into circulation before the substitution of the one word for the other was discovered, for in black letter *Herr* and *Narr* much resemble each other. It is said that the practical joke cost the unfortunate woman her life, she having been condemned to the stake by the ecclesiastical authorities.

The late Reverend William Jay once published a sermon preached by him on the text, 'Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.' The printer made the last word to read *wife*. Mr. Jay corrected the blunder in the first and second proofs without the requisite alteration being attended to. When the author received the last revise of the pamphlet, noticing the erroneous word still made its appearance, he wrote on the margin of the page, 'This depends altogether upon circumstances; change your "wife" into "*life*."'

It occasionally happens that in a printing-office some of the types will fall out of the forme, and in replacing them mistakes are liable to occur. In an edition of "The Men of the Time," part of a paragraph referring to Robert Owen, the Parallelogram Communist, became disarranged, and the compositor, instead of reinserting the lines in their proper place, put them under the heading of 'Oxford, Bishop of,' which was the next alphabetical reference. The result was that the article began thus:

"OXFORD, the Right Reverend SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, Bishop of, was born in 1805. A more kind-hearted, truly benevolent man does not exist. *A sceptic as regards religious belief, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements.*"

Directly the mistake was discovered the leaf was cancelled, but before this was done some copies of the book had got into circulation.

Moore, in his diary, mentions that when he was in the United States he saw an American edition of "Gifford's Journal." In this work the author—whilst instituting a parallel between Horace and Juvenal—had used this language: 'Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence.' But the printer had converted the last word into *insolence*; thus spoiling the whole sense of the sentence.

The bad handwriting of some authors is the cause of many of the typographical errors which occur in their works. The manuscripts of Balzac, for instance, were almost illegible, and this circumstance, combined with the numerous alterations and interlineations with which they abounded rendered the novelist the bugbear of the compositors employed in the offices where his works were printed. In fact, the workmen were in the practice of stipulating that they should not be required to devote more than a small portion of their time each day to Balzac's copy—since, otherwise, the work—paid by the piece, as is usual—would not afford them a living.

The late Horace Greeley, the eminent American Journalist, is another example of a man of letters writing an exceptionally bad hand. Not only was it most difficult for others to read his manuscript, but he himself, when a little while had elapsed since he had penned it, frequently found it impossible to do so. An anecdote is related of him that having, on one occasion, addressed a note to an *employé* discharging him for incompetence, the man, confident that no one was likely to decipher the execrable scrawl, had the assurance, when seeking another situation, to offer the letter in question as a testimonial received from his previous employer.

The illegibility of one line of the manuscript of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" was the cause of an important error in the early editions of that work, and one which, oddly enough, not only escaped the notice of the author at the time, but also that of the critics until long afterwards. Indeed, even in Moore's edition of Byron's complete works, published in 1832, the error still remains uncorrected. In Canto IV., stanza 182 of the poem, Byron, speaking of the sea, was represented in the text to have made use of this language:

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters *wasted them* while they were free.

Some years ago the editor of a new collection of Byron's poems was struck by the inaccuracy of the statement embodied in the words italicised above. 'Where,' he argued, 'has the Mediterranean "*wasted*" the shores of any of the countries bordering upon it? On the contrary, it is well known to all geographers that this sea and the waters flowing from it have, in the course of the last twenty centuries, shrunk considerably within their ancient boundaries. This is more especially the case as regards the Adriatic, many places in Italy which were seaports in the time of the Cæsars now being situated some little distance inland. Now, it seems quite incomprehensible that Byron, who resided for a lengthened period in the south of Europe, should be so ignorant of these facts as to commit himself to a statement utterly inconsistent with history. Consequently the most natural explanation of the error must be that there is a misprint in the text.'

The result of this reasoning was that the gentleman in question sought and obtained access to the original manuscript of the poem. A careful scrutiny of it proved that the third line of the stanza, as written by the author, ran thus:—

Thy waters *washed their power* while they were free.

This emendation makes good sense of a line which, as it formerly stood, was palpably inaccurate. In all the recent additions of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" the correct reading is given.

Cornhill Magazine.

GREAT WRITERS AND THEIR ART.

Dogberry declares that "to write and read comes by nature;" and if we but interpret him rightly, he was perfectly justified in his opinion. It will be remembered, however, that Pope thought somewhat differently. In one of his most celebrated couplets he has it that

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

At first sight, it might seem that the two judgments can hardly consist with each other. But their self-contradiction is really only on the surface. Dogberry's remark very well expresses the fact that without an overpowering natural instinct to expression, no one can become a distinguished writer. On the other hand, the saying of Pope emphasizes the truth, which all literary history bears out, that mastery of language comes only of the most strenuous endeavor. It has often been remarked that writers of the very highest order are far more rare than musicians or painters of the same high rank in their respective arts. * * *

The other day a contemporary took the world into his confidence, and gave us a curious history of the apprenticeship he served as a man of letters. The account of Mr. Louis Stevenson is doubly interesting, from the fact that it is specially in style, as distinct from matter that he has won the praise of critics. The wonderful range of his vocabulary and his singular felicity in the choice of words arrested attention at the very outset of his literary career. In his case, therefore, the method he followed in attaining this perfection has a special interest. From boyhood, he tells us, it was his habit to carry about with him a note-book and pencil, and on every possible occasion to set himself to write a description of the objects around him. Such exclusive attention to mere expression—for the subject, he tells us, was entirely indifferent to him—must, it is evident, bring with it its own drawbacks. The critics, as might have been expected, have not been slow to find in the work of Mr. Stevenson distinct evidence of this peculiar self-discipline. They have all along seen, they assert, that his capital defect as a writer is that his expression much outruns his thinking; and they point to his early training as the evident cause of the disproportion.

It is curious, however, that a somewhat similar discipline was pursued by the most exquisite of American prose writers, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Hawthorne, as is felt even by those who find little interest in his stories, is unapproachable in the art of saying the subtlest things in the simplest and most graceful way. His art in this respect is so consummate that it can be best described in Dogberry's words, as coming by nature. Yet so far is this from being the case, that all through life, Hawthorne had that habit which Mr. Stevenson practiced in his youth. Whenever circumstances would permit, he made a point of elaborately noting the experiences of each day. At home, for example, he set himself to describe the minute changes of nature in his daily walks.

His American note-books are filled with trivial details, which can have interested him only as affording scope for practice in writing.

The method of acquiring a good style practised last century—by Adam Smith, among others—was assiduous translations from great foreign writers. From this practice it was supposed that two good results must follow. In translating a sentence, we have a definite thought before us, for which we must find an exact equivalent in our own speech. Hence, it was supposed that the assiduous practice of translation must necessarily teach that prime quality in all good writing—precision. Again, in writing a great writer, we are carried beyond our own range of thought and feeling, from which it should follow that the range of our vocabulary should necessarily be widened. * *

Byron, who had greater facility than most of his brethren, declared that it was necessary to write every day for years even to rhyme well. Besides the exigences of rhyme and metre, which make their own difficulties, the tests in the choice and rejection of words are infinitely finer in verse than in prose. A curious notion once prevailed that it was impossible in the nature of things to be at once a great poet and a great prose-writer. In view of the history of literature, it is strange how this idea should have arisen. For magnificence of prose style no English writer has surpassed Milton. Edmund Burke took Dryden as his model in the qualities of strength and precision. For grace and simplicity, the poets Gray, Cowper, and Goldsmith hold the first place in our literature. Saint-Beuve, the greatest of French critics, is a conspicuous example of the value of such a discipline. In his youth he mistook the true bent of his genius and cultivated poetry. He afterwards discovered his mistake, but he was fully aware that he could not have chosen a better mode of preparing himself for the work he afterwards did.

The moral of all this is that Dogberry's remark, true enough so far as it goes, must undoubtedly be supplemented by the maxim of Pope. The stanza of the poet, the paragraph of the prose-writer, where every word seems to find its place as some inevitable law of nature, is in reality the consummate

result of an apprenticeship the most stringent and exacting in the world. "At length," exclaims Goethe—"at length, after forty years, I have learned to write German." It surprises us to learn how hard even the most original and spontaneous of poets have toiled at their art. Burns is supposed to have owed less to premeditation than almost any other poet, yet we know that he was acquainted with all the great English poets, and that he read them in such a way that no academic training could have more successfully set all his faculties at work. Heine has the reputation of being the most spontaneous of lyrical poets; yet it was reported but the other day that one of his songs, which had struck everyone as being as unforced as a bird's warble, was written and rewritten some half-dozen times, the poet's blurred manuscript revealing the mental struggle that had gone to its production.

Chambers' Journal.

DAUDET AT HOME.

Daudet was married in 1867 to Mlle. Julia Allard, daughter of a rich manufacturer, and from that year, he claims, dates all his real work. An artist herself, Mme. Daudet has taken a large share in her husband's labor. According to the novelist, he has never written a page that she has not revised. Daudet's manner of composition has often been described. Those well-known note-books where he records his observations and impressions form the raw material, so to speak, out of which he makes his books. When he has mapped out his chapters he writes the first draft on one side of a small double sheet, the opposite page remaining blank. As soon as each chapter is finished, he revises it with Mme. Daudet, re-writing the chapters on the blank pages. From these two copies he makes a third one, and when that goes to the printer there are still several erasures on it. To find just the right word and phrase, to avoid using worn-out expressions and similes is what continually worries this seeker after the ideal.

About three years ago Daudet left his apartments near the Luxembourg Garden and now lives in the Rue de Bellechasse, where he has a garden of his own. His house is full of flowers and birds. Leading from the vestibule, on the right is his library, filled with book shelves curiously ornamented in ivory. In a corner is a tall writing-desk, which brings the paper near to his eye when he works standing, for this minute observer of everything is very near-sighted. In the middle of the room there is a large table strewn with books and papers in seeming disorder; on the walls a few pictures and a fine etching of Gustav Flaubert. If you are an intimate friend of the novelist, he generally improves the occasion of your visit to light his pipe and smoke while talking. On Thursday evenings, in winter, the house is thrown open to his friends,

and then he is seen at his best. Exuberant to an extraordinary degree when he is with his familiars, he is shy and almost timid in the presence of strangers. Surrounded by persons whom he knows well, he pours forth his ideas in true meridional fashion—and accent. In his character, Daudet is a thorough Southerner, and there is more than one trait of "Numa Roumestan" that might apply to himself. From the style of his books it may be imagined that he is a brilliant and picturesque conversationalist; he writes just as he talks.

In summer Daudet goes to Champrosay, a little village overlooking the Seine, and situated on the edge of the forest of Sénart. There he has a large park running down to the river, and a spacious and elegant house, very simply furnished, almost empty, in fact, for neither the novelist nor his wife cares to transport their *bibelots* into the country. The only object of luxury is the piano, both the master and Mme. Daudet being very fond of music. Daudet's country library is confined to Shakespeare, Michelet, Sainte Beuve and Chateaubriand. While at Champrosay Daudet works a great deal, in spite of his health, which is not strong at the present time; he suffers terribly from nervous affections. His next important work will probably be a study of nervous maladies; he has already accumulated a large amount of material drawn from the observation of his own case, as well as from a good many notes taken about friends who suffer from such troubles. He is now finishing a short village romance, the scene of which is laid at Champrosay.

Daudet is of average height, high-shouldered, slender rather than stout; he has a fine head covered with a forest of thick hair falling upon his forehead, neck and shoulders. Some have compared him to a tenor just on the point of singing a sentimental romance, and still others to a Merovingian. His face, which used to be rosy, is now a dull, ivory white, and his features have become drawn by work and physical suffering. His nose is fine and arched, the lips strong. He wears a moustache, and a dark, pointed, silky beard, and has never shaved, because, says one of his friends, he is so near-sighted that he could not see his chin. A single eye-glass, worn in the left eye, completes the ensemble of this celebrated and curious physiognomy.

The author of "The Immortal" has two boys, and a little girl three years old. The eldest son, now about twenty, is to be a doctor; the second son may possibly follow in the footsteps of his father. As for mademoiselle, she contents herself for the present with making "mud pies" in her father's garden. This does not prevent her from being so sweet that at table she is passed from hand to hand to be kissed—which serves in place of dessert.

New York Epoch.

—The September volume of the *Canterbury Poets* is "The Southey Poems," edited by Sidney R. Thompson.

AFTER ALL, AN UNCORRUPT PASSAGE.

There is a passage in "The Merchant of Venice" which, when I edited the play some months ago, I felt convinced was corrupt, and would have been willing at any minute to have denounced it in private much less guardedly than I criticised it in print.

Gratiano says to Shylock, in the Trial Scene (IV., i, 133):—

Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hanged for human slaughter:
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet.

Now, it seemed to me indisputable that Professor Allen is right in saying that Gratiano, though he says *wolf*, evidently was *thinking* of a *wolfish man*—a murderer. Wolves, forsooth, are never hung on a gallows; men are hung, not animals. Wherefore, I conjectured that the whole sentence was corrupt, and that it had been inserted, probably, by some actor as a "gag" containing an allusion to the recent hanging of the Jew, Dr. Lopez, and I pointed triumphantly to the fact that, although by omitting the whole sentence the lines would be broken, the dismembered verses would nevertheless fit together after the excision with rhythmic nicety and exactness. Any expert in reading between lines can there, in that note in *The New Variorum* edition, detect the self-complacent smirk of an editorial Q. E. D.

But mark the fall of pride!

I picked up by chance the other day that very entertaining account of the travels in "Engelland" of the "Effulgent, High-born Prince and Sir, Sir" Frederick, (to translate literally, the grandiloquent German) Duke of Wirtemberg and Teckh, etc., etc., in 1592, and written by his Secretary, Jacob Rathgeben. The volume was printed in 1604, and on page 24, *recto*, the journey from Oxford (or, as it is called "Ochsenfurt") to London is described with some minuteness. At one place between "Winsello" and "Bethore" there is a sandy plain or heath, whereon are many wild rabbits which are not kept in warrens, but run at large, so that one can see fifty or sixty at a time, "wo man auch," continues the faithful, observant Secretary, "in solcher Gegnet wilde Küder [what this animal is I do not know; if it is the old German for *Kater*, a tom-cat, it shows that when Shylock accuses Launcelot of sleeping "by day more than the wild cat," the illustration might have been more familiar than it is to us] Itlis, oder sonsten Raubuögel fängt, die den Königlin Schaden zufügen, hengt man dieselbigen an ein Galgen, wie die Wölff, zeucht ihnen aber zuuor die Haut ab." Or, in English: "In the region round about they catch *Küder*, fitchews, or birds of prey, which injure these rabbits; and these marauders, after having flayed them, the people hang on a gallows, as they do wolves."

When shall we learn "hands off," and that Shakespeare is always right? Where the text is clear, few dreams are more delusive than that we can change a single phrase.—*Horace Howard Furness in Shakespeariana.*

REVIEWS.

BIRDS WHICH INTEREST GUNNERS.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS WHICH INTEREST GUNNERS. With descriptions in language understood of the people. By GURDON TRUMBULL. 8vo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.07.

A handsomely made book on the publishers' side, and on the part of the author a novel and genuine piece of work, made up mostly of information not to be had elsewhere. It will not fail to take and hold its own place; and for no small part of the bird-loving public it will answer all the purpose of the more systematic treatises like Coues's "Key" or Ridgway's "Manual." It treats of all the recognized game-birds of Eastern North America, sixty-one in number according to the author's count, belonging to the goose and duck family, the gallinaceous order, and the plover, snipe, and rail families; and the subject is handled in such a way that no one can fail to identify his bird at a moment's notice. For we have here, strange to say, descriptions "in language understood of the people"; and lest even this may not suffice, a good "portrait" of each species, clear as a professor's blackboard diagram of a proposition in Euclid—and, we may add, equally artistic. * * *

But what of these "names" of birds, standing at the head of the book's title? Mr. Trumbull's descriptions and figures are but a means to his end of giving us the names by which our game is known—known to the people—to our gunners, "a class of men who earn a livelihood by shooting birds"—known to "that helpless but interesting creature, the true sportsman," as our author styles him—but mostly unknown to the compilers of technical synonymy. It is no unusual thing for a bird to have half-a-dozen generic names, a dozen specific names, and several dozen binominal designations variously compounded of these two terms, according to the letter of the law of ornithological nomenclature. Our author, with a fine instinct of self-preservation, selects that one of them which the American Ornithologists' Union has stamped with orthodoxy; provided with which, with his description, and with his figure, as a trigonometrical basis, he proceeds to survey the whole field. He seeks literally the "winged words"; the living and spoken vernacular names are his game; and the number of these that he brings to book are simply astounding.

We cannot count them; but a little ciphering over the eleven pages of triple-column index shows considerably more than a thousand names for three-score birds. They certainly average over sixteen apiece, and sometimes run up to forty, fifty, or more. Comparatively few of these are variants of one another, or among the ἀπαξ λεγόμενα; the great majority are

straight-out distinctive names, in which single nouns, as distinguished from descriptive phrases or compounded epithets, are conspicuously numerous. It would be a pretty liberal education in the genesis of language to con over the list Mr. Trumbull gives, and see how this or that "point" about a bird has been seized upon and made a name of. Onomatopoeia finds great scope, as would be expected, and the "bow-wow" theorists in philology might take great comfort from Mr. Trumbull's labors; but after all, what a bird *looks like*, in the first place, and, secondly, what a bird *does*, rather than what it says when it opens its mouth, are, mainly, the seeds of this strange crop of nicknames and bye-words. The names, too, have to a notable extent the quality of spontaneity, naiveness or innocence, so to speak, which vouches for their originality and authenticity; they are such as any son of Adam out of Eden should apply if he were set to the task said to have been given his first parent; and how next to nothing he is indebted to the ornithologists or their books is vouched by the rarity, nearly the absence, of the regular English book-names. Even such common names as "hooded merganser," "Hudsonian godwit," and "pectoral sandpiper" are almost entirely wanting, showing that these terms, though English, are read and not spoken names, except to the literary few. They are, in fact, almost as seldom heard out of library and museum doors as the corresponding technicalities, *Lophodytes cucullatus*, *Limosa hamastica*, and *Actodromas maculata*.

Let us see the actual genesis of the names. Take the case of a very common duck of our Atlantic coast, whose Latin technical name is *Erismatura rubida*, whose regular book-name is "ruddy-duck," from the prevailing color of the adult male, translating *rubida*. The generic name, *Erismatura*, referring to a peculiarity of the shape and texture of the tail-feathers, has been rendered by the persons who never heard of it as 'stiff-tail,' 'quill-tail,' 'pintail,' 'bristle-tail,' 'stick-tail,' 'spinetail,' 'dip-tail,' and 'heavy-tail'—all pat enough terms. 'Leatherback' appears as the equivalent of *rubida* or ruddy: the bird is the duck with a back the color of tanned sole leather. The bird has a broad blue bill; straightway it is called 'blue-bill,' 'broad-bill,' and 'spoon-bill.' It has a dark steel-blue crown: it is a 'steelhead.' It is a fat, chunky little fowl; therefore is it a 'butter-duck,' 'butter-ball,' 'butter-bowl,' and 'dumpling-duck.' Its activity makes it a 'blatherskite,' 'bladder-scoot,' 'blatherscoot,' 'batterscoot,' and 'bumblebeecoot.' Is it ever inactive, stupid, or tame? Then it becomes a 'sleepy coot,' 'sleepy duck,' 'sleepyhead,' and even a 'sleepy brother'; likewise a 'booby-coot,' a 'noddy,' a 'fool-duck,' and a 'deaf-duck.' But not always thus; when alarmed it can dive like a flash, and it is then a 'dipper,' a 'dapper,' a 'dopper'; even a 'mud-dipper,' and a 'broad-billed dipper,' yea, and a 'dip-tail diver,' a 'dun diver,' and

a 'brown diving-teal.' Then is it hard to kill? Certainly, a very 'tough-head,' a 'hard-head,' a 'hickory-head,' 'hard-tack,' a 'lightwood knot,' a 'shot-pouch,' a 'stub-and-twist.' When it flusters over the water it is a 'dinkey' or a 'dickey'; and, for the same reason, perhaps, it is a 'paddy-whack,' or a plain 'paddy.' Do the people, after all, have some trouble in classifying the bird systematically? It would seem so, for it is not only a 'duck' and a 'diver' of several kinds, but some kind of a 'goose,' 'widgeon,' 'teal,' and 'coot,' and a 'water-partridge,' and a 'rook.' "Just think of it," exclaims our author in his rich embarrassment and consternation; "a duck called a rook under the very shadow of the Smithsonian!"

Perhaps the ruddy duck, with its fifty or sixty names, all outside of books, is a little exceptional; but the process and result of name-making are the same in all cases, *mutatis mutandis*. And now we begin to see what a very interesting book Mr. Trumbull has made. It is far from a mere list of names, and our author takes us by the hand through the mazes of myrionymy safely, surely, and pleasantly, if not also swiftly. It is a scholarly, leisurely, bookish book, smelling of the library shelves and the easy-chair, after the muddy boots and shooting-iron have been put away. Well-known faces greet us among those who have stood sponsors at the christenings of our birds, from Catesby and Edwards, Lawson and that old thief, John Brickell, Bartram and Barton, President Jefferson and others of generations gone, to the "Frank Foresters" of yesterday, and the Charles Hallocks of to-day. The ensemble is a charming picture, especially as it is lighted up with the author's own gleams of never-failing good-humor and quiet fun. How many times he laughed outright in writing it we may never know, but the gloomiest reviewer may not be exempt from a certain contagion. Take this, for example, a perennial Joe Miller, as good to-day as ever:

"Wilson relates a funny anecdote connected with the passage of a New York game law in 1791. 'The bill was entitled "An Act for the Preservation of Heath-hen, and other game." The honest chairman of the Assembly—no sportsman, I suppose—read the title "An Act for the Preservation of *heathen* and other Game," which seemed to astonish the Northern members, who could not see the propriety of preserving Indians, or any other heathen."

The Nation.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By WALTER BESANT. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo.
Sold by Wanamaker, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.12.

"Fifty Years Ago" is not a novel, but it is doing it but scant justice to say that it is more amusing than many novels. The author's desire, we learn from his preface, was to "present a picture of society in this country as it was when the Queen ascended the Throne." The keynote of the book is contained in

another sentence of the préface:—"Meantime, remember this. As nearly as possible, fifty years ago, the eighteenth century passed away. It died slowly; its end was scarcely marked." Such of our readers as are old-fashioned enough to have read Gibbon's great History may remember the parallel which he draws between the state of modern Europe and that of the Roman Empire under the Antonines. The historian seems scarcely aware of any material difference between the two; Marcus Aurelius could travel post as fast as Gibbon could; if Gibbon undertook a sea voyage he was at the mercy of the wind and tide, just as Marcus Aurelius was seventeen centuries before him. * * *

Demonstrativeness, if we may coin a word, seems to have been crushed out of us moderns by the hurry amid which our lives are spent. The tear of sensibility seldom bedews our manly cheeks, while our ideas of amusement are utterly opposed to those of fifty years ago. "A picture by Du Maurier in *Punch* once represented a man singing a comic song at an 'At Home.' Nobody laughed; some few faces expressed wonder; some, pity; some, contempt; a few, indignation; but not one face smiled. Consider the difference; in the year 1837 every face would have been broadened out in a grin." 'Arry, Mr. Besant acutely points out, is a survival; just as the comb in the coster girl's back hair is a survival of the Spanish combs and mantillas which came into vogue during the Peninsular War. Taine remarks of us at the present day, "Les Anglais parlent extrêmement bas," and contrasts the quiet of an English crowd with the noise of Arabs or "meridionals." Walter Scott, in a letter to Joanna Baillie, dated Paris, 1815, remarks, "All our young men (officers) pique themselves on imitating the Duke of Wellington in nonchalance and coolness of manner." This, no doubt, was the thin edge of the wedge, which since that period has broadened until it has swept away the comic song, the practical joker, Bob Sawyer, Mr. Ledbury, and all those boisterous forms of amusement of which we read with wonder in the works of Theodore Hook and Albert Smith, and in a lesser degree in "Pickwick," that prose idyl of cockney life, fit swan-song of the "quiet century" which, as Mr. Besant reminds us, really lingered on till the death of William IV. Sam Weller was quite satisfied with the day-but-one-before-yesterday's paper. In London, too! What a contrast to our feverish fifth editions and special editions! As Lamb says of an old paper, "We resent the stale thing as a sort of affront." Here is a picture of a cabriolet, with the driver perched upon a sort of bracket on the right side. Is this the cause or the effect of the rule of keeping to the left in driving, which obtains in no country except our own? This was the vehicle which, with three people squeezed into it besides the driver, was seen to proceed at a rapid pace up Goswell Street to Mrs. Bardell's door, on the day of the memorable excursion to the "Spaniards"

—there is a picture of the "Spaniards" in Mr. Besant's book—and in which Mr. Pickwick talked to the driver as he drove to the "Golden Cross." There is no drawing of a hackney-coach; the ancestor, we presume, from which the modern four wheeler has been evolved. Speaking of the worship of horseflesh in 1837, our author says of the young Londoner that "to ride was his greatest ambition," but he does not discuss the effect which this ambition had upon the legs of that remote period. That part of the garments of fifty years ago which Miss Griselda Oldbuck observed that "it did not become a leddy to particulareeze" bore remarkable tribute to the horsey tastes of the time. Mr. Pickwick's gaiters are immortal. Micawber wore a species of compromise. We are surprised to see a portrait of Sir Francis Burdett in trousers. He was one of the last men who habitually wore top-boots. Nowadays, we only see them on the legs of stable helps, travestied as postboys at a wedding.

Much information on the subjects of drink and dress may be obtained from a careful perusal of Jos Sedley's proceedings between Southampton and London. * * *

Mr. Besant says nothing of the decline and fall of wigs. Though they were fallen from their high estate, an observant man might have found plenty of wigs in 1837. Hair-powder, too—did not Sergeant Snubbin wear hair-powder? What opportunities both must have offered to the practical joker. Instead, however, of blaming him for his omissions, let us be grateful for what we find in his old curiosity shop, and bear in mind the words of his preface:—

In compiling even such a modest work as the present one is constantly attended by a haunting dread of having forgotten something necessary to complete the picture. * * * At this very last moment the Spirit of Memory whispers in my ear, "Did you remember to speak of the high fireplaces, the open chimneys—up which half the heat mounted—the broad hobs, and the high fenders, with the fronts pierced, in front of which people's feet were always cold? Did you remember that the pin of the period had its head composed of a separate piece of wire rolled round? that steel pens were either as yet unknown, or were precious and costly things? that the quill was always wanting a fresh nib? that the wax match did not exist? that in the country they still used the old-fashioned brinstone match? that the nightlight of the period was a rush candle stuck in a tin cylinder full of holes? and that all the ladies' dresses had hooks and eyes behind?"

Saturday Review.

LOWELL'S POLITICAL ESSAYS.

12mo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

Mr. Lowell has done what probably no one else in the country who has written as much would have the courage to do—collected and republished a dozen of his political essays covering a period of twenty years, beginning with a philippic against the cowardice of the American Tract Society in 1858, and ending with an

eloquent description of the place of the "Independent in Politics," in 1888. When one remembers the variety of experiences with which that period has been crowded, the number of political prophets whom it has brought to naught, the number of political sages whom it has stripped of their wisdom, and exposed to the scorn or pity of the younger generation, he needs to be thrice armed who steps into the arena, as Mr. Lowell has done, laden with "back numbers," and challenges the criticism of all comers for the doubts and fears, and hopes and expectations, of half a lifetime. The challenge is the more remarkable because we think it may be said that he has been far better known to the American public during the past thirty years as a poet and literary man than as a political philosopher or observer. The "Biglow Papers" were full of political shrewdness, it is true, but those who witnessed their beginnings ascribed Mr. Lowell's excursions into politics more to philanthropic horror of slavery than to interest in the art of government. It was not until the war broke out that he really made his appearance as a political observer.

The article on the "American Tract Society" is a sermon in elementary morals preached to a religious association. It is mainly interesting now as a memorial of Mr. Lowell's courage in evil days. That it should have been necessary to make such an exposition of Christian duty to an organization devoted to the work of spreading the Gospel, is a kind of thing which history never satisfactorily explains. * * *

Where Mr Lowell shines most is in his clear presentation, through the cloudy and bewildering days of 1860-61, of the real issue between the North and South, and his masterful exposure of the folly and futility of the various schemes of compromise, avoidance, or postponement, with which the air was full until after the Seven Days before Richmond. To him "the election in November [1860], whatever its result, was to settle for many years to come the question whether the American idea was to govern this continent, whether the Occidental or Oriental theory of society was to mould our future." In the following year (1861), he was equally sure "that the United States are a nation, and not a mass meeting; that theirs is a government and not a caucus—a government that was meant to be capable, and is capable, of something more than the helpless *please don't* of the village constable; that they have executive and administrative officers that are not mere puppet figures to go through the motions of an objectless activity, but arms and hands that become supple to do the will of the people, so soon as that will becomes conscious and defines its purpose." In 1864 he said that "war means now, consciously with many, unconsciously with most, but inevitably, abolition. Nothing can save slavery but peace. Let its doom be once accomplished, . . . and the bond between the men at the South who were willing to destroy the

Union, and those at the North who only wish to save it for the sake of slavery will be broken. . . . The mass of the Southern people will not feel too keenly the loss of a kind of property in which they had no share, while, it made them underlings, nor will they find it hard to reconcile themselves with a government from which they had no real cause of estrangement. If the war be waged manfully, as becomes a thoughtful people, without insult or childish triumph in success, if we meet opinion with wiser opinion, waste no time in badgering prejudice till it becomes hostility, and attack slavery as a crime against the nation and not as an individual sin, *it will end we believe, in making us the most powerful and prosperous community the world ever saw.*"

The review of McClellan's Report, in 1864, is the best example in the collection of Mr. Lowell's powers of political discussion. Nothing could be happier or more acute than his definition of the relation either of a successful or unsuccessful military commander to the civil government which he serves, or keener than his analysis of Gen. McClellan's character as a strategist, and of his own explanation of his operations.

The closing article, on "The Place of the Independent in Politics," is still fresh in the minds of our readers. Any one who reaches it through the volume before us will miss the triumphant note of the preceding essays, and will, perhaps, find it a reason for believing that Mr. Lowell, in writing about the war and its effects, was animated by more enthusiasm than he imagined. He has lived to see the dull days which are sure to follow every revolutionary epoch, when the heroes are dead and the great memories are waxing faint, and a new generation has come on the stage which is still uncertain what use to make of the glory won for it by its fathers, or what duties it imposes. But he readily finds in the situation a hundred lessons for those who have reaped the fruits without sharing the sacrifices of the war, and extracts, as hardly any other living writer can, from the very disappointments and shortcomings of the restored Union, new reasons for patriotic toil and endeavor.

The Nation.

AN ENGLISH STATESMAN.

HENRY THE SECOND. By Mrs. J. R. Green. Twelve English Statesmen Series. 12mo. Sold by Wanamaker, 45 cents; by mail, 52 cents.

Mrs. Green is well known as the widow of the writer of one of the most deservedly popular historical works of recent years, and as the accomplished editor of some of her husband's writings. The volume under consideration is, so far as we are aware, the first independent work that she has given to the public. It is an admirable little book, and one that will compare favorably with the essays that have preceded it and that are from the pens of authors of high repute.

Mrs. Green regards Henry II as a formative and epoch-making English statesman, for the reason that it was by his power that England, Ireland and Scotland were brought to some effective acknowledgment of a common suzerain lord, and the foundations laid of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Mrs. Green represents that, although Henry II was a foreign king, who never spoke the English tongue, that although he moved for the most part in a foreign camp, surrounded with a motley host of Brabançons and hirelings, and who in intervals snatched from foreign wars managed for a few months to go to his island kingdom and carry out a policy which took little heed of the great moral forces that were at work among the people, he nevertheless abolished feudalism as a system of government and left it little more than a system of land tenure; he defined the relations established between Church and State, he preserved the traditions of self-government which had been handed down from the earliest times of English history, and he established the judicial system whose main features have been preserved to our own day. This book, like the others of the series to which it belongs, is brief, and it is within the compass of a little more than 200 pages—not very closely printed pages—that the author contrived to tell her story. The narration, however, is a singularly complete one, and one which sets forth with remarkable explicitness the conditions under which Henry worked and the nature of the reforms which he effected or which were effected through his policy, and the definite influences which he exercised on the formation of the English Constitution as it has come down to the men of the present day, and as it affected the governments of the English-speaking people on this side of the Atlantic and in other portions of the globe.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

WITH THE IMMORTALS.

By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.62.

The power of riches and the wonders of electricity are undoubtedly surprising, and in the hands of a clever novelist they are unlimited. The uses to which Mr. Crawford has put them in his new book "With the Immortals" (which is not exactly a novel, but is certainly a work of fiction) may be briefly stated. In January Mr. Chard, with the help of his wife and sister and his mother-in-law, Lady Brenda, started the idea of buying a ruined castle near Castellamare, restoring it, and settling down to make experiments in electric lighting. "Before the end of April the castle was bought, repaired, and luxuriously furnished, the beds were made, the French *chef* had ordered the kitchen fires to be lighted," and Mr. Chard had found that a ducal title had been thrown into his bargain.

The experiments were highly successful, and Mr. Chard was convinced "that the force of his constant current was sufficient to run a train of two hundred tons at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. . . . If a few hundred yards of collectors could produce such effects, what might be expected from an apparatus covering a mile of sea coast?" He thereupon illuminated the mountains, and, whatever he may have expected, the result was a terrific thunderstorm, and after it had subsided the appearance at convenient intervals of Heine, Chopin, Cæsar, Francis I., Lionardo da Vinci, Dr. Johnson, Pascal, and the Sirens. Mr. Chard and the ladies of his family received the strange guests without any vulgar astonishment. Unfortunately the Immortals used the rare chance which Mr. Chard's electrical experiments had given them for no better purpose than to discuss with each other and their hosts such abstract questions as the nature of love and the true definition of wit, and (as old people are apt to do) to make discursive monologues about the events of their past lives. The better-informed members of the ghostly party also took a pleasure in discussing historical matters, and in this part of his imaginary conversations Mr. Crawford's ability is best shown. The taste for dialogues of the dead has frequently shown itself from time to time, from Lucian to Mr. Traill, and the amount of entertainment which may be got from this branch of literature may, perhaps, be rightly left for every one to decide for himself. But, at all events, it may be laid down that experiments in such conversations are as dangerous as Mr. Chard's experiments in electric lighting. Mr. Crawford has undoubtedly displayed a great quantity of information, and has succeeded in making some of his immortals say a good thing or two; but, on the whole, their didactic talk is wearisome. There is, however, a considerable tendency to use the novel as a vehicle for discussion, and Mr. Crawford's readers, who are always pleased to meet him as a novelist, may be glad to think that he has delivered himself of so much didactic matter in a separate publication. The book is not free from mistakes of fact. Cæsar certainly should have known that the inscription in St. Paul's in memory of Wren is not "*Si monumentum quaris circumspice*," but "*requiris*"; and Dr. Johnson would hardly have spoken of "Mr. Darwin's book upon the origin of man." Into the soundness of Cæsar's views upon historical events it is not necessary to enter. He is of opinion that Italy as a nation is a failure, and that the resuscitation of the German empire is largely due to the imperial traditions founded by Charlemagne. Mr. Crawford's boldest attempt is shown in allotting so much space to Heine, and his failure is most signal over a poor joke which Heine is made to labour into shape in the space of nearly two pages. When finished it comes out thus: "Professors are two-legged featherless animals. A goose need only make quills of his feathers and

sign himself Professor Doctor Gans." It is, perhaps, well that the book is, on the whole, extremely serious.

Athenæum.

A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

By Lucas Malet. 12mo. Sold by Wanamaker, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

"A Counsel of Perfection" has not the power of "Colonel Enderby's Wife," but in finish and delicacy of workmanship, it contains, we think, the most perfect art which Lucas Malet has produced. It is a much more agreeable tale than either "Mrs. Lorimer" or "Colonel Enderby's Wife," and though much slighter in every way and embodying less power and passion than the latter, yet it has much less of the flavour of cynicism which a little disfigured that very impressive story. "A Counsel of Perfection" does not aim very high; but it is such a perfect piece of execution, and works out with so fine a touch all that it does aim at, that it would require us to go back to Miss Austen to find anything that better deserved the praise of fine form, fine grouping, fine colouring, humorous delineation and precision of design. In the sketch of the selfish scholar, Dr. Casteen, who appropriates his daughter so unrelentingly and so coldly to his own service, we fancied at first that there was something too much of a reminiscence of George Eliot's sketch of Mr. Casaubon. But there is very little real likeness. Dr. Casteen has all the excuse of a really learned and able man who has himself taught his daughter all she knows, and has become accustomed to think that she really takes the same pride in his work which he himself takes in it, so that there is in this case none of the disgust which the reader necessarily feels when Mr. Casaubon takes advantage of the enthusiasm of a beautiful girl who does not know the world, to obtain a wife whom he expects to waste herself in assisting a confused-minded old pedant to believe heartily in himself, which he had never succeeded in doing, and which Dorothea Brooke certainly does not contrive to help him to do. The selfish absorption of Dr. Casteen in his work, and his complete unconsciousness of his daughter's pallid life, fading youth and great need of living interests, is not, of course, a pleasing picture, but it is a natural picture when we compare it with Mr. Casaubon's fretful monopoly of his beautiful young wife's time and devotion, and his jealousy of her wish to interest herself in the advancement of his own nephew. And the very fact that Lydia Casteen is by no means so voluntary and self-immolated a victim to her father as Dorothea Brooke was to Mr. Casaubon, the very fact that she is quite conscious of her father's selfishness and coldness, and that the whole interest of the book depends on the issue of the controversy which arises in her own heart as to whether she should or should not break away from his exacting claims upon her,

makes the story much more natural and tolerable than the story of a self-immolation which began in the eager cravings of a noble heart very ignorant of itself, and then engaged in a much less natural enterprise that Lydia Casteen's work of filial devotion. On the whole, we find Dr. Casteen a much less disagreeable character than Mr. Casaubon, and Lydia Casteen a much better defined as well as more refined character than Dorothea, though, of course, we do not mean to suggest that this delicate little story bears any comparison in general power to the most powerful of all George Eliot's works. Lydia Casteen is a study in pale and liquid colors of the most transparent beauty, and very seldom have we met with a greater success. One might almost say of her character, indeed, as Nathaniel Hawthorne said of his "Twice Told Tales"—"If you would see anything in it, it requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages;" but then, that would be only a vivid way of explaining how delicate is the shading, how soft the tints, how tender the whole substance of the sketch, and that you must not compare it in imagination with anything massive, rich and passionate, on pain of certain disappointment. Nevertheless, the study of Lydia Casteen is singularly beautiful, and in spite of the faint tone of the coloring, in spite of the deficiency of vitality in her career, there is more of genuine though delicate strength in her, than in almost any heroine of our recent literature. She knows herself, and is perfectly clear as to what she intends to do, and she does it. It would be difficult to surpass the dignity of gentle self-assertion in the words in which she declines to work any more for her father on the day on which she receives the news which appears to attribute not only faithlessness, but immorality as well as faithlessness, to her lover.

Nor would it be easy to surpass in skill the picture of that middle-aged man of the world who has the insight to see the beauty of Miss Casteen's character, and the self-possession and *savoir faire* which—partly no doubt because she was so little accustomed to anything of the kind—enabled him to make an impression on her somewhat extreme reticence and inexperience. Antony Hammond's pleasant self-satisfaction in his own acuteness, the irony, levelled chiefly at himself, with which he breaks through Miss Casteen's reserve, the selfishness tempered by really fine taste and fine sentiment which keeps him vacillating between the wish to gain her and the fear to find her too great a restraint upon his love of ease, and also that general shallowness of his nature which lowers the effectiveness of his unquestionable talents, are all painted with singular force and skill. * * * But the triumph of art is in the close, where Lydia refuses Antony Hammond without denying that she loves him, partly because she feels certain that they could not be happy together—which is no doubt true—

partly because she feels that her duty to her father outweighs any duty she owes to the man who has managed, in spite of his superficiality of nature, somehow to touch her heart. The end is, to our thinking, perfectly satisfactory, the more so that the only fault we have to find with Miss Casteen is that she has been accessible to the attentions of such a man as Antony Hammond, who, with all his talents and kindness of temperament, is a poor creature after all. Indeed, it is part of Lucas Malet's intention to make him so. She is never quite satisfied unless one of her principal characters, either the hero or the heroine, affords a striking illustration of the poverty of human nature. Perhaps after that remark we ought to add that Lucas Malet makes up in some degree for the cynicism of her picture of Lydia Casteen's only experience of love, by the softening of Dr. Casteen's demeanour in the closing scene of the story, when he becomes sensible of the sacrifice that his daughter has made for him, and indicates his gratitude for it. That touch is not entirely in her manner, and is some set-off against the hardness, *not* certainly of its gentle and beautiful heroine, but of its chronicler.

London Spectator.

LIFE ON THE SEASHORE.

THE ANIMAL LIFE OF OUR SEASHORE. With special reference to the New Jersey coast and the southern shore of Long Island. By Angelo Heilprin. Illustrated, 12mo. Sold by Wanamaker, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

Professor Heilprin's object in preparing this little book has been to put into the hands of visitors to the seashore such information with regard to the marine life with which they will be apt to come in contact in their strolls upon the beach, as will enable them to enjoy and understand them, and to enjoy the society of the humble forms of animal life that abound in the water and on the shore. The book has been prepared for a popular audience, it has been couched as far as possible in unscientific terms, and the author's evident intention has been to interest his audience in certain things rather than in certain words. The book is divided into six sections, all of which are properly sub-headed in such a way that consultation of the book is easy; and the several chapters describe "The Shell-Fish of the Coast," "Squirts, Polyyps, and Jelly-Fishes," "Star-Fishes, Sea-Urchins, and Sea-Cucumbers," "Our Carcinological Friends," "Worms, Moss-Polyyps, Sponges, etc." and "Some Coastwise Fishes." The illustrations are numerous, and abundantly sufficient for all purposes, and the book is carefully written, and it should, and doubtless will, be regarded as a pleasant companion by multitudes of those who, at this season of the year, seek their pleasuring at the seashore. Professor Heilprin is a well-known expert with regard to the subject-matter which he has undertaken to discuss, and his book is

one that even those who can lay some claim to being students of science will doubtless find interesting and entertaining.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

GEORGE MACDONALD'S NEW NOVEL.

THE ELECT LADY. By George MacDonald. Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo, paper. Sold by Wanamaker, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

This book will probably find its way into the hands of some few unfriendly critics, and they will have the gratification of being able to make various remarks which will look strongly condemnatory and be at the same time perfectly true. They may, for example, remark that the story is very fragmentary, and in part improbable, with that kind of improbability which deadens rather than excites interest; that the long-drawn conversations, filled with what may be called spiritual hair-splitting, leave behind them little sense of reality; and that the characters, instead of being flesh-and-blood human beings who stand firmly upon their feet, are mere concrete embodiments of certain spiritual states. If we read such a criticism, we could not declare it wholly unjust, and yet we should feel that it really missed the mark. If a man writes books which are for any reason worth reading—and that Mr. MacDonald's books come under that category will hardly be denied by anybody—the point which is of main interest to any intelligent critic or reader is what he does, not what he fails to do. Now, Mr. MacDonald is a poetical mystic who adds to his keen spiritual vision, which is almost always true, a creative faculty which, though very fine when seen at its best, as in "Alec Forbes" and "Robert Falconer," is more unequal and less to be depended upon. In "The Elect Lady," there is certainly a want of constructive cohesion, and the incident of the disappearance of the Cellini chalice, which provides the element of mystery, is by no means well managed; but the book is so rich in imaginative beauty and fine insight into the mysteries of spiritual life and growth, that the presence of these defects will hardly be felt by any reader who does not read for a critical purpose. If we do not call it a novel or a romance, but a parable of the inner life, they disappear altogether from vision and the impression then given is one of unalloyed satisfaction. Even Mr. MacDonald has never written anything more winningly beautiful than the story of how the three children, Andrew and Sandy and Dawtie, formed their little *ecclesia* of "two or three," or anything weightier in ethical impressiveness than the chapters which tell how Dawtie wrestled with the divine love which casts out fear, to exorcise the demon of covetousness which had set up a hitherto unchallenged dominion in the heart of her aged master. Every reader who cares for what is specially characteristic and individual in Mr. MacDonald's work, will find in "The Elect Lady" all the old familiar charm.

Digitized by *London Spectator.*

NOTES.

=Edith Thomas, the poet, is to assist next season in editing *St. Nicholas*.

=John Ruskin has written sixty-four books, and his annual receipts from his publisher reach \$20,000.

=The success of the Boston *Writer* has been so great that its publishers have decided to double its size with the commencement of the third volume.

=The second volume of Mr. Thomas Stevens' "Around the World on a Bicycle" is almost ready. The material included is from Teheran to Yokohama.

=Alphonse Daudet is preparing a volume of personal reminiscences, which will be published in November, under the title "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Létres."

=The writer of "Through Green Glasses" has just ready a new story. This time it is a tale of adventure. It will be issued under the title of "The Voyage of the Ark."

=The Council of the Society of Arts have awarded a silver medal to Sir William Wilson Hunter for his paper on "The Religions of India," which attracted so much attention when read before the society in February of this year.

=Longmans, Green & Co. announce an anonymous novel, "The Record of a Human Soul," which claims to be the honest account of the struggle of a sceptic, who ardently but unavailingly desired to believe, from the coming of the doubt until the hour when the doubter at last sees a light in heaven.

=*Lippincott's Magazine* for October will publish the last manuscript that came from the busy pen of the late E. P. Roe. It is an autobiographical sketch, in which the author gives many interesting anecdotes of his literary career, taking as his title a phrase from Matthew Arnold's attack on America, "A Native Author called Roe."

=According to *Truth* an old portrait of Burns was recently bought at a broker's shop in Toronto for £2. It has been carefully cleaned and turns out to be an oil painting by Raeburn, dated 1787. The purchaser now values it at £2,000, and intends to send it to Scotland for exhibition with a view to its sale. This picture was bought many years ago at the sale of the household effects of a deceased Scotch farmer in Canada.

=In view of the celebration, in 1892, of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, the Italian Government has decided, on the suggestion of the Minister of Instruction, to collect and publish all the documents and charts relating to Christopher Columbus. Twelve thousand lire, annually, have been allotted for the next five years for that vast undertaking, which is to be carried out by Senator Correnti, with the assistance of a learned commission.

=Dr. Tschakert, Professor of Church History at Königsberg, has made lately a valuable discovery in the town library of that city. He has found a number of sermons and scholia by Luther, which have never been published. They are of special interest, because they belong to the period between 1519 and 1521, the most active time of Luther's Reformation work, lying between the burning of the Papal bull of condemnation and his journey to Worms.

=Mr. Browning's self-denial in declining \$1,000 offered him to write a short poem in a Boston magazine, was far outdone, says James Payn, in *The Independent*, by George Eliot. Her first arrangement with the publisher of "Romola" was for no less a sum, it is said, than ten thousand guineas. "As that is so very large a figure," he said, "I must run it through fifteen numbers of the Cornhill." "No," she said; "it must finish in twelve numbers, or the artistic effect of the story will be lost. I quite understand the necessity for its prolongation from a commercial point of view, so we'll say seven thousand guineas instead of ten thousand." And seven thousand guineas was accordingly paid for the copyright. Three thousand guineas seems a large sum to give up for an artistic scruple or even a grain; but she did it.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

T. H. J.—

The poem to which you refer is called "The Wood Giant" and is to be found in the volume entitled "St. Gregory's Guest, and Other Poems," by J. G. Whittier.

S. H. M.—

We take Isidro to be a Spanish Christian name, formed from that of Isidor of Seville, the famed saint of the sixth century. Isidra is obviously a feminine form of Isidro.

C. C.—

We would recommend Harper's Latin Dictionary, Spiers' and Surenne's French and English Dictionary, and Köhler's German and English Dictionary.

De F. L.—

The poem beginning "I am dying, Egypt, dying," is by William M. Lytle and is entitled "The Death of Antony." We find it in "The Library of American Literature."

Constant Reader.—

We think that the expression "Cat a Cornered" must be a corruption from the French phrase "*Les Quatre Coins*," the name of the popular game "Puss in the Corner."

We have never seen the poetry of Herman Merivale published in book form.

G. W.—

R. W. Emerson is the author of "Society and Solitude." The book consists of twelve essays from the first of which it takes its name. The eleven remaining "chapters" are entitled "Civilization," "Art," "Eloquence," "Domestic Life," "Farming," "Works and Days," "Books," "Clubs," "Courage," "Success," "Old Age."

DESCRIPTIVE

PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

HENRY THE SECOND. By Mrs. J. R. Green. Twelve English Statesmen series. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 67 cents; flexible covers, 45 cents; by mail, 52 cents.

See review in this number.

STRONGBOW'S CONQUEST OF IRELAND. Translations from the Works of Gerald of Barri, Roger of Howden, etc. English History from Contemporary Writers. With illustrations and map. By Francis Pierpont Barnard, M. A. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents.

In this admirable little book are brought together translations of all the main extracts from contemporary or supposed contemporary writers or annalists, British and Irish, relating to Strongbow's invasion of Ireland; and we find appendices—the descendants of Nesta, list of the adventurers who joined Strongbow, the Irish and Norse chieftains who appear during the war, notes on the life of Giraldus, and other information—invaluable to the student. We regret that, as in some other books of a like character lately published, the illustrations do not come up to the letterpress. Where so much care and expense has otherwise been gone to produce a standard educational work, it is shortsighted policy not to spend a few more dollars upon the woodcuts. *N. Y. Sun.*

THE STORY OF MEDIA, BABYLON, AND PERSIA. Including a study of the Zend-Avesta or Religion of Zoroaster. From the Fall of Nineveh to the Persian War. Story of the Nations series. (Continued from "The Story of Assyria"). By Zénalde A. Ragozin. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27.

BIOGRAPHY.

BACON. By R. W. Church. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

MR. AND MRS. BANCROFT, ON AND OFF THE STAGE. Written by themselves. New edition. 2 vols. With portraits. 8vo, \$9.60; by mail, \$10.00.

DESCRIPTION.

RUSSIA: ITS PEOPLE, ITS PALACES, ITS POLITICS. A narrative of travel in the Czar's dominions. By William Eleroy Curtis. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

A volume designed to supply, in some measure, the want of a guide book to that country. With the exception of one by Murray, long out of date, there is no publication of the kind available to the English-speaking tourist. Mr. Curtis has produced an interesting and substantially correct work.

N. Y. Sun.

FIFTY YEARS AGO. By Walter Besant. Profusely illustrated. 8vo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.12

See review in this number.

RELIGION.

CHRIST IN THE OLD TESTAMENT; OR, THE GREAT ARGUMENT. By William H. Thomson, M. D., LL. D. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.67.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. By T. C. Edwards, D. D. The Expositor's Bible. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail \$1.26

ESSAYS AND TREATISES.

THE TARIFF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. A series of essays. By F. W. Taussig, LL. B., Ph. D. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.05.

ESSAYS. By R. W. Emerson. In two volumes. 12mo, each vol. 50 cents; by mail, 62 cents.

THE INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS. By James Russell Lowell. 8vo. Questions of the Day series. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 22 cents.

POLITICAL ESSAYS. By James Russell Lowell. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

See review in this number.

NEWSPAPER LIBEL. A Handbook for the Press. By Samuel Merrill. 12mo, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.75.

An interesting book, at least to journalists. There is no separate treatise on libels, and the writers dealing with this subject address the bar rather than the journalistic profession. Mr. Merrill addresses the latter. He explains the difference between civil and criminal libel, the difference between libellous and privileged publications, political libels, defense, and damages. Most of the decisions quoted are American. *Boston Beacon.*

THE GREAT POLITICAL PLATFORMS. I. Democratic. II. Republican. III. Prohibition. IV. Labor. With a list of the states and electoral votes of each. 24mo, paper, 9 cents; by mail, 10 cents.

A SKETCH OF THE GERMANIC CONSTITUTION, FROM EARLY TIMES TO THE DISSOLUTION OF THE EMPIRE. By Samuel Epes Turner, Ph. D. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

THE CENTENNIAL OF A REVOLUTION. An address by a Revolutionist. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, 99 cents.

POETRY.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. A Romaunt. By Lord Byron. Routledge's Pocket Library. 32mo, 30 cents; by mail, 35 cents; uncut edges 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents; gilt top, uncut edges, 45 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Vol. IV. "A Blot in the Scutcheon," "Colombe's Birthday," "Men and Women." New edition. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail \$1.21.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Edited, with notes by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D., and John C. Rolfe, Ph. D. With engravings. 12mo, 50 cents; by mail, 58 cents.

PROSE FICTION.

THE LAMPLIGHTER. By Maria S. Cummins. New edition. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 88 cents.

THE SEPTAMERON. BOSCOSEL, by Francis Howard Williams. A Symphony, by Harrison S. Morris. Hazard, by Samuel Williams Cooper. The Lost Elixir, by Charles Henry Lüders. Parthenope's Love, by Colin Campbell Cooper, Jr. Villa Vielle's One Mystery, by Felix E. Schelling. An Old Town Tale, by William Henry Fox. 12mo, paper, 30 cents; by mail, 35 cents.

These seven authors belong to the best Philadelphia society. When driven from their homes by the burning suns of summer, as their Florentine prototypes were by plague and pestilence, they rested amid leafy groves in the early twilight and told these stories. The imitations of Boccaccio have been many; this "Septameron" shows more invention and literary polish than has fallen to some of them.

Publishers' Weekly.

THE EAVESDROPPER. An unparalleled experience. By James Payn. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail 23 cents.

THE ELECT^RLADY. By George MacDonald. Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 70 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

See review in this number.

A WAR-TIME WOOING. By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

ROBERT ELSMERE. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Lovell's Library. 12mo, paper, 45 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

See review in August number.

A MERE CHILD. By L. B. Walford. Leisure Hour series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents; paper, 25 cents; by mail, 30 cents.

EROS. By Laura Daintrey. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

Lemiel Shapira, a [very successful young broker, leaves Mrs. Jerome's boarding house to live in his new bachelor apartments, unaware of the love conceived for him by Mrs. Jerome's daughter, Mary, a handsome, young and promising artist. Shapira is led into a marriage by Mamie Remington, a dangerous, scheming woman, of whose intimate relation with Mr. Oliver Marston Dominus he is not aware. Shapira's reported failure brings about a crisis and reveals to him the real nature of the woman, who promised to love, honor and obey him.

Book Chat.

UNDINE. A romance, and Sintram and His Companions. By De La Motte Fouqué. Illustrated by Heywood Sumner. Knickerbocker Nuggets series. 32mo, 75 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

A SUMMER'S JOURNAL. By R. C. F. 12mo, flexible covers, 40 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

Is the slenderest tale of the season, only fifty-four pages in length, and affords the author an opportunity of telling the languid reader that she, let us say, has been abroad. It was a very rapid transit, however, but she saw the best of Switzerland and speaks needlessly harsh of the appearance of Martigny. The booklet is quite too brief to warrant the repetition of the well-known story of the Mont Blanc disaster of 1870.

Philadelphia Press.

MAIWA'S REVENGE; OR, THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND. By H. Rider Haggard. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 71 cents.

Mr. Haggard's new story is short, stirring and dreadful, as is to be expected. Our old redoubtable hero, Allan Quatermain, tells it at a congenial dinner party where he is one of four, and an evening's tale may be neither very long nor very complicated. This is simple enough. The material is African, and the subjects may be said to be three: first an unpleasant adventure with a rhinoceros, second a single-handed and successful hunt after three elephants, and third a fierce and bloody battle between two native chiefs and their retainers. This latter furnishes the opportunity for "Maiwa's Revenge." Maiwa is a young African, the wife to chief Wambe, who is a ferocious monster, and has slain by most hideous means the child which Maiwa has borne him. His diabolical cruelty arouses Maiwa's vengeance, and she plays a prominent part in the savage campaign which results in Wambe's being literally caught in his own trap, and in the accompanying rescue of a white man whom he has kept in imprisonment and torture for a number of years. The scenes in this part of the story are decidedly blood-curdling; the elephant and rhinoceros hunts are exciting in a more moderate way. Mr. Haggard certainly knows how to write effectively in such a field as this, but the gentle reader will follow him at times with a shudder.

Literary World.

WOMAN THE STRONGER. By W. J. Flagg. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

MADAME SILVA. By M. G. McClelland, author of "Oblivion," etc. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF GOTHAM. By C. & C. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

THE TRAGEDY OF BRINKWATER. By Martha Livingston Moody. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

KARMEL, THE SCOUT; OR, THE REBEL OF THE JERSEYS. A story of the American Revolution. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Reprinted from the *New York Ledger*. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail 45 cents.

MY AUNT'S MATCH-MAKING, AND OTHER STORIES. By Popular Authors. Cassell's Rainbow series. 12mo. paper, 18 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

Contents: My Aunt's Match-making; My Balloon adventure; The Great Gold Secret; Edward Brown, Stoker; Hard Pressed, A Wolf Story; The Blind Spinner; Mutiny on Board; Bibbs, A Love Story; Proud Mrs. Brandleth; A River Story; Running "Pilot;" Ivy; Snowed Up; Through Flood, Through Fire; Only Just Saved; Bang; Sixteen short stories reprinted from *Cassell's Magazine*.

Publishers' Weekly.

EDEN. By Edgar Saltus, author of "The Truth about Tristrem Varick," etc. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 46 cents.

Is less repulsive in plot and incident than any of those which preceded it. There is a noticeable lack of murders, and the dramatis personæ conduct themselves more like rational human beings. The plot is rather weak—too slight, in fact, for his

two laboriously constructed characters, Mr. and Mrs. John Usselex, to move in with advantage. Of the lady we are led to expect much only to be disappointed in the end. The moral of the story, if there be one, is, that it is indiscreet for a man to marry a second wife without previously informing her that he has been divorced from his first, and is the father of a grown-up son and daughter. Otherwise, as very nearly happens in Mr. Saltus's pages, a step-mother may fall in love with her stepson. His pictures of New York society are, as a rule, neither exact or felicitous. "Eden" is, on the whole, a disappointing story, and lacks the fierce, sustained power of its two immediate predecessors.

N. Y. Sun.

WITHIN THE CAPES. By Howard Pyle. New edition. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM. By Ralph Iron (Olive Schreiner). New edition. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

THE HONORABLE MRS. VEREKER. By "The Duchess." 12mo, 35 cents; by mail, 42 cents; paper, 18 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

"The Honourable," "Honble.," or "Hon." Mrs. Vereker—all three titles are used by the author—is a story of piled-up agony. Cecil Vereker was sold by her father to a brutal sot, who treats her as costermongers are popularly supposed to treat their wives, when they have wives. She is always being beaten, or thrown about at the furniture or out of the window. The author cannot lay claim to originality. There is an attractive young man who knew her as a child, who loves her desperately, but respects her so much that, when she flees in terror from her husband, he advises her to go back to almost certain death. However, it is the husband who dies first. Of course the two people most likely to profit by his death suspect each other for a time—and everybody knows the rest. Though the story is not new, it is well told, and will please many readers.

Athenæum.

A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION. By Lucas Malet. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents; paper, 40 cents by mail, 45 cents.

See review in this number.

BENEDICTA. By Mrs. Alfred Phillips. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

NINETTE, AN IDYLL OF PROVENCE. By the author of "Vera," etc., 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

This is a pleasing tale, cleverly and prettily told, and written by one evidently well acquainted with the beautiful environs of Cannes, where the scene is laid. Ninette, the heroine, is the only child of old Hugues Firmin, farmer and proprietor at Le Bar, who has a Xantippe of a spouse in his second wife, Eugénie. The girl has, of course, a lover, indeed more than one, but the elect of her heart is young Noel Cresp, just returned with his regiment from Tonquin. Now enters the evil genius, Pierre Sube. Being rejected as a lover by Ninette, and thrashed into the bargain by his rival for his pains, Sube plans the ruin of the Firmin household. He sells up old Hugues' farm, upon which he has a mortgage, turns the old grandmother adrift, fires a neighboring property with the

object of throwing the suspicion on Noel Cresp, and finally has the young bridegroom arrested on his wedding-day. But Heaven is just. The earthquake of 1887 occurs in the nick of time, topples down Sube's dwelling, and buries him in the ruins.

London Bookseller.

NONSENSE SONGS AND STORIES. By Edward Lear, author of "The Book of Nonsense," etc. New edition. Fully illustrated 4to, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

THE FAMILY DOOM; OR, THE SIN OF A COUNTESS. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

A WINTER PICNIC. The Story of a Four Months' Outing in Nassau, told in the letters, journals, and talks of four picnickers. By J. and E. E. Dickinson, and S. E. Dowd. Leisure Hour series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

Is a most delightful book, descriptive of life in that "paradise for invalids," the island of New Providence, in the Bahama group. A year or two ago four ladies, residents of western New York, made up their minds to escape the discomforts of the approaching winter by fleeing to Nassau and spending the season of snow and frost in its balmy climate. The joint writing of a book devoted to their experiences was a very happy thought among them, and it was a fortunate thing that the authors did not wait until the glamour which surrounded their new life was past, but jotted down, day after day, from the very first, their impressions of what they saw and heard. The result is not only charming reading, but it is valuable as a handbook to those who may feel inclined, after its reading, to follow in the footsteps of the authors.

Boston Transcript.

THE MAIDEN WIDOW. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

MONTEZUMA'S GOLD MINES. By Fred A. Ober. With 12 illustrations by Hy. Sandham. 12mo, 75 cents; mail, 84 cents.

The author, as many readers know, is a naturalist, who has traveled extensively in the West India islands, Central America and Mexico, and who has picked up a great many curious legends among the native inhabitants. One of these is to the effect that there exists in Mexico, in some mysterious places, mines of marvellous richness, the source of the wealth of the ancient Incas. The location is still known to certain tribes, who keep the secret carefully guarded. Mr. Ober takes for the hero of his story a young naturalist, who goes to Mexico in the employ of the United States Government, to make a collection of bird specimens. He is regarded with suspicion by some of the Indians, who finally seize him, burn his notes, books and specimens, and carry him to a distant point, with the warning never to return. He makes the acquaintance of one of his captors, a young Indian named Juanito, who helps him to escape, and after they are safely away they form a plan to go in search of Montezuma's gold mines. Juanito is a member of the tribe which holds the secret, and together they go on a long journey into the interior, meeting with many exciting adventures, and at last are rewarded by finding the treasures they seek. The interest of the story is kept up from the first page to the last.

Boston Transcript.

AN OCEAN TRAMP. By Philip D. Heywood. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

NOBODY KNOWS; OR, FACTS THAT ARE NOT FICTION IN THE LIFE OF AN UNKNOWN. By a Nobody. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail \$1.01

Consists of a series of vigorously written and quaintly illustrated papers on self-abnegation, samaritanship, and persistent beneficence. They are infused with a somewhat rough but original humor that serves to emphasize the writer's main thought. He has set out upon very much the same mission that Tolstoi has undertaken, and is said to be an untiring advocate and helper of laboring and oppressed people. *N. Y. Sun.*

CHRISTOPHER, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.13

A SEA-CHANGE; OR, LOVE'S STOWAWAY. A lyricated farce. In two acts and an epilogue. By W. D. Howells. New edition. 18mo, 75 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

Readers who are not already familiar with it, and who imagine that the author is nothing if not rigidly realistic, have here an opportunity of seeing what he can do in the line of the idealistic-fantastic.

Boston Transcript.

THE SECRET AT ROSELADIES. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. With illustrations by W. A. Rogers. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

This charming story of life on the Wabash, which originally appeared as a serial in *Wide Awake*, will be read by boys and girls with equal pleasure, for the action of the story is pretty well divided between the two. The boys will be immensely entertained with the adventures of the four young treasure-seekers, particularly with that which ends in their capture by the crazy half-breed, Shawnee, who proposes to cut off their thumbs to bury in the excavation they have made in their burial mound. The girls' secret which is of a very different character, is just as amusing in its way. Mrs. Catherwood has a wonderful fund of humor, and a talent for description which many a better-known author might envy. The character of old Mr. Roseladies is capitably drawn, and the account of his journey to the depot after Aunt Jane's trunk is really mirth-provoking. Cousin Sarah and "Sister" and little Nonie are all charming, and the reader will lose the book with regret that there is not more of it.

Boston Transcript.

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHTS. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, author of "Paston Carew," etc. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

Is a story of English society of to-day, containing some well-studied characters, but of value principally as illustrating what mortifications and indignities English people of the upper, and upper middle classes will endure for the purpose of maintaining their social standing. The subject is far from being an original or unusual one, but, in the present instance, is treated with considerable skill. *N. Y. Sun.*

COUSINS PONS. By Honoré de Balzac. The translation by Philip Kent, B. A. New edition. 12mo, paper, 30 cents; by mail, 37 cents.

LADY HUTTON'S WARD. By Bertha M. Clay. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

THE FATAL THREE. By M. E. Braddon. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 25 cents; by mail, 30 cents.

In spite of an exceptionally rapid rate of production, Miss Braddon turns out her stories in very fair English. Like most of the novels which have preceded it from the same source, "The Fatal Three" will compare favourably with nineteen out of twenty novels in respect of its construction. The plot is full and not a little intricate; but it is woven by a practised hand, with a skill not simply born of writing many stories. As for the incidents, they are generally fresh and natural. The time has long gone by when Miss Braddon could be laughed at for an excess of sensationalism. There is nothing of the kind in her last novel, which is a really able romance, woven out of the lives of men and women such as we meet and know in the world around us. *Athenæum.*

A MEXICAN GIRL. By Frederick Thickstun. Ticknor's Paper Series. 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

The scene is laid in a mining region of California, along the frontiers of New Spain, the hero being a New England schoolmaster and the heroine a Mexican girl of wondrous beauty, but sensuous and depraved. There is not much lovmaking in the story, but there is much power shown in picturing the passion of the schoolmaster Roslin, and the wiles by which Panchita succeeds in ensnaring him. There are only a few other characters in the book—Dr. Stafford, a physician, who is half inclined to be cynical, and who looks at feeling and emotion from a purely scientific point of view, being a very interesting personage. Equally attractive, although by contrast, is Captain Jack, the mine superintendent, who was never without his opinion, and was not backward about expressing it, yet was so sincere, so unconsciously transparent in his healthy, hearty egoism, that he could hardly be regarded as offensive. The pictures of life among the Sierras are drawn with a very free and picturesque touch, and the author has certainly found new and delightful material in a region which it might be supposed had been drained of its romance by story-writers.

Philadelphia Record.

TRACKING THE TRUTH. By the author of "Barbara." Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

BY MISADVENTURE. By Frank Barrett, author of "The Great Hesper," etc. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

DOCTOR GLENNIE'S DAUGHTER. By B. L. Farjeon. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

KELP. A story of the Isles of Shoals. By Willis Boyd Allen. Pine Cone Series. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

The fourth volume of the "Pine Cone Series" takes a jolly party of young campers from Boston down to the Isles of Shoals for a fortnight, and describes the various ways in which the members enjoy themselves during that happy time. The first day is spent at the Appledore House. The second sees the party safely encamped on Star Island, the girls in the one solitary cabin on the island, which has been especially cleared up for them, and the boys in their tent. They are

all old friends of the reader, Tom and Bess Percival, Pet Sibley, Bert and Susie Martin, and Nan Burton, all of whom have played parts in the preceding volumes of the series. *Publishers' Weekly.*

against disturbing the bones of the murdered actor and by the aid of his biliteral alphabet told the story of the murder on the headstone of his victim. *Book Chat.*

IN WAR TIMES AT LA ROSE BLANCHE. By M. E. M. Davis. With twelve illustrations by E. W. Kemble. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

A HISTORY OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS. By Edward Stanwood. Revised edition. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

'Twas IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY, AND OTHER STORIES. By Walter Besant and James Rice. Library edition. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.31.

This very valuable and conspicuously accurate book explains our electoral system, and then shows how our Presidents have been nominated and elected, how the national conventions arose, and what they have done, notably in the way of platforms. Of course the platforms and nominations of 1888 are included, and every line may be accepted as entirely trustworthy, Mr. Stanwood being one of the most careful writers in the United States. The book should be read by all voters, especially by politicians and political writers. The first edition appeared in 1884, and commanded the approval of critical students as well as the plain reader. *Boston Beacon.*

THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT, AND OTHER TALES. By Walter Besant and James Rice. Library edition. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.31.

THE TEN YEARS' TENANT, AND OTHER STORIES. By Walter Besant and James Rice. Library edition. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.31.

REFERENCE.

THE ADIRONDACKS. Containing a Narrative of a Trip through the wilderness, with description of the natural features of the region; hints concerning supplies and general outfit for camp and trail; cost and manner of reaching the various resorts; hotels, with capacity; tables of elevations and distances; maps, illustrations, etc. By S. R. Stoddard. New edition. 12mo, 45 cents; by mail, 52 cents; paper, 20 cents.

REJECTED ADDRESSES, OR THE NEW THEATRUM POETARUM. Routledge's Pocket Library. 32mo, 30 cents; by mail, 35 cents; uncut edges, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents; gilt top, uncut edges, 45 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1896. A scrap-book chronicle. Compiled by an editor of that period. (Author of "The Battle of Bietigheim"). 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

SARATOGA SPRINGS. Its hotels, boarding houses, and health institutions, its mineral waters, etc., with various other matters of interest and value to the public. Lake George and Lake Champlain. By S. R. Stoddard. Illustrated. New edition. 12mo, 45 cents; by mail, 51 cents; paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

CASELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY.

PERIODICALS THAT PAY CONTRIBUTORS. Compiled by Eleanor Kirk. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

131 Plutarch's Lives of Pyrrhus, Camillus Pelopidas, and Marcellus. 9 cents; by mail, 10 cents.

132 Essays and Tales. Joseph Addison. 9 cents; by mail, 10 cents.

133 Lives of the English Poets, Addison, Savage, Swift. Samuel Johnson, LL. D. 9 cents; by mail, 10 cents.

134 Second Part of King Henry IV. Wm. Shakespeare. 9 cents; by mail, 10 cents.

Writers will find in this little book a list of the principal American periodicals that pay for contributions, including altogether some two hundred magazines and papers. The periodicals are classified under the headings: Literary, Juvenile, Newspapers, Humorous, Religious, Household, Fashions and Literature, Educational, Medical and Hygienic, Agricultural, Sporting, and Miscellaneous. Blank pages are left for the addition of other papers. The list has been compiled with care, and is as accurate as such a list can be made. It represents a great deal of faithful work, and it will be useful to writers in suggesting a possible market for their productions. *The Writer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TALE OF THE SHAKSPEARE EPITAPH. By Francis Bacon. Translated from the Anglo-Phonetic. By Edward Gordon Clark. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

The author finds in the lines of Shakespeare's epitaph a constantly repeated confession of a hitherto unsuspected crime committed by Francis Bacon, viz., the drugging and poisoning of the Bard of Avon with a distillation of the English ox-eye. Bacon wrote the epitaph, which at first reading warned

—Mr. A. H. Bullen is editing, for private issue in September, the works of Dr. Thomas Camprin, the sweetest of the Elizabethan poets. The volume will include, besides the songs, Camprin's delightful masques, his interesting "Observations in the Art of English Poesie," and most of his Latin epigrams. Four hundred small-paper, and 120 large-paper copies will be printed at the Chiswick Press, Took's Court, E. C., London, where subscribers' names are now being received.

—Sir Morell Mackenzie is at work on his reply to the recently published attack upon him by the German physicians. His answer will be shortly published in a book form simultaneously in England and Germany. A considerable portion of it will be in the nature of personal anecdote by Sir Morell respecting his illustrious patient the late Emperor Frederick.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Winter Picnic	Henry Holt and Co.
A Mere Child	Henry Holt and Co.
The Tariff History of the United States	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Independent in Politics	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Story of Media	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Undine	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Madame Silva	Cassell and Co.
Two Gentlemen of Gotham	Cassell and Co.
The Tragedy of Brinkwater	Cassell and Co.
My Aunt's Match-Making	Cassell and Co.
Karmel the Scout	Cassell and Co.
Tale of the Shakspeare Epitaph	Belford, Clarke and Co.
Russia: Its People, its Palaces, its Politics	Belford, Clarke and Co.
Eden	Belford, Clarke and Co.
Eros	Belford, Clarke and Co.
Doctor Glennie's Daughter	Rand, McNally and Co.
By Misadventure	Rand, McNally and Co.
Lady Hutton's Ward	Rand, McNally and Co.
Tracking the Truth	Rand, McNally and Co.
Nonsense Songs and Stories	Frederick Warne and Co.
England as She Seems, by an Arab Sheik	Frederick Warne and Co.
That Sister-in-Law of Mine	Frederick Warne and Co.
A Modern Jacob	D. Lothrop Co.
Kelp	D. Lothrop Co.
St. George and the Dragon	D. Lothrop Co.
Nobody Knows	Funk and Wagnalls.
Beyond Compare	T. S. Denison
Periodicals that Pay Contributors	Eleanor Kirk.
Newspaper Libel	Ticknor and Co.
The Maiden Widow	T. B. Peterson and Bros.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY:

- The Advance-Guard of Western Civilization, by James R. Gilmore.
 Diamagnetism and Magnecrystalline Action, by Prof. Tyndall.
 Outlines of Pedagogics, by Col. F. W. Parker.
 Electricity, by Prof. Sylvanus Thompson.
 The Development of the Intellect, Part II. From the German of W. Preyer.
 Aristocracy. A novel.
 The Mystery of an "Ocean Star," etc., by W. Clark Russell.
 History of the United States for Schools, by Edward Eggleston.
 Westminster and Other Sermons, by the late Archbishop Trench.
 Practical Instruction in Minor Tactics and Strategy, by Lieutenant John P. Wissner.
 Memory: What it is and how to improve it, by David Kay.
 Seven Conventions, by A. W. Clason.
 Astronomy with an Opera-Glass, by Garrett P. Serviss. Illustrated.

LEE AND SHEPARD:

- Chapters from Jane Austen, edited by Oscar Fay Adams.
 Readings from the Waverley Novels, edited by Dr. Blaisdell.

ROBERTS BROTHERS:

- The Happy Prince and Other Tales, by Oscar Wilde.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY:

- Judge Burnham's Daughters, by "Pansy."
 Some Successful Women, by Sarah K. Bolton.
 The Story of Louisiana, by Maurice Thompson.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS:

- Behind Closed Doors, by Anna Katharine Green.
 Omitted Chapters in History, by Moncure D. Conway.
 Story of Mediaeval France, by Gustave Masson.
 Story of Mexico, by Susan Hale.
 Christian Doctrine Harmonized, by Prof. J. S. Kedney.
 Essays on Practical Politics, by Theodore Roosevelt.

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—The earliest authentic portrait of Charles Dickens has been discovered without a doubt. It is a miniature, on ivory, painted in 1830 by Mrs. Janet Barrow, and represents the future novelist at the age of eighteen, at which time he was immersed in the mysteries of shorthand writing. The drawing shows the full face, with a slight smile on the mouth, to which Carlyle's later description of "a large protrusive rather loose mouth" could properly be applied. Mrs. Mackenzie, a sister of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, is the fortunate owner of the drawing and has consented to have it engraved for Kitton's forthcoming collection of portraits of Dickens.

—At the sale of Mrs. Procter's books, in London some interesting presentation copies of works by modern writers produced high prices, of which the following are the chief:—Thackeray's "Esmond," with inscription to Mrs. Procter, signed "W. M. T.," 13*l*. "The Charles Dickens Birthday Book," presented by Kate Perugini, 6*l*. Mr. J. R. Lowell's "Democracy," "to my dear young friend, Mrs. Procter, 1886," 4*l*. 4*s*. Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," "from the author," 7*l*. The Browning books, of which there were eighteen different works, produced 26*l*.; and the minor books generally realized 100 per cent. more than their ordinary value.

BOOK NEWS

VOLUME 7.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1888.

NUMBER 74.

Four Great Dictionaries.

LIDDELL AND SCOTT'S GREEK LEXICON.— Revised and Enlarged.

A Greek-English Lexicon. Compiled by HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and ROBERT SCOTT, D.D., Dean of Rochester, late Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Seventh Edition, revised and augmented throughout, with the co-operation of Henry Drisler, Jay Professor of Greek in Columbia College, New York. 4to, sheep, \$10.00.

It is truly a magnificent work . . . It would be difficult to say wherein it falls short of the ideal of a Greek-English Lexicon. I shall use it constantly myself, and shall take great pleasure in recommending it to my classes.—*Prof. W. S. Tyler, Amherst College.*

HARPER'S LATIN DICTIONARY.

A New Latin Dictionary, founded on the translation of "Freund's Latin-German Lexicon." Edited by E. A. ANDREWS, LL.D. Revised, enlarged, and in great part rewritten by Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D., and Charles Short, LL.D., Royal 8vo, sheep, \$6.50; full Russia, \$10.00.

A more complete guide to the entire literature than any previous work. In regard to the Latin orthography, the present dictionary, moreover, claims the attention of students as the only work which embodies the results of recent investigations by philologists who are accepted as authorities. . . . In the collection, classification and definition of the words in the Latin language, to which they have devoted an immense amount of research in order to supply the deficiency, the editors have evinced no less critical sagacity than intelligent industry.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

STORMONTH'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

A Dictionary of the English Language, pronouncing, etymological and explanatory, embracing scientific and other terms, numerous familiar terms, and a copious selection of old English words. By the REV. JAMES STORMONTH. The pronunciation carefully revised by the Rev. P. H. Phelps, M.A., Cantab. Imperial 8vo, cloth, \$6.00; half roan, \$7.00; full sheep, \$7.50.

A model performance, in which the scholar will take as much delight as will the school children, the family circle, and the busy man of affairs who has occasion to look up a word. . . . If an office, school-room or family can have but one dictionary, Stormonth's is the best.—*Boston Advertiser.*

THAYER'S GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON.

Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament; being Grimm's Wilke's Clavis Novi Testamenti, translated, revised and enlarged by JOSEPH HENRY THAYER, D.D., Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in the Divinity School of Harvard University. 4to, cloth, \$5.00; half roan, \$6.00; full sheep, \$6.50.

To the present volume, as the joint product of the best German and American scholarship, the judgment passed in Germany upon Professor Grimm's work is most appropriate: "It is not only unquestionably the best among existing New Testament lexicons, but, apart from all comparisons, it is a work of the highest intrinsic merit."—*Christian Union, N. Y.*

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.

Harper's Magazine. FOR OCTOBER.

OLD ENGLISH SONGS.

With fourteen illustrations (including frontispiece), by EDWIN A. ABBEY and ALFRED PARSONS.

NEPTUNE'S SHORE. A Story.

By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART.

LIMOGES AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

By THEODORE CHILD. Illustrated.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Part VIII. St. Louis and Kansas City.

ANNIE KILBURN. A Novel.

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Part V.

OUR JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES.

By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL. Second Paper.

LA VERETTE AND THE CARNIVAL IN ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

By LAFCADIO HEARN.

IN FAR LOCHABER. A Novel.

By WILLIAM BLACK. Part X.

WESTERN JOURNALISM.

By Z. L. WHITE. With twenty-seven portraits.

HOME USES OF MINERAL WATERS.

By TITUS MUNSON COAN, M.D.

POEMS.

"FLAX FLOWERS." By MARGARET DELAND. "WHERE SUMMER BIDES." By ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

TOO CONSIDERATE.

Illustration by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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which does not justify, I suppose, any considerable expense in advertising. Indeed, the books are sure of a welcome among the people for whom they are written, and the market thus given them is so large that any other market would be a mere accidental addition to it. You will find, therefore, that the average college student does not know of the existence of the admirable hand-book which the Chautauquan Circle provides for its own students, and this, although these hand-books would be of the first value to the average college student in preparing for college examinations.

The eminent head of Chautauqua, Bishop Vincent, once said to me that his wish, in the whole plan, might be stated thus: "Almost all people who can afford it, through this country, send their boys and girls to college. I mean so to arrange the Chautauquan reading that, when the boy or girl comes home at Christmas, and begins to talk about Xenophon or Thucydides, about Cicero or Horace, about chemistry or geology, or the correlation of forces, his father and mother, his brother and sister, who have been reading in the Chautauquan course, may be interested in what he has been studying in college, and may be able to hold their own in conversation." That is a very good statement of what Chautauqua does for its faithful readers. I am in the habit of saying that it trains them to understand the language of their time. Now, for this purpose—namely, that the average man may understand the language of his time, or the average father may be able to talk with his sophomore son about his college studies—a little library of books has been prepared.

The largest sub-section of it consists of the books of Dr. Wilkinson. He has digested the literature of Greece, of ancient Rome, of Germany and of France, for the purposes of these readers. The man who has read his Greek course, for instance, knows rather more of Greek literature than the average college graduate has learned from the books which he has read in Greek. Observe, the Chautauquan reader knows nothing of the Greek language and the pleasure which results from reading in the original. But, so far as a knowledge of the literature goes, I should say that the Chautauquan reader is rather in advance of the average lad educated at college.

So of the course in chemistry, prepared by Professor Appleton of Brown University. The book is not a book for a fool. It is exactly what he calls it—a "Beginner's Hand-book of Chemistry." It is wonderfully well illustrated. It is not a very easy book to read. But it is a book which can be read and be understood by a man in a log cabin in Aroostook County, ten miles from anybody else. That is what it is meant to be. It is meant, that is, to serve the purpose of people who are studying without a laboratory, without witnessing the experiments of another, and without being able to ask questions of a teacher.

It is well known that every encouragement is given

in the Chautauquan courses to "side-reading," for those persons who have more time than the average of eight hours a week which the required reading demands. For these outside readings, the Chautauquan course provides, in what it calls the "Garnet series;" a series of selections from Ruskin, another from Browning, another from Milton, one on education, one on art and the formation of taste, and so on.

It would not be possible, with the space I have at command, to characterize all these books. But it seems to me desirable that general readers, through this country, shall know that there is such a series, intended for the use of every-day people in teaching them to understand the language of their time, which are to be purchased at prices much below the ordinary retail prices of the books more widely known to the belles-lettres writers, who call themselves "literary men," and furnish most of the criticism for literary journals.

PROF. MCMASTER.

John Bach McMaster, who has been called "The Macaulay of America," was born in Brooklyn, New York, June 29, 1852. His father, a native of New York, was a banker and planter at New Orleans at the beginning of the civil war. The son received his rudimentary education at the New York public schools, attending afterwards the College of the City of New York, from which he was graduated June 29, 1872. He taught there as Fellow in English for one year, and then began the study of civil engineering. In 1876 and 1877 he wrote numerous articles for engineering journals and magazines, and in the latter year he was appointed Instructor in Civil Engineering at Princeton College, where he remained until June, 1883, when he was elected to the chair of American History in the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania.

The first volume of the "History of the People of the United States," treating of the period from the Revolution to the Civil War, was published in 1883, its appearance achieving for its author immediate fame. The manuscript of this work was offered for examination simultaneously to the leading publishers in Boston, New York City and Philadelphia, of whom only two were willing to look at it, and of these one declined to publish it; the other, Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, accepted. The story of its acceptance, as told by Mr. Daniel Appleton, and given in Mr. J. C. Derby's book, "Fifty Years Among Authors, Books and Publishers," is as follows:

"The author sent the book to me for examination, and it was given to our readers who did not report favorably, but expressed grave doubts of its success if published. It passed through several hands, as we had some doubts about undertaking a new history of the United States, being already the publishers of Bancroft's. We at last gave it to a very distinguished litterateur and he denounced it, writing an unfavorable criticism on it. After this the matter was discussed

somewhat earnestly all around, and I proposed to take the manuscript up to my house in the country. It so happened that on the evening when I took it home with me, all of the family and several visitors, ladies and gentlemen, were engaged in reading. After reading a portion of the MS., I said, 'I should like very much if you would let me read some of the passages from this book; I would like your opinion of them.' Mrs. Appleton said, 'Now don't do any such thing; we are all interested in our books and don't want to hear you read from a manuscript.' Said I, 'Permit me for one moment. If I can't hold your attention I'll give up.' They all assented, the family especially. I began to read and kept on reading; not a voice was heard but my own. I read on for over two hours, when it was necessary for me to call for water to clear my throat. They all pronounced it the most remarkable and most interesting book they had ever listened to. I continued on after that, and in the morning put it under my arm, brought it down to the city and said to the firm, 'We will publish the book. Find out where the author is.' He appeared in a few days, and proved to be a Professor of Engineering at Princeton. The book was finally published and a large sale was almost immediate. I recollect asking Mr. Charles A. Dana if he had read the book, as I had not seen any notice of it in his paper. 'Read it! Why, I have read nothing else since I began it!'"

When the manuscript of volume two was all ready for the printer, the author's hand-satchel containing chapters "The Struggle for Neutrality" and "Town and Country Life in 1800" as well as parts of several others, was stolen and the manuscript was never recovered. The sale of the book has now gone over 14,000 copies. The third volume is nearly finished but suffers delay from the trouble Prof. McMaster finds in getting materials for a summary of the religious state of the country in 1815.

This history has attracted universal attention as constituting a powerful bond between natural science and philosophical and sociological literature in its graver aspects.

Prof. McMaster's only other work is "The Life of Benjamin Franklin," published in 1887.

"Q" the author of "Dead Man's Rock," is an Englishman, and is the son of a doctor of medicine formerly residing on the English south coast.

=Albert P. Southwick, editor "Notes and Queries" in the *Baltimore American*, and the author of several books, has nearly ready for the press a novel entitled "Bijou"—a love story, full of dramatic interest.

=Mr. W. L. Thomas, the founder of the *London Graphic*, in an article on "The Making of the *Graphic*," in the *Universal Review*, says that he received from a missionary in Africa a most delightful illustrated diary, by the hand of the late Bishop Hannington. "It was addressed to his little nephews and nieces, making merry jests and clever funny caricatures over his escapes and misfortunes, evidently only thinking with a gay heart how best he could amuse the dear little ones at home."

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

A "short history," as Mr. J. R. Greene defined the phrase by doing it, is a history in which events are set in their true relation and tendency and the actors have their characters made sharp, clear and distinct. Mr. Rossiter Johnson has fallen short of this high model, but he has written the best short history of the war which has yet appeared. This compact volume of 552 large print pages sums the struggle in such shape that it does the beginner the invaluable service of setting the great struggle in its ordered relations. It meets better than any one volume now accessible the perplexing question many readers ask how best to start in reading about the war, a subject now overwhelming and oppressed with a multitude of monographs, each taking a bit of the war and setting it but too often in the light and shade of personal prejudice. Mr. Johnson has its lapses. He omits too much, condenses too little, and sometimes slurs events. He falls an occasional prey to the convenient adjective, and he sometimes fails to discriminate between the responsibilities of men, as in dealing with Halleck, of what was Halleck and what was not Halleck but the mingled errors of Lincoln, Stanton and all the Washington war office. In his anxiety to be just to the South in Andersonville and in its guerilla warfare, he fails to show in how barbarous and brutal and callous a fashion the war was fought by the Confederate authorities, who spoke much of honor and did much that was dishonorable. But these are but small things to consider in giving fit meed to this work, which is high in aim and spirit, sees the broad morals of the war, is not entangled in detail, and clears up vague impressions and vaguer knowledge. In short, if you want one book about the war, get this.

**

Hugh McCullough has been for fifty years a large and important part of affairs without ever catching the public eye or fixing popular attention. If he had told in his "Men and Measures of Half a Century" only what he had himself seen, and given every page the worth of an eye-witness, he would have written a book all would read. He has chosen, instead, to wander with free foot over half a century, and the result is a loose, big volume, which only conscientious students will read and whose best bits are in the extracts in newspaper reviews.

**

The eye-witness flavor makes Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's slender little volume on "Practical Politics" one of the best little things of the kind ever written. He forgets that for all the faults he sees, the work of governing a great people is somehow done and the people's peace has made the peace of Rome seem but a little thing. But he also makes clear—and this is worth all the rest—that what all men loathe in "politics" is due and due only to the willingness of the

taxpayer to be bullied and robbed, if he can only be left in peace to make money and enjoy a quiet life. As long as good men are ready to yield, bad men will run things, and the courage to be ugly and disagreeable is of all virtues the one our public life most needs. This grows clear under Mr. Roosevelt's clear, simple and vivacious account of his contact with politicians and his experience in the Albany Legislature.

**

It is a bye-product of the war that negro folk-lore has awakened an interest none of us before felt in the subject covered by Mr. Andrew Lang's convenient volume on "Perrault's Popular Tales." Up to ten years ago, Schoolcraft and Catlin's Indian folk-lore was nearly all that had been done on this subject, and no one thought of the white or black races of the continent as giving scope for this study. But since then, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has broken ground in a field freely cultivated since. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland has done fresh work at the other end of the Atlantic coast and Mr. W. W. Newell has shown us all in his "Games of American Children," how near we all are to folk-lore without knowing it. But the field is all—so far as works in English are concerned—in most disconnected shape, and Mr. Lang, by taking Perrault's tales, which cover the most familiar and typical of nursery stories, and giving each an introduction, has set in their proper and fit relation these old favorites. Here is "Little Red Riding Hood," wandering through letters from Hesiod to Grimm, and through all lands from Kamschatka to Kalahari desert; "Puss in Boots" speaks a good word for the shiftless Marquis of Carrabas, in all languages from Sanscrit to Zulu. Have not I, breathless, first heard in Arabic the selfsame story which later I found in English. Under how many roofs, from the wattled huts of the Ganges to the thatched cottages of the Loire, has the "Sleeping Beauty" been awakened from her slumbers to the delight of us all. Their wanderings are here in part, and in part their origins, and as with all Mr. Lang's works, he has given the work of the student the alert air and what Mr. Stevenson is pleased to term, the "cheap finish" of the journalist.

**

Walter Savage Landor and George Meredith are larger and more neglected figures than others in the earlier and later literature of the century. They stand alone in that solitary space where the leaders of letters are lonely. But they have no readers. They have no worshippers. They are in a way writer's writers. It would be hard to find men more praised by those who write, who are less read by those who read. Nor is it strange. Great patience, some leisure, and a robust appetite for strong meat are needed by those who turn to them. For most of us the slopes of Helicon—like other seaside resorts—are only sought in vacation. Now neither Landor nor Meredith are vacation readers.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, a firm which, thanks to its present head, shows in the yearly additions to its literary list the best critical taste among American publishers, has just added the "Pentameron" to the edition of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," in which so many American readers have made their first but not their last acquaintance with the author. In a day when no one reads any long thing and readers have adopted the newspaper night-editor's maxim that everything can be improved by being cut, it is possible that the shorter critical fragments in this volume and even its "Citation of William Shakespeare"—the length of an ordinary short story—will be read. I fear me not. It is not that men do not seek the best. In the large they do. But Landor has his dialect and his accent and in authors of the highest breeding, as in men of the like, neither rise to daunt the reader.

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Mr. George Meredith, however, has longed for popular appreciation—which Landor held at low rate—and he has just reached the tertiary stage of publication, original editions having been succeeded by "complete works" and these are now followed by a popular edition. The quaternary stage, in which man or men numerous and omnivorous appear, and ask for ten and twenty-cent copies is still before Mr. Meredith, although some of his have thus got in print. The "popular edition" which, as one might expect, is from Roberts Brothers, is now nearly out and any one of the novels, preferably "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," will give a reader more of life as it is—sad, sober and uncompromising—than any baker's dozen of the romances all read.

**

Political economy remains the only science except metaphysics in which it is still possible for a man to lay down his views with no grip of fact and yet not be held a fool. A man may for instance say that a tariff adds by the gauge of its sum to the price of each thing on which it is laid while each purchase he makes tells the reverse and still be held a man of sense. So long as things like these are, the science holds invincible attraction for all men too ignorant to know or too full of sloth to learn what the facts are. Their books come out in shoals as their like once did on all the round of science, when fact was not needed to make a man's words worth reading in dealing with the world about man. Mr. C. C. Camp, in "Labor, Capital and Money," builds a very pretty pile of proof for his plea that "money," paper in large sums and small bills, is all the money needed to make the national mare go the road of wealth for all and want for none. Nor is it hard, since so much standard and "classic" political economy is itself not fact, but figment, for Mr. Camp to pick flaws in the way others, and some of them great names, have dealt with money. The facts are what do for Mr. Camp. His plan has been tried and it brought all to a sad slump. Which leaves

his book, like many more, a curious show of the ease with which men can move in a science without facts as they might in a world without gravitation and to the same end—getting nowhere.

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"Sharing the Profits," a little book by Miss Mary Whitan Calkins, of Wellesley College, is not of this sort. It is a book all fact on this plan for recognizing what the salary system does not—that the work of production and distribution should be one of shares and not of pay, true wages being paid out of the product and not out of capital. Miss Calkins gives most of her short 70 pages to the experience of several French enterprises in this field, which was, however, entered earlier in this country and is to-day more widely practiced here. A useful list of authorities is given and this little work, which one can get for a trifle, is the best introduction yet written for any one who wishes to begin the study of or establish an acquaintance with this subject.

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The essay is an ungrateful path to smooth for readers in these days, when form is so little in the arc of letters and so much less in the demand of readers. For the essay is of form all compact and without is but a loose packet of disjointed notes. In such a time, Miss Agnes Repplier is never like to have the reputation she deserves for her slender, but full volume on "Books and Men." In it she tugs at some of the riddles which one essayist and another has sought to loosen from Montaigne down, and by a number of keen lines touches on the phases of the day—as its sentiment, its pessimism and its non-superstition—in which most that are at once sensitive, sympathetic and bookish, will find that Miss Repplier has already said what they had thought. But the side to which more will turn is the child of to-day on whom and on whose life, books and play, Miss Repplier lavishes a large share of that experience and advice, which one generation is always so glad to beget and the one for which it is meant to forget.

**

"Aristocracy" is a novel which may feed fat a national grudge, somewhat raw in its appetite. One can with no stretch of truth say that it is quite as near the fact of English high life as books more ambitious and less abusive. An aristocracy has the defects of its qualities, just as democracy has. It is plain spoken, somewhat brutal, careless of all codes but its own and hard-headed. It creates, as Mr. Matthew Arnold keenly said, an upper class of "barbarians." This is not all there is of it, but it is most of its outside and the author of "Aristocracy," whose book is far more worth reading than most stories of English life by other second-rate American writers, has made use of this rough outside to emphasize and accent some sides of English life which grate on American taste, in its way far more subtle, eclectic and unselfish than English. But the net result is a vulgar book, badly

done, but interesting and having here and there touches which give it the misleading accuracy of an instantaneous photograph.

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All too few of the lands are left for us to know about in these days of Cook, but "Transylvania" is one such, and Mrs. E. Gerard has learned more of the real life of the land in two years than most glean in twenty, and the book is crammed with detail, which makes it a treasury of folk-lore and peasant tradition.

**

Prof. Philip Schaff has the German mastery of detail and the German lack of form. By result the sixth volume of his "History of the Christian Church," covering the Reformation, 1517-1530, is not a history, but a great heap of materials brought together with diligence and much of it familiar, but at best but annals. Such a volume unlocks much to the student, but it does little for the reader. The map in the book is a sad piece of blundering.

**

There is a multiplication-table type of mind which, knowing that two and two make four, assumes that all mathematical problems can be solved by discursive number. Mr. Appleton Morgan has this type of mind in great perfection and he has applied its processes to the railroad problem in "The People and the Railways." It gives the "other side," which is always worth hearing, and its logic will correct some loose thinking, but it is all the same written on too low a plane and uses a method too rudimentary to solve that problem.

THE PRESENT EPHEMERAL TASTE IN LITERATURE.

When we find that an author has sprung into excessive popularity at a bound, there is always some reason to suspect that his success is due rather to some accident of the moment than to the intrinsic quality of his work. And when, as time goes on, his books do but repeat, with slight variations of form, the same style and subject of narrative in which his first success was made, and repeat it with tiresome iteration and failing power, the suspicion is apt to become a certainty. And it is worth pressing this fact home upon our readers, because English fiction is suffering at the present time from these attacks of spasmodic admiration, rarely lasting more than a few months, for this, that, or the other writer. And it is always the case that the book selected is one which deals, it hardly matters how, with some ultra-extravagant or ultra-morbid subject. The compound of murder and madness which sent "Called Back" into seventy-five editions; the quaint mixture of quietism and history which made a certain section of the public go mad over "John Inglesant"; the vulgar yet ingenious impossibilities which distinguished "Mr. Barnes of New York"; the vile audacities of advertisement which

thrust the colored effigies of the "Mystery of a Hansom Cab" under the noses of every dweller in London or New York; the subtle mixture of psychology, sensuousness and satire of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; or the more blatant vulgarity and scarce-veiled immoralities of "As in a Looking Glass", and "The Adventures of Lucy Smith"; all of these, with perhaps a partial exception for Mr. Stevenson's work have nothing to do with literature, and are but as those iridescent bubbles which float upon the surface of a stagnant pond, tokens of foul gas, and of the unhealthiness within. We English litterateurs present a spectacle to waken the laughter of gods and men as we go clucking in the sight of literary Europe over each new little egg of sensational fiction. And worse than that, we destroy all capacity for the appreciation of delicate work, when we keep stimulating ourselves with these gory chronicles, this misty mysticism, these school-girl immoralities, these dreary detectives, and all the other hackneyed devices of the "shilling shocker." No doubt the narrow seas, are a great blessing to us; no doubt, also, we have had, and may have again, a literary history of which any nation might be proud, but if we could hear the voices of our Continental neighbors a little more clearly, it would be brought home to the mind of the average English reader that the class of works of which we have been speaking (and which a certain section of the critical press endeavors to thrust down our throats) is regarded by all the best critics of other nations as being simply food for children, entirely unworthy of serious consideration. A Frenchman absolutely can't understand how it is we talk about such productions as works of literature, not knowing that our praises of them are due not to the merits of the work, but to sudden phases of popular sentiment, skilfully worked by means of advertisement, avowed and unavowed.

Harry Quilter in The Universal Review.

AN OPINION OF LANIER.

When you enter the gates of Johns Hopkins, the question that is asked is, "What think you of Lanier?" The writer of "The Marshes of Glynn" had passed away before I visited Baltimore, but I heard so much about him that I feel as though I had seen him. The delicately moulded ivory features, the profuse and silken beard, the wonderful eyes waxing and waning during the feverish action of lecturing, surely I have witnessed the fascination which these exercised? Baltimore would not have been Baltimore, would have been untrue to its graceful, generous and hospitable instincts, if it had not welcomed with enthusiasm this beautiful, pathetic Southern stranger. But I am amazed to find that this pardonable idolatry is still on the increase, although I think it must surely have found its climax in a little book which my friend, President Gilman, has been kind enough to send me this year. In this volume I read that Shelley and Keats, "before

disconsolate," now possess a mate; that God's touch set the starry splendor of genius upon Lanier's soul; and that all sorts of persons, in all sorts of language, exalt him as one of the greatest poets that ever lived. I notice, however, with a certain sly pleasure, that on the occasion of this burst of Lanierolatry a letter was received from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "of too private a character to read." No wonder, for Dr. Holmes is the dupe of no local enthusiasm, and very well indeed distinguishes between good verse and bad.

From Baltimore drunk with loyalty and pity I appeal to Baltimore sober. What are really the characteristics of this amazing and unparalleled poetry of Lanier? Reading it again, and with every possible inclination to be pleased, I find a painful effort, a strain and rage, the most prominent qualities in everything he wrote. Never simple, never easy, never in one single lyric natural and spontaneous for more than one stanza, always forcing the note, always concealing his barrenness and tameness by grotesque violence of image and preposterous storm of sound, Lanier appears to me to be as conclusively not a poet of genius as any ambitious man who ever lived, labored, and failed. I will judge him by nothing less than those poems which his warmest admirers point to as his masterpieces; I take "Corn," "Sunrise," and "The Marshes of Glynn." I persist in thinking that these are elaborate and learned experiments by an exceedingly clever man, and one who had read so much and felt so much that he could simulate poetical expression with extraordinary skill. But of the real thing, of the genuine traditional article, not a trace.

"I hear faint bridal-sighs of brown and green
Dying to silent hints of kisses keen
As far lights fringe into a pleasant sheen."

This is the sort of English, the sort of imagination, the sort of style which is to make Keats and Shelley—who have found Bryant and Landor, Rossetti and Emerson, unworthy of their company—comfortable with a mate at last. If these vapid and eccentric lines were exceptional, if they were even supported by a minority of sane and original verse, if Lanier were ever simple or genuine, I would seize on those exceptions and gladly forget the rest; but I find him on all occasions substituting vague, cloudy rhetoric for passion and tortured fancy for imagination, always striving, against the grain, to say something prophetic and unparalleled, always grinding away with infinite labor and the sweat of his brow to get that expressed which a real poet murmurs, almost unconsciously, between a sigh and a whisper.

"Wheresoe'er I turn my view,
All is strange, yet nothing new;
Endless labor all along,
Endless labor to be wrong."

Lanier must have been a charming man, and one who exercised a great fascination over those who

knew him. But no reasonable critic can turn from what has been written about Lanier to what Lanier actually wrote, and still contend that he was the Great American Poet.

Edmund Gosse, in The Forum.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY.

Matthew Arnold's literary offences were very few; we are never struck, in reading him, by incongruity or disproportion; he was too perfect a writer to be odd. And as a result of this one may notice that it is well-nigh impossible to imitate him when at his best; and there is no surer test of a first-rate style. An imitation of his blank verse, for instance, to be recognizable, would have to be very good verse indeed, no less good than the model. A parody would be pointless. * * * He is not often passionate, as we usually understand the word, but when he is, his feeling is of a deep and pure kind: such feeling as Wordsworth expressed in that masterpiece of eight lines:

"A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees!"

In a scarcely less high strain are the passionate accents of those stanzas "To Marguerite," ending with the mournful cry:

"Who renders vain their deep desire?—
A God, a God their severance ruled!
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea!"

These stanzas alone would suffice to prove that their author possessed a noble lyrical power, which is still more finely shown in the sweet cadences of "The Forsaken Merman." This latter poem is certainly the most purely lyrical of all its author's works, and is also one of the loveliest.

But most readers probably find that he is at his best in his own peculiar vein of thought, in pieces like "The Grande Chartreuse" or "Thyrsis," or "A Summer Night." And he is at his highest and strongest in the famous description of the Pagan world, in "Obermann Once More:" stanzas containing two or three pages that Byron could hardly have surpassed for force, and none but our very greatest poets have rivalled for felicity. Nowhere, except perhaps in "Mycerinus," does Matthew Arnold show such vigor and mastery of language. Such things as these will bear comparison with the finest poetry ever written.

Yet, after all, it is for his more tender and most human strains that we love him the best; or where he catches nature's secrets, and brings them near our

eyes, and nearer to our hearts. No one that ever lived, not Sophocles or Wordsworth, had an imagination more exquisite and pure. And thus, while he always saw things as they were, and never with a morbid eye, he gave to all such charm and freshness that whatever he described, however homely, acquired the indescribable bloom which the works of nature always possesses, the works of man so seldom. And so too, the barest and most prosaic words seem in his hands to have gained grace and distinction. There is no surer sign of a true poet. *Temple Bar.*

THE MEXICAN NOVEL.

It may not be out of place to take a passing glance at the lighter literature of Mexico, as represented in the works of its better known novelists. Choosing, then, as specimens, three or four books from the somewhat limited list at the service of the reader, one is first struck by a certain number of general traits which form a foundation for the superstructures of differing styles and authors. There is, to begin with, an almost universal absence of the finer analytic and subjective writing. Character is painted broadly rather than by delicate touches of detail, and the motives of action are only suggested by the accomplishment of the act. There is a tendency towards epigrammatic terseness in sentence and paragraph; and, except in very rare cases, any close study of psychological phenomena in connection with the conduct of personages is left to the reader himself. He may form his own conclusions, or he may read his tale without drawing therefrom any moral. One finds invariably a deep admiration for nature, expressed in delicate word-painting of scenery, and loving reminiscences of favorite spots. The material environment is always luminous and forceful; there can never be any doubt, in this fine glow of local color, as to where the action of the drama is laid. And there is an immense impulse of patriotic spirit which seems, in spite of time and distance, to propel the author toward the days of revolution and struggle for his *mise en scène*. In the twelve novels we have chosen as a basis for observation, eleven are placed, as to time, amid the complications arising from the events of the years between 1860 and 1867. They might all be historic as well as the two which bear this distinctive title. The single exception is a chronicle of life and customs more than a hundred years ago. * * *

Among more modern stories, "Guadalupe," by Ireneo Paz, editor of the daily paper *La Patria*, may be taken as a fair example of the popular novel. * * *

The plot of "Guadalupe" is simple in the extreme, and the *dramatis personæ* old friends, in spite of Spanish mantilla and reboso,—the adopted daughter of a pious widow, who loves in silence and secret the artist son of her benefactress; the youth who in turn worships the heartless sister of his false friend; the futile

machinations of the latter to move the orphan girl from the path of duty; the triumph of her fervent and lovely spirit, and the foregone conclusion which changes brotherly affection into devotion of the lover. The incidental glimpses are full of local traits: the pompous pride of the newly rich, as opposed to the graceful virtue of the poor household; the quaint worldliness and naïve reflections of the foolish little worldly maid Amelia, and the equally quaint sweetness of the wild-rose Guadalupe,—are all charming. A certain sketchiness leaves an after-effect of having been introduced to silhouettes, rather than solid figures; still the sense of vagueness only helps that of pleasure. The atmosphere is pure, if not bracing. The heroine reminds one somewhat of Octave Feuillet's "Sybilla;" but she lacks that breath of life which stirs in the veins, and animates the action, of the beloved French girl. Nor has the Mexican author more than a hint of the exquisiteness and *verve* of the Frenchman. He has, however, the cleverness to win popularity, and each of his twenty books runs through two to five editions.

From "Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive."

GLEANERS OF FAME.

Hearken not, friend, for the resounding din
That did the Poet's verses once acclaim:
We are but gleaners in the field of fame,
Whence the main harvest hath been gathered in.
The sheaves of glory you are fain to win,
Long since were stored round many a household name,
The reapers of the Past, who timely came,
And brought to end what none can now begin.
Yet in the stubbles of renown, 'tis right
To stoop and gather the remaining ears,
And carry homeward in the waning light
What hath been left us by our happier peers;
So that, befall what may, we be not quite
Famished of honor in the far-off years.

Alfred Austin, in London Spectator.

WHEN TO BEGIN?

M. Renan prophesies the ruin of French literature from the youth of the writers; he says that on no account should they begin before they are forty. With this dictum as a text the *St. James' Gazette* says:

Devotees of literature have an inconvenient habit of becoming husbands and fathers before the age alluded to; so that unless they happen to be the possessors of exceedingly rich and generous guardians this long period of preparation is quite out of the question. It is, however, an interesting inquiry. What is the best time to begin? The usual belief is that, in England at all events, the crowding of the literary profession has rendered it almost impossible for a man to do so very early. In our time no brilliant young Dickens writes another "Pickwick" at twenty-one.

Emerson, Carlyle, and Goethe, the three great advisers of the thinking youth of last generation, were all of opinion that no man writes anything worth reading before he is thirty. To that rule, however, there are many exceptions. When to begin largely depends on the character of the beginner's gift. Poetry, for instance, usually ripens long before thirty. Mr. Robert Browning published "Paracelsus" when he was twenty-three, to say nothing of the immature "Pauline," written when he was twenty-one. Nothing that Mr. Swinburne has done is better than "Atalanta in Calydon," and it was published when he was twenty-eight, and after he had written much other verse. Christina Rossetti published a book containing some of her prettiest poetry when she was only sixteen. The "Defence of Guinevere" was given to the world by Mr. William Morris when the author was but twenty-four. Mr. Coventry Patmore was already a contributor to many leading reviews when, at the age of twenty-one, his first book was printed. Lord Tennyson's early efforts are well known; and though Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes did not win fame as a poet till after middle age, he was a writer of verse in his undergraduate days. Even that profound "classic" "Proverbial Philosophy" was published when the author was twenty-eight. The obvious inference that poetry is an early flowering plant is more than confirmed if we turn from the living to the dead and call to mind the examples of Chatterton and Keats and Marlowe, Burns and Fergusson, Shelley and Byron. To none of them is M. Renan's rule applicable. If they had waited till they were forty they would have waited for ever. * * *

Certainly all our great classical authors, with the exception of Dickens, did their best work when their years had either numbered two-score or were approaching that limit. Such was the case with Scott and Thackeray and Fielding and George Eliot. At no great interval after these we may perhaps put Mr. Richard D. Blackmore, who gave the world "Lorna Doone" when he was forty-five. But many extremely good novels have been composed at a more youthful period. Mr. George Meredith wrote "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" before he was thirty-one. Mr. Thomas Hardy has never done anything better than "Far from the Madding Crowd," published when he was thirty-four. At twenty-four Mr. James Payn began to publish, and he has never either risen above or fallen below the level on which he started. Mr. R. Louis Stevenson won his first success when he was twenty-eight. In not one of these cases can it be said that success had to be unreasonably waited for, if we take into account that a novelist invariably begins by learning some other profession. * * *

The best advice to the aspiring genius was probably given by Carlyle to one of the many pilgrims who in his latter days found their way to Chelsea. "On the whole," said the sage, "the best time to begin is when you are ready."

N. Y. Sun.

MR. MEESON'S WILL.

A colleague of H. Rider Haggard gives the following anecdote to the *London Globe* as being the probable source from which the author took his central idea in "Mr. Meeson's Will." He says: Mr. Rider Haggard and myself happened to be called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn on the same night some few years ago. After the ceremony the newly-made advocates took wine together under the supervision of the benchers, according to ancient custom. Naturally enough, a number of legal anecdotes, new and old, were trotted out, and among them one telling how an eminent chancery lawyer was hoaxed by some of his pupils. These ribald young men concocted an imaginary case in which counsel was invited to say whether or not a will tattooed on a person's back could be admitted to probate. If I recollect right the learned gentleman wrote an elaborate opinion deciding the question in the affirmative. Now it is more than probable that this story came to the ears of Mr. Rider Haggard, either on this or some other occasion, for he moved in legal circles for some little time and practiced in the Probate and Divorce Courts. At any rate since the appearance of "Mr. Meeson's Will" I have always assumed that the author had done what he had a perfect right to do, that is, constructed his story upon the bare idea of this anecdote, which was common property.

A HOPEFUL VIEW.

If we are to glance over the whole field, it cannot be said that fiction is as prosperous as when Thackeray and Dickens were at their best, or George Eliot at her best. But it is not possible, as far as history shows, that any form of literature should be perpetually "culminating." We have not a Thackeray, we have not a Dickens; in the face of the admirers of "Robert Elsmere," I shall not say that we have not a George Eliot. But have we not, as befits an advanced democracy, the small change, *la monnaie*, of these authors? Would Dickens not have delighted in much of Mr. Besant's work, which, indeed, is often as enjoyable as Dickens? Would Thackeray have failed to recognize a worthy follower in Mr. Norris, who is, indeed, the Thackeray of a later age? As to Mr. Stevenson, if Sir Walter would not have been proud to sign many passages in "Kidnapped," if Hogg would not have given "a herd of paulies" to have written "Thrawn Janet," my taste is the more sadly to seek. The student is not to be consoled with who has a novel of Mr. Christie Murray's "by his bed-head," or in his railway carriage. In Mr. George Meredith we have a mine of gold, perhaps needing a little to be worked over by the explorer; and for unassuming diversion, and a merry heart that goes all the way, we have Mr. James Payn. He who can read "High Spirits" and not be convulsed almost hysterically, may go write articles on "The Fall of Fiction," and may therein forget the

existence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, and of Mr. William Black, and of Miss Rhoda Broughton. Fiction has not fallen; fiction can never fall while human nature lasts. It is not always the day of a Fielding or of a Dumas; but Fielding was called a mannerless bore, a barren rascal, and an improper person by the genteel of his time; while, as for Dumas, are not the sins of him and his literary thefts and partisanship written in the book of the chronicles of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald? It is not always the day of a Dickens or a Thackeray; but they, too, in their day, had evil things, and it was not the gratitude of men that oftenest left them mourning. They, too, had to bear the scorn of the *Times* and of other august periodicals; their "pot-boilers," too, were discussed with lordly severity and vast volume of style; and the "ragged rims of thunder brooded low" above the small beer of "The Kickleburys on the Rhine."

Andrew Lang in *The Contemporary Review*.

A RARE COLLECTION OF BIBLES.

Probably the finest collection of old Bibles in this country is in the Lenox Library. The specimens are especially interesting as types of the early typographical art, and all of them are rare and very valuable treasures.

The rarest of the Bibles to be seen there, which are in fact the rarest books in the whole library, are the two fine volumes on paper of the Mazarin Bible, the first complete book ever produced with movable type. The books, which are a couple of large, thick and strongly bound volumes and printed in Latin, were struck off by Gutenberg in 1450. The volumes if put up at auction or private sale would bring at least \$25,000. There are but twenty-nine copies of this Bible in existence, and all of these, except this one and one other, are scattered through the various great libraries in Europe.

Another sacred volume in the library is the Breeches Bible, which is a Geneva version, and gets its name from its rendering of Genesis iii., 7, "making themselves breeches out of fig leaves." This translation of the Scriptures was the result of the labors of English exiles at Geneva, and was the English family Bible during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and till supplanted by the present King James version. There is also a copy of Wicked Bible, so called from the fact that the negative has been left out of the seventh commandment, for which omission the printer was fined £300 sterling. This edition was printed in 1631. Among the other Bibles are Fust and Schœffer's Latin Bible, 1462; Koberger's large folio Latin Bible, 1477, with comments in the handwriting of Philip Melancthon, and a number of Elliot's Indian Bibles.

Among the editions of the Scriptures that, because of peculiar error of the printers or from some other reason, have been known by strange names are the

Bug Bible, published in 1551, and so called from its rendering of Psalms xci., 5—"Afraid of bugs by night," instead of "terror by night." The Place Makers' Bible (1562), which modern politicians should revere, derives its name from a remarkable typographical error which occurs in Matthew v., 9—"Blessed are the place makers," instead of "peace makers." The Treacle Bible (1568), so called from its rendering of Jeremiah viii., 22—"Is there no treacle in Gilead?" instead of "balm." The Rosin Bible, a Douai version of 1609, which substitutes the word "rosin" for "balm." The Thumb Bible, being published at Aberdeen in 1670, and which is one inch square and a half inch thick. The Vinegar Bible (1717), so named from the headline of the twentieth chapter of Luke, which reads "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of the "Vineyard." The Printers' Bible, in which a blundering compositor made King David exclaim that printers instead of princes persecuted him. Perhaps the compositor thought David suffered even as modern writers do. The Murderers' Bible (1801), which gets its title from an error in the sixteenth verse of the Epistle of Jude, when the word "murmurers" is rendered "murderers."

New York Telegram.

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN BURROUGHS.

"One day," says Mr. McCulloch in "Men and Measures of Half a Century," "a young man called at my office and said to me that he understood that the force of the bureau was to be increased and that he should be glad to be employed. I asked him if he had any recommendations. 'I have not,' he replied; 'I must be my own.' I looked at his sturdy form and intelligent face, which impressed me so favorably that I sent his name to the Secretary, and the next day he was at work as a \$1200 clerk. I was not mistaken. He was an excellent clerk—competent, faithful, willing. Since then he has been a worker in a different field and become a most captivating and instructive writer. I never see an article from the pen of John Burroughs which I do not read with pleasure and without calling to mind his appearance when he said to me, 'I must be my own recommendation.'"

PEN PICTURES OF THE POETS.

I observe, says a writer in the *London World*, that paragraphists, mostly of the female gender, scarcely ever mention Mr. Browning's name without an expression of surprise at his personal appearance. They wonder to find him clean, well dressed, trim, like an ordinary English gentleman. They say he looks "more like a physician than a poet." What should a poet look like? Like Lord Tennyson, who is a cross between a Guy Fawkes and the mysterious recluse of a transpontine melodrama; like Lord Houghton, who resembled a jolly old Silenus; like Lord Lytton

(Owen Meredith), who looks Hebraic and modest, and is neither; like Mortimer Collins, who might have passed for a handsome head gardener; or O. W. Holmes, who has a touch of the wizened groom; or Frederick Locker, an antiquated Lord Verisopht; or William Morris, like Longfellow's blacksmith without his good temper; or Longfellow himself, of whom I have a portrait in his pre-barded days, which is decidedly commercial in its aspect? Many writers look like physicians; a shorter Thackeray, gray, bland, and spectacled, would have had immense success with hypochondriac old women; James Payn is very doctor-like; Wilkie Collins might be a professor of analytical chemistry. On the other hand, there is a *laissez-aller* air about certain physicians—Dr. Kidd, for example—which is highly poetical.

A QUEER HOBBY.

Speaking of titles, I encountered the other day a man who has copyrighted the names of twenty-eight plays—or rather, twenty-eight names for plays, and has never written one. He is a journalist of literary aspirations, and with an especial leaning toward the stage. Whenever a good title occurs to him he immediately takes out a copyright on it. Sometimes the name is coupled in his mind with a plot or a situation, but quite as often not. He does not mean to run the risk of losing a good taking title for want of securing himself against the possibility of somebody's thinking of the same thing. He has had opportunities of selling one or two of his titles for round sums, but he has thus far steadily refused. He is considering, however, an offer of several hundred dollars for one of his twenty-eight titles from a manager who wants it for one of those hodge-podges of specialties which now occupy the stage so largely. His unwillingness to sell looks as if he were bent on making a collection, like Mark Twain's collector of echoes.

Arlo Bates in Book Buyer.

HOW THEY WRITE.

The editor of the *London Times* writes a particularly good and legible hand. That voluminous writer for the press, Mr. Andrew Lang, writes a peculiar hand, but by no means an illegible one. Mr. Frederick Greenwood's handwriting is rather agreeable than otherwise. Mr. John Morley's—to adapt the well-known song—is "all right when you know it." Sir Edwin Arnold's is all right even when you do not. Mr. Labouchere's is a little difficult, certainly. Mr. T. P. O'Connor's is not very scholarly, but it is easy to read. If the inquiry were extended from editors to "writers" in general the result would be no less creditable to the trade. Mr. Matthew Arnold's handwriting was "lucidity" itself. Mr. Ruskin's is as pretty as the prose it writes. Mr. Swinburne's is curiously schoolboyish, but completely legible. Nor

indeed in the whole range of our eminent men can I think of any whose handwriting is downright illegible except Mr. Goschen and Sir Frederick Leighton. The commercial handwriting of the present day is as "execrable" as Mr. Preece likes, but that of men of letters is still entitled to be called caligraphy in the fullest meaning of the term. *Pall Mall Gazette.*

TRIOLET OF THE BIBLIOPHILE.

Be it mine to peruse
 Old Prints and Editions;
 Books our Fathers might use
 Be it mine to peruse.
 Let others hunt news
 And go about mad missions,
 Be it mine to peruse
 Old prints and editions. *Charles Sayle.*

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Before leaving New York she signed a contract with a New York weekly paper to write a story, for which she will receive \$15,000, the largest sum ever paid a woman for any single story. Amélie Rives Chanler is under contract to write a story for another New York weekly, for which she is to receive \$7,000, and this was thought to be a remarkable price, but here is another woman—and an American, too—who is to receive more than twice that sum.

Mrs. Burnett is not yet forty years of age. She is rather under medium height and has a most expressive face. She is not much of a talker, but when she does speak she has no lack of appreciative listeners. Her first literary success was a book of short stories written in the Lancashire dialect, of which one, entitled, "Surly Tim," is a most touching bit of pathos—touching because it is so natural. It is a story of two people in the lower walks of life, in whom the writer finds that universal "touch of nature that makes all the world akin." Following this she produced her great creation, which she called "M'liss." This, too, was in the North of England vernacular, a story of the working people, and here again appeared her wonderful ability to portray real life. This story was dramatized. It is said that no piece of fiction has ever been placed upon the stage in which the original text was so accurately rendered as in "M'liss."

New York Press.

Books are yours,
 Within whose silent chambers treasure lies,
 Preserved from age to age, more precious far
 Than that accumulated store of gold
 And Orient gems, which, for a day of need,
 The sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs;
 These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.

Wordsworth

REVIEWS.

THE WAGNER-LISZT CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE OF WAGNER AND LISZT. Translated into English, with a preface, by Francis Hueffer. 2 vols. 8vo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$4.00; by mail, \$4.34.

There have been no musicians of the present generation concerning whom more has been written and published than Wagner and Liszt, and certainly none more distinguished as authors. The complete collection of the writings of Wagner fills ten octavo volumes; Liszt's works are nearly, though probably not quite as voluminous; and both composers were as remarkable for their literary style as for their musical. Both were independent thinkers, and both possessed the power of appropriate and forcible expression. United for many years by ties of the closest friendship, each poured out to the other without reserve his inmost thoughts and feelings. The publication of their correspondence during a period of twenty years must, therefore, be of exceptional importance and interest.

The two stately octavo volumes before us contain in all 316 letters; but in connection with them there are some matters which attract attention and excite surprise. No editor's name is found on the title-page; nor are there any explanatory notes to the letters, though in many instances explanation would be most desirable; in a large number of instances the names of persons referred to in the correspondence are suppressed, and only initials given; and, lastly, the series terminates in a most abrupt manner, and not one letter is given dating from the last twenty-two years of Wagner's life.

One of the first points that will strike the reader of this correspondence is the strongly contrasted personal character of the two writers. Liszt's nobility of disposition and his unbounded liberality have long been matters of common repute; but his conduct towards Wagner will raise him, if possible, higher than before in general estimation. He was the first to realize the greatness of his friend's genius; he saw that here was the man with whom rested the reform of the operatic stage, one who as a composer was unquestionably greater than himself; but not the least feeling of jealousy ever entered his mind. With a self-denial so rare as to be almost unique he devoted himself heart and soul to the production of his friend's works at a time when Wagner, owing to his own imprudence (to put the matter in the mildest way), had been exiled from Germany; he was unceasing in his efforts to procure a revocation of the sentence of banishment that had been passed; and, to the very utmost of his ability, he assisted him by gifts of money when, as seems to have been usually the case, Wagner's purse was empty. In addition to this, he was always ready with practical suggestions to Wagner of means to help himself—suggestions seldom, if ever, followed. In one

letter Liszt recommends Wagner to write some songs for the publishers; at another time he advises him to arrange for the stage, as he had already done with "Iphigenia in Aulis," Gluck's other principal operas; but nothing comes of it. Had not Liszt been possessed of a faith in his friend which nothing could shake, and of a patience that can only be described as angelic, he must have left Wagner to his own devices. No one can rise from a perusal of his letters without an increased admiration of the noble character of the writer.

Wagner, on the other hand, presents himself to us in his correspondence in an extremely unamiable light. That he was fully sensible of his friend's devotion, and that his letters overflow with expressions of gratitude, may be freely admitted; but a more thoroughly impracticable man never lived. His money troubles, which were endless, appear to have commenced, so far as we can learn from these letters, by his publishing at his own expense his first three operas. "Rienzi," "Der Fliegende Holländer," and "Tannhäuser;" for in one of the earliest letters to Liszt, he writes from Dresden that he finds it impossible to sell his operas, even at the bare price they had cost him, the sum in question being 5,000 thalers. * * *

It is with a feeling of absolute relief that one turns from Wagner the man to Wagner the musician. From this point of view the correspondence is of the greatest interest and value. Some of the longer letters to Liszt are nothing less than short essays on artistic questions; and in them will be found the germs of most of his important writings. In this respect, therefore, they will offer but little that is new to those who are acquainted with Wagner's "Gesammelte Schriften;" but as these will be probably an extremely small proportion of the readers of these volumes, those who desire to get some idea of the composer's general art-views, cannot do better than seek for them in this correspondence, where they will be found no less clearly and far more concisely set forth than in his larger treatises. To the practical musician, it is probable that even more interest will attach to the letters written to Liszt regarding the performances of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" at Weimar. These letters are, unfortunately, far too long to quote, and short extracts would give so imperfect an idea of them that we must be content with referring to them. The long letter written by Wagner, in reply to the letter from Liszt telling him of the first performance of "Lohengrin," is especially valuable. Of no less importance is the letter No. 67, one of the longest of the series, occupying ten pages of large octavo, in which Wagner announces to Liszt his conception of the whole tetralogy of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," as it now exists. The receipt of the letter must have been a disappointment in one sense to Liszt, who was expecting from Wagner the opera "Der Junge Siegfried," which he had

promised for Weimar. But nothing could shake his faith in his friend; and in his reply we find not one word of reproach—no expression of regret at any inconvenience caused by the upsetting of previously made arrangements. * * * *Athenæum.*

PERRAULT'S POPULAR TALES.

Edited from the original editions, with introduction, etc., by Andrew Lang, M. A. 12mo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.44.

Mr. Lang has rendered a scholarly service to the less learned circle of readers who wish to understand at least the elements of comparative folk-lore, by equipping the inimitable tales of Charles Perrault with an apparatus of notes and comments filling, in the volume before us, nearly as much space as the tales themselves. The quality of the *contes* is first analyzed, and here Mr. Lang sides with Paul Lacroix in the opinion that Perrault's son, whose name is affixed to the dedication of the original edition, was really a collaborator with his father in the work of composition, and not, as many have supposed, simply a convenient mask for the literary reputation of the elder. The *contes* assuredly have, as Mr. Lang says, "the touch of an intelligent child writing down what he has heard told in plain language by plain people," and this element of naïveté is distinct, so much so that Mr. Lang humorously suggests "a text in which the work of the original Darmancour and of the paternal *Diaskenast* should be printed in different characters."

However, putting aside the question of authorship, we come to the substance of the tales and the real problem—that of explaining the coincidence in plot of similar stories found in all parts of the world and dating back to very remote periods. Are we to accept the Aryan theory and regard popular stories as the personification of natural phenomena, the remote symptoms, as it were, of a universal disease of language? Or shall we adopt the Indian hypothesis and hold that India was the cradle of *märchen* and that they have been diffused by oral tradition? Mr. Lang does not find either theory to be wholly satisfactory; indeed, he is inclined to ridicule the nature myth, and he argues that the ideas or motives of the tales are not shown to be peculiar to India. For himself, he is inclined to hold to the doctrine of transmission modified by spontaneous generation. "The ideas and situations of popular tales are all afloat, everywhere, in the imagination of early and pre-scientific men. Who can tell how often they might unite in similar wholes, independently combined?"

Mr. Lang takes up each one of Perrault's tales—"Les Trois Souhais," "La Belle au Bois Dormant," "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," "La Barbe Bleue," "Le Maître Chat," "Les Fées," "Cendrillon," "Riquet à La Houppe," and "Le Petit Poucet"—discusses its form, traces its variants, and seeks to discover its derivation. In the progress of this task he brings to

bear a great amount of erudition, a charming literary style, and a perpetual fund of not unwelcome humor. Few modern savants wear the scholastic garb with so much grace as does Mr. Lang. He knows how to be learned and at the same time to be gay. Those who follow with him the path of comparative folk-lore will be sure of an entertaining as well as a discreet and trustworthy guide.

Literary World.

MEXICO.

PICTURESQUE, POLITICAL, PROGRESSIVE. By Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. 12mo. Sold by Wanamaker, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

Mrs. Blake furnishes the first, descriptive, portion of this book, 172 pages, on "Mexico Picturesque," and Miss Sullivan the second, historical, portion, 56 pages, on "Mexico, Political and Progressive." Both portions are made out of matter originally printed in the *Boston Journal* and the *Catholic World*. The historical sketch is rapid, and tells an old story, which scarce needs telling again. Its more valuable features are the contemporaneous survey of the Mexican estate, including statistics, educational facilities, ecclesiastical affairs, and revenue. The shortsightedness of Mexican tariff makers is astonishing, and is illustrated here anew by many curious particulars.

Mrs. Blake's account of her Mexican excursion is fascinating. Is it overdone? She writes in glowing terms. Everything is rose-colored. If the picture be true, Mexico is a paradise. Nobody can look upon it without wishing to see the reality. We have read no descriptions of the land, its cities, its people, its antiquities, which compare with these for charm and for graphic power. We give a guess that Mrs. Blake traveled with a "Raymond Party," which certainly affords advantages for seeing the best of a strange land, and we doubt if any individual tourist would fare so well or find so much to please under other conditions. * * * You see with her the long tablelands that stretch to the southward, cut up by parallel mountain ranges, striking in outline and rich in color. At Chihuahua the route touches the first distinctively Mexican city. Deep purple mountains form its background, the tall towers of the cathedral dominate it, the streets with their colonnades of arches and frescoed walls have an almost Moorish aspect. Passing Chihuahua the route crosses great haciendas, traverses fields laden with harvests, and rises presently by bold grades to the city of Zacatecas, where suggestions of the East abound again. At Leon, a city of 75,000 people, the mantilla begins to appear; worn by women of an erect and graceful carriage. At the little city of Guanajuato the soul of our author bursts out in an ecstasy—"quaintest spot and most delightful in the wide world." * * * Her two last chapters, the seventh and eighth, Mrs. Blake devotes to "Literary Mexico," giving an account of some novelists and

poets of the country, of whom there is an imposing list. Twelve representative novels are sketched in outline, with intelligent criticism of their character, and a number of samples of Mexican verse are inserted.

Literary World.

EASTERN LIFE AS VIEWED FROM A BICYCLE.

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE. By Thomas Stevens. Vol. II. From Teheran to Yokohama. Illustrated. 8vo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.25.

The second volume of Thomas Stevens's "Around the World on a Bicycle" is quite as entertaining as the first, which appeared a little less than a year ago. In this volume the author takes up his narrative where he dropped it, at Teheran, where he "laid up" during the winter of 1885-6. During this period of rest he had ample time for mapping out and deciding upon his course from the Persian capital, which was through Khorassan to the borders of Afghanistan. At Furrah he was arrested and turned back into Persia, orders having been sent from Teheran not to allow him to enter Afghanistan, as he had intended to do. This interference with his plans was in his own behalf, for had he attempted to make his way through the country at that time we should probably have never had the opportunity of reading the story of his adventures. Making the best of it, he retraced his steps to Asterabad, north of Teheran, where he took the steamer for Baku, the great Caspian petroleum port. From Baku he went by rail to Tiflis, a city which he found pleasant and interesting, and from there to Batoum, where a steamer was taken for Constantinople. Alexandria and Suez were next visited, and after fourteen days' steaming from the latter port Mr. Stevens found himself on Indian soil at Karachi. The heat was so intense that, instead of taking to his bicycle, he went by rail to Lahore. Here he records the fact that the thermometer stood at 108° at midnight in his room at the hotel, while in the daytime it stood at 130°. From Lahore Mr. Stevens wheeled through India and China, passing through Delhi, Agra and Singapore to Shanghai, where he took the steamer for Nagasaki, Japan. From Nagasaki he proceeded to Yokohama, where he took the steamer for San Francisco, reaching there December 30, 1886, after an absence of nearly two years and nine months. In that time he had made 13,500 miles on his bicycle, exclusive of the distance traveled by rail and steamer. Mr. Stevens's book is of interest not only to bicyclers, but it ranks high as a record of travel by a competent and observing mind. We get from it fresh impressions of the countries through which the writer passed, and many points touched upon are absolutely new. The style is bright and engaging, and the illustrations profuse and excellent.

Boston Transcript.

CHURCH HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By Philip Schaff. Vol. VI. Modern Christianity. The German Reformation A. D. 1517-1530. 8vo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.30.

The sixth volume of this important work is a surprise. It is not, as by orderly publication it ought to be, the concluding volume on the Middle Ages, but begins in advance the long and great story of the German Reformation, which it follows through thirteen years 1517-1530), down to the Diet of Augsburg. In it is felt the full force of the author's ripe scholarship and fervid life-study of what he naturally regards, next to the introduction of Christianity itself, as the greatest event in history. Speaking from the superficial standpoint of the general reader, it may be said that Dr. Schaff's work stands alone in its rare combination of the depth and zeal of German learning and the livelier and more popular presentment of a fluent and forceful English. It is a complete exhibit, singularly dispassionate, fortified at every point with a plethora of references and exhaustive bibliography of each branch of the manifold theme, and withal so picturesque in its sporadic sketches of the leaders of the great religious revolution that the dullest reader, we are persuaded, must quickly recognize its charm, and presently find it irresistible.

In his opening and broad purview of mediæval and modern Christianity, Dr. Schaff dwells upon the influences of "Orientation." One of his generalizations is couched in these wise and definitive words: "The Roman Catholic Church makes Scripture and tradition the supreme rule of faith, laying the chief stress on tradition—that is, the teaching of an infallible Church headed by an infallible pope, as the judge of the meaning of both. Evangelical Protestantism makes the Scripture alone the supreme rule, but uses tradition and reason as means in ascertaining its true sense. Rationalism raises human reason above Scripture and tradition, and accepts them only as far as they come within the limits of its comprehension. * * * Christianity is above reason, but not against reason." He bravely upholds denominationalism, pointing to the supreme vitality of Christianity in English speaking countries, where it is most divided into sects. "Division," he says, "is the element of weakness in attacking a consolidated foe, but it also multiplies the missionary, educational and converting agencies." Christianity, he holds, would be seriously weakened and contracted by the extinction of any one of the Protestant denominations.

The bulk of the volume, as a matter of course, deals with Luther, but not only with his work and works. The life of the great Reformer is revealed in many interesting touches. It is so with Melancthon and Erasmus. Of particular interest and value, bearing in mind its authoritative source, is the critical estimate of Luther's version of the Bible. "It brings out," says Dr. Schaff, "the whole wealth, force and beauty

of the German language. It is the first German classic, as King James' version is the first English classic." But the author is not blind to Luther's folly. He deplores his ridiculous boasting about the famous interpolation of the word *alone* in Romans (3: 28), which brought Paul into direct verbal conflict with James, who says (2: 24), "By works a man is justified, and *not only* by faith," and this leads him to observe, in the spirit of religious liberality which characterizes all his scholarly writings, that to be just we must recognize the sectarian imperfections of all Bible versions, arising partly from defective knowledge and partly from ingrained prejudice.

Philadelphia Press.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE. New edition. Vol. II. Beaumont & Co. 4to. Sold by Wanamaker, \$2.40; by mail, \$2.80.

As we observed with regard to the first volume, there is every evidence of careful editorial supervision, which is almost surprising when the scope of the work and the rapidity of publication are borne in mind. Mr. Patrick has in the present volume brought together a host of contributors who conspicuously excel in their special observations and modes of thought.

For the book world the volume is more interesting than any of the ten which we presume will form the complete set. "Bibliography" comes from the pen of Mr. H. A. Webster, the librarian of the University of Edinburgh; the same gentleman also writes the article "Book." As we might expect from the writer, both of these articles are characterized by that scholarly universality of information which ought to be found in all works of this description, our insular views of the great world being sadly pronounced. Mr. Webster, however, might have inserted a word or two under the heading "Catalogue," a subject sufficiently interesting for special notice, or at least a cross-reference. The contribution on "Bookbinding" comes from the experienced pen of Mr. Joseph Cundall, than whom no writer in this country is better fitted to speak on this most interesting subject. The article on the "Book Trade" has been thoroughly overhauled by Mr. Robert Cochrane. "British Museum," by Mr. A. W. Pollard, likewise possesses attractions for the bibliophile. One of the most important literary articles in the volume is "Biography," by Thomas Davidson; it is noteworthy particularly on account of its showing how the greater subjects receive more attention in the new edition than they received formerly.

To those who are outside of the book world these may appear subjects that do not call for special mention. But on examination the new volume will be found rich in modern details respecting all branches of knowledge described by the most apt pens in this and other countries. Looking hastily at the headings, without regard to classification, we note, "Bechuanaland," by Sir Charles Warren; "Beethoven,"

by Sir George Grove; "Blood," by Dr. W. Hunter; "Boccaccio," by Mr. W. Whyte; "Breviary," by the Marquis of Bute; "Brochs," by Mr. Joseph Anderson, LL. D.; "Robert Burns," by Andrew Lang; "Calculating Machines," by Major-General Babbage; "Thomas Carlyle," by Mr. W. Wallace; "Caspian Sea," by Prince Peter Kropotkin, etc. The reputation of this great reference work should be vastly enhanced by the new volume.

London Publishers' Circular.

AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST. Facts, Figures and Fancies from Transylvania. By E. Gerard. With map and illustrations. 8vo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.26.

Probably no other country in Europe is so little known as Transylvania. Separated from the surrounding States by a "formidable rampart of snow-tipped mountains," far from the beaten tracks of tourists, and with neither such means of locomotion nor such hospitable entertainment as travelers are accustomed to, the "Land Beyond the Forest" is likely for some time to come to be visited only by those whose duties lie within its frontiers. Fortunately for us Madame Gerard's husband was ordered to take command of two Hussar regiments quartered at Hermanstadt and Kronstadt, and to this circumstance is due the interesting work under review.

The isolation of the province constituted in Madame Gerard's opinion—and most of her readers will agree with her—one of the chief charms of the district. The passage through the mountains which separate Hungary from Transylvania is like a step taken backwards over several centuries. Every condition of life becomes antedated, and "the old world charm still lingers around and about many things. It is floating everywhere and anywhere—in the forests and on the mountains, in mediæval churches and ruined watch-towers, in mysterious caverns and in ancient gold mines, in the songs of the people and the legends they tell."

But though every object has a uniformly antiquated appearance, the inhabiting races are curiously diverse. There are stolid Saxons, the descendants of the German colonists invited into the country by King Crispa II; there are Hungarians, who may be regarded as the natives of the soil; there are Roumanians, the degenerate heirs of men who in the early centuries fought under the eagles of imperial Rome; there are gypsies, whose ethnic peculiarities are there to be seen in their fullest development; there are Jews—as where are there not?—and there are Armenians whose ancestors found refuge in Transylvania when driven by persecution from their homes in Moldavia in the seventeenth century. * * *

Architecturally, there is little of interest in Transylvania except in so far as the buildings illustrate the

past disturbed history of the principality. Fortified castles and embattled gateways tell of a time when the hand of every one was turned against his neighbor, and when it was necessary to make even churches safe against attack.

"The words 'church' and 'fortress' used to be synonymous in Transylvania, so the places of worship might accurately have been described as churches militant. Each Saxon village church was surrounded by a row, sometimes even a double or triple row, of fortified walls, which are mostly still extant. The remains of moat and drawbridge are also yet frequently to be seen. When threatened by an enemy, the people used to retire into these fortresses, often built on some rising piece of ground, taking with them their valuables as well as provisions for the contingency of a lengthy siege. From these heights the Saxons used to roll down heavy stones on to their assailants, sometimes with terrible effect; but when they had in this way exhausted their missiles, the predicament was often a very precarious one. Some of these stones still survive, and may occasionally be seen—as within the fortress walls of the old ruined church which I have already mentioned as standing on a steep incline above the picturesque village of Michelsberg."

In these churches the village pastors preached to their flocks in times of peace, and marshalled them for defence when danger threatened. Being elected by the congregation, the pastors, now as formerly, are chosen for the religious, social, and administrative qualities they are expected to possess. "The part which a village pastor is called upon to play," writes Madame Gerard, "requires both head and heart, for the relation between shepherd and flock is here very different from the conventional footing on which clergy and laity stand with regard to each other in town life. Whereas in the city no congregation cares to see its spiritual head outside the church walls, and would resent as unpardonable intrusion any attempt of his to penetrate the privacy of the domestic circle, the villager not only expects but insists on his pastor taking intimate part in his family life, and being ready to assist him with advice and admonition in every possible contingency."

In marked contrast to this God-fearing race of men are the Roumanian clergy, whose position towards their flocks is like that of a Russian country priest. Though the influence of the Roumanian clergyman over "his people is," writes Madame Gerard, "unlimited, it is in nowise dependent on his personal character. Unlike the Saxon pastor, it is quite superfluous for the popa to present in his person a model of the virtues he is in the habit of describing from the altar. He may, for his part, be drunken, dishonest, and profligate to his heart's content, without thereby losing his prestige as spiritual head. Like the Indian Brahmins, his official character is absolutely intangible, and not to be shaken by any private misdemeanors. * * *

The only sparkle of light which enlivens the social landscape comes from the gypsies, who are the same wandering, laughing, horse-dealing, fortune-telling people there as in all other parts of the world over which they roam. Madame Gerard, who is evidently an acute observer of human nature, paints them, in common with the other inhabitants of Transylvania, with zest. Her style of writing is clear, and free from serious affectation, if not from the unnecessary use of foreign words, and she is able to lend a certain charm to the strange and interesting facts which she has to tell of the "Land Beyond the Forest."

London Athenæum.

MEN AND MEASURES.

MEN AND MEASURES OF HALF A CENTURY. Sketches and Comments. By Hugh McCulloch. 8vo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.35.

The interest attaching to this volume is of a two-fold character. The author, as Secretary of the Treasury in the administrations of Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur, acquired a high reputation as a financier; and his views regarding economic problems which now occupy the public attention and press for solution are of interest to every publicist and to every thoughtful citizen. It was Secretary McCulloch's fortune, moreover, to be brought into intimate relations with most of the great men whom the momentous events of the past thirty or forty years brought to the front—President Lincoln and President Johnson, Secretary Chase and Secretary Fessenden, Henry Ward Beecher; and among the great generals of the war, Sheridan, Sherman, Thomas, McClellan, and Hancock. He had a wide circle of acquaintance, also, among men who acquired eminence in civil life after the war, as well as among national legislators and men in public life. His reminiscences of his distinguished contemporaries reflect the spirit of the times, and the suggestiveness of the portraits is no less remarkable than the author's candor and judicial fairness in estimating the character and the measure of the influence of some of the greatest figures in American history. The book abounds in entertaining anecdotes, and in pithy comments upon social, industrial, financial, governmental, and other questions; its value as a study of the development of the nation during the last fifty years being heightened by the series of graphic portraits of the leading men of that period. The few extracts from the book which have been published in *Scribner's Magazine* form only a very small part of its contents. • *Book Buyer.*

that he filled a most important public position at a critical period in the financial history of the Republic, his book has an economic value as throwing fresh light on past measures and enabling us better to understand many of the intricate problems which present themselves for solution to-day.

It would be impossible in the short limits of a newspaper article to attempt to give even a summary of the subjects which Mr. McCulloch discusses so freely and fully. He ranges from grave to gay, from lively to severe. Nothing of importance which occurred in the political, the religious, or the social world during the last half century has escaped him. The unflinching good humor and fairness of the book, even when dealing with topics the mention of which might in some minds cause irritation, is not the least of its admirable features. From first to last there is not a note of partisanship sounded, and while men and measures are freely criticized the sincerity and impartiality of the writer's convictions are plainly manifested.

Philadelphia Record.

POETRY, COMEDY AND DUTY.

By C. C. Everett, D. D. 12mo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

The analysis of the æsthetic and ethical elements in the mind is one of the most interesting subjects of philosophy. It is also one that is so fruitful in absurdities as to make it a great pleasure to meet with a book such as this of Prof. Everett's, in which the whole matter is treated lucidly and with a certain unity running through it. Little claim for real originality would be made for the substance of the volume, although the author's mind plays freely about the material which his scholarship has provided him with; he acknowledges that portions of what he affirms are drawn from Hegel, and he refers other parts of the truth to Schopenhauer; but he has framed his thoughts, however derived, into a consistent and intelligible whole. He takes the idealistic point of view, finds beauty to be an object of contemplation, poetry to be a representative art, with the ideal for its subject. In ethics, similarly, from motives of love and honor and under an obligation of obscure and blended origin, men take that practical attitude towards the ideal which is summed up in the word duty. In the æsthetic branch of the inquiry, the nature of poetry as an art, the poetic aspect of nature, the analysis of tragedy and comedy, are the principal topics, after the subject has been philosophically opened. In these chapters there are criticisms of an acute and thoughtful kind in explanation of those matters which the great masters of formal analysis have advanced, from Aristotle to Kant and Spencer, and it is observable that all are noticed with equal courtesy. Much of the ground is still doubtful. Prof. Everett offers a single suggestion of his own with reference to the fact that incongrui-

ties in tragedy give pain and in comedy give amusement; he thinks that the difference lies in this, that the comic incongruities affect only the form, the tragic go further and affect the contents. Comedy passes into tragedy when the results of the action enter into the thought; "nothing is comic to the heart." It is an interesting distinction, and falls in with the logical habits of the author's mind and style.

These matters, however, require too ample illustration in their discussion to be entered upon here. It is necessary only to notice the author's clear and precise method of developing his subject, the absence of all dogmatism and controversy from his manner, the extreme conscientiousness of his thinking, which are distinguishing qualities of his work. Those who are skilled to think and to write like this are few in our day—perhaps because logical discipline is no longer what it was in the old schools.

The Nation.

BOOKS AND MEN.

BY AGNES REPLIER. 16mo. Sold by Wanamaker. 90 cents; by mail, 98 cents.

This is one of those books by a reader which are often so delightful a resource in leisure hours. The author is also a good writer, with a pleasant rippling style, and occasionally the sparkle of piquancy on the surface—able enough to hold her own with words; but first of all she is a reader, and this small volume of miscellaneous papers is the fruit of her enjoyment of her library. They are seven in number, and range from the ways of children and parents to the character of Claverhouse; but, whatever the subject, superstition or criticism or sentiment or pessimism, the essay has the same sort of interest. There is abundance of anecdote, usually drawn from history or imaginative literature, which gives the reader a comfortable sense of being familiar with a great many more books than he has ever read; and these illustrations are selected with skill and effectively grouped. If the elder Disraeli had been a reviewer of rather unimportant books, we should fancy him writing in such a style, with this blending of illustrations from widely different sources with good taste and excellent sense in the substance of the thought. The author is by no means the slave of her books: she has the freedom of the little literary citadel which is hers; and her remarks are those of an observant and thoughtful mind, not without a disposition to a certain grave humor which flavors the page. Her advice with respect to children's books we have already commended, and the essay now reprinted seems to us the most useful, and in style the brightest, in the small collection.

Perhaps the volume occasionally suffers from the triviality of its subjects, for many themes are glanced at in its pages; and in such parts, as, for example, with Mr. Edgar Fawcett's opinion of critics, the topic is really so slight that no wisdom in the comment can reconcile us to wasting our time over it. It

is not every book that can be made an excuse for such literary recreation as this author delights in, not every writer that can be fitly yoked in the same reference: Mr. Saltus and Leopardi, for example, are not twins of the intellect. There is some disproportion in the author's literary perspective. This, nevertheless, is a delightful new form of the miscellaneous article, and within its limits it reaches real excellence both in matter and form. Moreover, beside its seriousness and its touch of humor, it has a very agreeable weakness for the shapes of old romance—giant-killing and hero-worshipping ghosts that never come to the "materializing" point, and other trifles of the imagination. Altogether, the author affords a fine and full expression of what one may call her private literary life.

The Nation.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WAR OF SECESSION, 1861-1865. By Rossiter Johnson. 8vo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.50.

Written twenty-two years after the termination of the great struggle by an author of experience and matured judgment, it is at once concise, exact and sufficient, forming an excellent introduction to the elaborate histories and memoirs on the general subject, or on special branches of it which have recently appeared or are in preparation. It is the work of a man who lived in the times which he describes, and was greatly influenced by the feelings which they inspired, but whose honesty of purpose has constrained him to write with strict impartiality. His narrative is clear and well balanced, and the purely descriptive portions are especially to be commended. We may refer in particular to his accounts of the more important battles—Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Vicksburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Sheridan's campaign in the valley of the Shenandoah, Sherman's Georgia campaign of 1864, Five Forks, and the closing encounters of the war—to sustain our opinion. Mr. Johnson avoids tedious details of the movements of brigades or regiments, but summarizes the manœuvres of great bodies of men in such wise as to present in comparatively few words a vivid picture to the reader's mind. The same may be said of his description of the conception and management of campaigns. To Union or Confederate Generals he metes even justice, dealing not less harshly with McClellan than with Lee in criticising their plans of campaign and the manner in which they were conducted. His estimate of the former is fully in accordance with prevailing popular opinion. While according him high praise as an organizer of an army, "an accomplished engineer and a gigantic adjutant," he criticises unmercifully his hesitancy and other shortcomings, which, after the battle of Antietam, induced President Lincoln to relieve him from the command of the Army of the Potomac. Of Lincoln's unnecessary and sometimes

detrimental interference with the plans of his Generals he speaks not less frankly, and he points out two or three prime errors committed by Gen. Lee at important crises of the war. In commenting upon the battle of Gettysburg he observes that the charge that Gen. Meade contemplated a retreat after the second day's fighting has been questioned, and he adds rather pointedly that Meade's previous service in the war had all been with the Army of the Potomac, and that it had always been the practice of that army, except perhaps at Antietam, to retreat after a great battle. Of the part performed at Gettysburg by Hancock, Warren, and Reynolds, he speaks in accordance with the verdict of history. * * *

Mr. Johnson exhibits no mean knowledge of strategy in pointing out minor conflicts forgotten, perhaps, at the present day, which were of great importance in directing the progress of the war. * * *

Of the events of the war not directly connected with operations in the field Mr. Johnson writes with comparative brevity, but at sufficient length to make his story fully rounded and intelligible. * * *

Mr. Johnson's observations upon the necessity of learning from one war how to avert rather than to conduct another are sensible; but his dark hint that, under certain existing circumstances, the elements of a second civil war are discernible, seems to require a fuller statement of the premises from which this deduction is made. *N. Y. Sun.*

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE.

By Edward Eggleston. Fully illustrated. 8vo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$1.05; by mail, \$1.22.

Edward Eggleston's new "History of the United States and Its People," just issued by the Appletons, is a new departure in the schoolbook line, and one that we hope to see recognized by teachers and educators generally. It is, says the author in his introduction, "from first to last a schoolbook. No other aim has been in view in its preparation than that of making the best possible teaching book of American history. An effort has been made to apply to history, in a practical way, the great Pestalozzian principle of teaching through the eye. The suggestions for black-board illustrations, the diagrams, the abounding illusions and the little maps, are all a part of a plan to make the facts of history visible and by that means to make the study easily comprehensible and so delightful." In regard to another feature of the work he says, "The real importance of history lies in the light that it throws upon humanity." He has consequently paid liberal attention to the domestic and social life of the people, their dress, their food, their modes of thought and feeling and their ways of making a livelihood. The contents are arranged by subjects instead of by epochs, a very great advantage to the student. Mr. Eggleston has an entertaining style, very different

from that of the ordinary compiler of school textbooks, and his history to the majority of young students will be as fascinating as a story. The illustrations are profuse, and include portraits, views, battle scenes, arms, utensils, figures illustrating the styles of costumes of various periods, maps and diagrams.

Boston Transcript.

REID'S LIFE OF FORSTER.

LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER. By T. Wemyss Reid. In two volumes. New edition. 8vo. Sold by Wanamaker, \$6.40; by mail, \$6.85.

Mr. Reid has done his work well. His book is not of the first order of biographies, but it is an admirable blending of the private life of a man with sufficient contemporary history to enable us to understand and appreciate his career. As long as the recollections of those events, and the names of the many great and interesting men with whom Forster was associated, remain in the public mind, it will be referred to; and there is much in it that will recommend it to the historian and searcher after facts to illustrate the annals of our time. For all interested in the history of the abolition movement and the war of 1861-5, so far as it affected British sympathizers, in the struggle for extended education in England, and in late events in Ireland, it has peculiar attractions, and is especially valuable. The story is told "so far as may be in Mr. Forster's own words, in the letters which he addressed to his family and friends, in the diaries which he kept from day to day for a great part of his life. These records speak far more clearly and truthfully than any narrative, however artistic, could do of the character of the man himself." We are given two striking portraits—one from a sketch by Lawrence when Mr. Forster was thirty-three, another (a remarkably characteristic one) from a photograph twenty-three years later, when the cares of the world had marked his countenance. There is a lithograph of the picturesque two-storied thatched cottage where he was born in Dorsetshire, and in the second volume we are shown the interior of his beloved library in his northern home at Wharfedale, in Yorkshire.

Nation.

THE OWL'S NEST.

A Romance. Translated from the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. 12mo. Sold by Wanamaker, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

This latest translation from Miss Marlitt's apparently inexhaustible legacy of novels, if not quite up to the mark of "The Little Moorland Princess" and other of her earlier books, is yet a very good story. It gives a picture of the intrigues and jealousies of a small German court, where Claudine, the heroine, passes unscathed through a fiery ordeal of criticism and slander. The situation becomes painful when the young Duchess, stricken by a mortal disease, is

at last enlightened as to the court gossip about the Duke and Claudine. The struggle of the wife, who believes herself wronged, at least in feeling, by her friend and confidant, is very delicately and naturally given. The Duchess has too little strength to bear such excitements. Her very life seems at stake when Claudine, rising to the heights of feeling which prompt heroic self-sacrifice, offers to give her own life-blood to save the Duchess. This operation of "transfusion" is rather a favorite one with novelists, and is always effective, although it is perhaps more uniformly successful in fiction than in real life. The story is best at its close, and comes out to the satisfaction of the reader. Its chief fault is a lack of definiteness about the identity of the different characters who crowd the pages. One is inclined to turn back at every other page to see who is this Princess, that Frau, or the other Herr who is speaking. But the various complexities are finally cleared up, and no doubt, in the various conflicts, worryings and heart-burnings, it offers a microscopic compendium of the history of petty European courts. Like all Mrs. Wister's translations, it is a skillful and delicate piece of work, full of a happy flow and energy, and graceful in its descriptions and conversations.

The American.

NOTES.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is about to publish her forty-fourth novel.

=The death in Paris of Father Schleyer, the inventor of Volapük, is announced.

=Charles Reade's sketches of "Bible Characters" are soon to be brought out in book form.

=Marion Crawford is putting the finishing touches to a romance to be the sequel to "Saracinesca."

=Mrs. Amelia Barr can begin, finish, and send to her publishers within six weeks, a novel of 300 pages.

=Messrs. Macmillan have in press a new novel by D. Christie Murray, entitled, "The Weaker Vessel."

=Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have in preparation a new edition of the poetical works of Ennī Lazarus.

=London *Truth* hears that "Miss Braddon is writing her literary reminiscences, which ought to be very interesting."

=*"Irish Fairy Tales and Folk Lore,"* selected and edited by W. B. Yeats, will shortly appear in the Camelot series.

=David Christie Murray and Henry Herman, author of the "Silver King," are at work on a story of contemporary London life.

=The book which Mrs. Molesworth has written, and which Mr. Walter Crane has illustrated for this winter season is entitled "A Christmas Posy."

=*Current Literature* casually remarks that "The Wister Translations sell and are charged up as 'Mrs. Wister's novels.' Marlitt is a sort of incident."

=F. M. Allen the author of "Through Green Glasses," "Anchor Watch Yarns," "The House of Tears," etc., is the *nom de plume* of Edmund Downey.

=The death is announced at Torquay, England, of Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S., the distinguished naturalist, and father of Edmund Gosse, the poet and critic.

=The last member of the Rydal Manor household has died in the person of Mrs. William Wordsworth, the poet's daughter-in-law. Her age was sixty-eight. She was interred in Grasmere churchyard.

=Cassell & Co. will publish in book form the series of "Authors at Home," which have appeared from week to week in *The Critic*. The book will contain twenty-six sketches, filling about 350 pages.

=Leslie Stephen has broken down under the strain of his work as editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and has been forced to retire to his country house in Cornwall to take entire rest.

=Andrew Lang, it is said, prides himself on the fact that he has no aid to writing except his memory; he does not trouble himself about reference books and has not one in his house.

=Young Coquelin, who employs his spare time in writing humorous books, has published a new one under the title "Pirouettes, a succession of sketches, anecdotes, and queer philosophizings."

=Rider Haggard's new novel, "Cleopatra;" Stevenson's "Letters from the South Seas;" a series of papers by Ouida, and Bret Harte's "Cressy" will, it is said, appear early next year through the McClure Syndicate.

=Miss Anna Katharine Green, the author of the famous "Leavenworth Case," and other detective stories, is guilty of only one literary affectation, it is said, and that is the jealous preservation of the old stumps of her pencils, with which she has written her tales.

=*"Chaucer,"* selected and edited by F. Noel Paton in the "Canterbury Poets," and *"Life of Crabbe,"* by T. T. Kebbel in "The Great Writers," are the next volumes in these three series which are published in London by Walter Scott and in New York by Thomas Whittaker.

=The First Supplementary Volume of the Index to Periodical Literature, edited by Dr. Poole and Mr. Fletcher, will soon appear from the Riverside Press, in a royal octavo volume, containing references to the vast body of English and American periodical literature for the five years 1882 to 1887.

—"The life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe" by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole will shortly be published by Longmans, Green & Co. Much of the matter in the book is autobiographical, and there are boyish recollections of Sheridan, Byron, Fox, Pitt, Gustavus Adolphus, Wellington, and George Canning.

=Mr. Kirk Munroe and his brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's only living son, are preparing a life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This biography, which Mr. Munroe says is the authorized and only accurate life, will be ready for the press in 1889.

Admirers of the author of "The Gates Ajar," "Jack," "Old Maids' Paradise" and Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' other stores will be glad to hear of her recent marriage to the Rev. Herbert D. Ward, the son of Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the New York *Independent*.

=Prof. F. W. Newman, a younger brother of the Cardinal, announces a book of reminiscences which will interest readers who remember the remarkable letters on European politics which appeared for some time in the *Tribune* twenty or thirty years ago. Pulszky was the author of them, and Prof. Newman's reminiscences include both Pulszky and Kossuth.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—"Pen and Ink," Papers on subjects of more or less importance, by Brander Matthews, will be issued shortly by Longmans, Green & Co. It contains essays on Locker and Austin Dobson, on war songs, and short stories, on the antiquity of jests, and on the ethics of Plagiarism; and also the first serious paper yet written on the genesis and practice of the American game of poker.

=Messrs. Trubner & Co., London, have just published a new volume of poetry by Sir Edwin Arnold, entitled "With Sa'di in the Garden;" being the *Ishk* or third chapter of the "Bostan" of the Persian poet Sa'di, embodied in a dialogue held in the garden of the Taj Mahal, at Agra. The personages introduced are a learned Mirza, two singing girls with their attendant, and an Englishman, with accompaniments of music and dancing. The larger portion is original, and it comprises, besides translations from Sa'di, lyrical pieces in the Persian manner sung by the musicians, and also oriental tales illustrating the dialogue. The volume is dedicated to the Earl of Dufferin.

=Oscar Wilde says of George Meredith: His style is chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language; as a novelist he can do everything, except to tell a story; as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Too strange to be popular, too individual to have imitators, the author of "Richard Feverel" stands absolutely alone. It is easy to disarm criticism, but he has disarmed the disciple. He gives us his philosophy through the medium of wit,

and is never so pathetic as when he is humorous. To turn truth into a paradox is not difficult, but George Meredith makes all his paradoxes truths, and no Theseus can thread his labyrinth, no Oedipus solve his secret.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

M. E. M.

The author of "Wikkey," who signs herself "Yam," is an Englishwoman, named Miss Amy Lascelles.

J. A. C.—

"The name of the author of "The Quick and the Dead" is pronounced as Reeves.

W. W. D.—

The publishers of Webster's Dictionary do not anticipate the publication of a new edition for some years.

M. R. B.

In a note, on page 42 of *BOOK NEWS* for last month, you will find some information as to the identity of the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland."

E. S. L.—

We find Gen. Lytle's poem, "Antony and Cleopatra," in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song."

The authorship of the "Saxe Holm" stories is generally credited to Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H.")

S. S. J.—

"The Life of Mathilda of Canossa, also Yoland of Groningen," is the title of a book by Ant. Bresciani, translated by Mrs. A. T. Sadlier. There is also a good short account of Mathilda of Canossa given in Bowden's "Life of Gregory VII."

C. E. D.

The author of "Robert Elsmere" is by birth an Australian. Her father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, now at Oxford, held in early life an educational position in Tasmania. There he married the daughter of Governor Sorell, and two of his children, Mrs. Ward being one of them, were born at Hobart Town. Mrs. Humphrey Ward is of a pre-eminently literary family. Her father is the editor of many old books, the writer of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" article on English Literature and the author of a "Manual of English Literature." Her grandfather was the famed educator, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby; she is the niece of Matthew Arnold, whom she is said to resemble in features, and her husband, Thomas Humphrey Ward, is the author of Ward's "English Poets," which is considered the best anthology of English verse in existence. Miss Arnold was married in 1872. Mr. and Mrs. Ward live in Russell Square, London, not far from the British Museum, and near by is Bedford Square, the London home of the Elsmeres. Mrs. Ward is the author of "Milly and Olly," a story for children, published in 1881, a novel, "Miss Bretherton," published in 1884, and the translator of Amiel's "Journal Intime," (soon to be published in a cheap edition by Macmillan & Co.) published in 1885. She has written, since "Robert Elsmere" a critical estimate of Mrs. Browning, and has nearly finished another novel.

DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

INDIANA. A redemption from slavery. By J. P. Dunn, Jr. American Commonwealths series. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

Mr. Dunn is a resident of Indiana, and thoroughly familiar with its history. As the title of the work implies, it is limited to a study of the origin, development and abolishment of the slavery fastened upon Indiana by the French when it was a part of the Northwest Territory. Aside from the history of this struggle the book possesses a special interest from the fact that it is the only record of the official and political life of William Henry Harrison while he was Governor of Indiana Territory. *Publishers' Weekly.*

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE. For the use of schools. By Edward Eggleston. Fully illustrated. 8vo, \$1.05; by mail, \$1.22.

See review in this number.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. By Evelyn Abbott, M. A., LL.D. From the earliest times to the Ionian revolt. 8vo, \$1.70; by mail, \$1.86.

ASHORT HISTORY OF THE WAR OF SECESSION, 1861-1865. By Rossiter Johnson. 8vo. \$2.25; by mail, \$2.50.

See review in this number.

J. T. HEADLEY'S WORKS. New edition. Containing Washington and His Generals, 2 vols. Napoleon and His Marshals, 2 vols. The Imperial Guard. Oliver Cromwell. Each vol. 8vo., 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM PITT ATTERBURY. By Lord Macaulay. New edition. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE AS RELATED IN HER LETTERS AND JOURNALS. Arranged and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross. New edition. 4 vols. 16mo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.23.

FRANKLIN IN FRANCE. From original documents, most of which are now published for the first time. By Edward E. Hale and Edward E. Hale, Jr. Part II. "The Treaty of Peace and Franklin's Life till His Return." Illustrated. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.52.

The concluding volume of this work. It takes up the story of Franklin's life, after the battle of Yorktown, and illustrates the closing years of his residence in France from the original manuscripts in several large collections. With a few exceptions, none of these manuscripts, now published at length, were ever published before. The "Steven's collection," in the State Department at Washington, the American Philosophical Society's collection, the private collection of Hon. George Bancroft at Washington, that of the Adams family at Quincy, and the Sparks manuscripts at Cambridge have been freely drawn upon. All together they give the student such a view of the years covered by the narrative, as no single observer had while those years passed; they also throw new light on the points best established by history.

Publishers' Weekly.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, MILLARD FILLMORE, FRANKLIN PIERCE AND JAMES BUCHANAN. By William O. Stoddard. Lives of the Presidents Series. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

THE LIFE OF RAPHAEL. By Herman Grimm. Translated with the author's sanction by Sarah Holland Adams. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.64.

LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER. By T. Wemyss Reid. In two volumes. New edition. 8vo. \$6.40; by mail, \$6.85.

See review in this number.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. By John H. Ingram. Famous Women series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

DESCRIPTION.

THE KILIMA-NJARO EXPEDITION. A record of scientific exploration in Eastern Equatorial Africa, and a general description of the natural history, languages, and commerce of the Kilima-Njaro district. By H. H. Johnston, F. Z. S., F. R. G. S. With six maps, and over eighty illustrations, by the author. 8vo, \$3.60; by mail, \$3.87.

MIDNIGHT SUNBEAMS; OR, BITS OF TRAVEL THROUGH THE LAND OF THE NORSEMAN. By Edwin Coolidge Kimball. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

ALESUND TO TETUAN. A journey. By Charles R. Corning. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE. By Thomas Stevens. Vol. II. From Teheran to Yokohama. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.25.

See review in this number.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST. Facts, figures, and fancies from Transylvania. By E. Gerard. With map and illustrations. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.26.

See review in this number.

TUPELO. By Rev. John H. Aughey, A. M. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.66.

PENINSULAR CALIFORNIA. Some account of the climate, soil, productions, and present condition chiefly of the northern half of Lower California. By Charles Nordhoff. Illustrated. 8vo, 75 cents; by mail, 88 cents; paper, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents.

In this unpretentious narrative of a hundred pages, Mr. Nordhoff relates the step he took to satisfy himself of the wisdom of making an investment in land lying along Todos Santos Bay, and gives the results of his inquiries and personal observation as to the situation and prospects of the Mexican Territory. He opens with a brief historical summary, which will do till Bancroft's promised volume on Lower California appears, when, of course, it will be but a cockle-shell to a royal seventy-four; has a chapter on the query which ninety-nine readers out of a hundred would at once put—why the peninsula was reputed a desert: and then proceeds to display his evidence of the Territory's wealth and development, particularly under the operations of the International Company holding vast grants from the Mexican Government, and to make a clear and satisfactory statement of the legal rights and privileges of settlers and purchasers under the Company's titles. The author frankly writes as an advocate, but, so far as our knowledge goes, with scrupulous fairness. His prophecies are not too glowing, and may very easily all be fulfilled, we should think. But no one ought to imitate the author's example without imitating his caution. No schemes of colonization have been more disastrous than some tried in Lower California. Some of Mr. Nordhoff's Mexican authorities are belated. Following a publication of 1874, he puts the population at 23,000, or under. It was officially declared last year to be 34,668. Señor Pacheco is mistakenly called the Secretary of the Treasury (p. 96).

Nation.

WILD WALES: ITS PEOPLE, LANGUAGE, AND SCENERY. By George Borrow. New edition. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 90 cents.

MEXICO. Picturesque, Political, Progressive. By Mary Elizabeth Blake, and Margaret F. Sullivan. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

See review in this number.

A HOOSIER IN RUSSIA. THE ONLY WHITE TSAR—HIS IMPERIALISM, COUNTRY AND PEOPLE. By Perry S. Heath. Fully illustrated. No. 1, Lorborn series. 8vo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 46 cents.

Is an interesting record of the observations of a vigilant journalist, illustrated with admirable pen-and-ink sketches. *Philadelphia Press.*

RELIGION.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL, ITS ORIGIN, MISSION, METHODS AND AUXILIARIES. The Lyman Beecher Lectures before Yale Divinity School for 1888. By H. Clay Trumbull. 8vo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.38.

The greater part of the volume in which the lectures are contained is devoted to the modern Sunday-school and its auxiliaries, such as temperance societies, church guilds, etc. Mr. Trumbull's life is one of devotion to the Sunday-school, and his views are of special significance and value. As editor of that paper of enormous editions, the *Sunday-school Times*, he has had the best means of studying his subject and gathering ideas from all sources. Moreover, natural intelligence and high cultivation supply ideas of his own in abundance. His lectures are models of good writing, scholarship and solid Christian sense.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE SERMON BIBLE. Genesis to II Samuel. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.25.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By Philip Schaff. Vol. VI. Modern Christianity. The German Reformation. A. D. 1517-1530. 8vo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.30.

See review in this number.

THE SYSTEM OF THEOLOGY CONTAINED IN THE WESTMINSTER SHORTER CATECHISM. Opened and explained. Part I. Belief Concerning God. By Rev. A. A. Hodge, D. D. Part II. Duty Required of Man. By Rev. J. Aspinwall Hodge, D. D. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

The volume aims at popularizing certain systems of doctrine, and making the laity more intelligent and efficient in their support. It is based on a Christian symbol which will be acknowledged on all hands as remarkable for exactness, force and logical consistency. In past generations the "Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism" has exercised great influence in training mental faculties as well as imparting definite beliefs. The exposition of it now before us aims at a revival of this efficiency. Being necessarily an interpretation, it deals with some disputed matters, but on the whole will probably be accepted as a sound one by the majority of those who accept the Catechism as an expression of their theological opinions. *Critic.*

BIBLICAL ANTIQUITIES. A hand-book for use in seminaries, Sabbath-schools, families and by all students of the Bible. By Edwin Cone Bissell, D. D. With numerous illustrations and tables. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.25.

Prepared and issued under the provisions of the John C. Green Income Fund, being the fifth work procured by this fund. The results of investigation of the last twenty years have been so immense, that a new work, on Biblical antiquities was found absolutely

necessary. The publishers have been fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Bissell, of Hartford Seminary, an accomplished scholar and sound thinker. He has aimed to present the principal facts of biblical antiquities in the stricter sense, together with some of their moral and religious bearings, and to show their true place and significance in the plan and history of redemption. No attempt has been made to treat largely of the geography or topography, the political or natural history, of the lands of the Bible.

Publishers' Weekly.

SERMONS. By the Right Rev. W. C. Magee, D. D. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 90 cents.

WESTMINSTER AND OTHER SERMONS. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D., Archbishop. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

The sermons contained in this volume have been selected from "Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey" and "Sermons preached for the most part in Ireland," both of which are now out of print.

Preface.

SPIRIT AND LIFE. THOUGHTS FOR TO-DAY. By Amory H. Bradford, D. D. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

Is a series of essays by a prominent clergyman of the Congregational denomination, which were delivered from the pulpit by that gentleman in the regular line of his duty, and some of which have been printed in various periodicals. They have now been brought together in book form because they seem to have excited the interest of many readers.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE CHEQUE BOOK OF THE BANK OF FAITH. Being precious promises arranged for daily use, with brief experimental comments. By C. H. Spurgeon. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.25.

THE NONSUCH PROFESSOR IN HIS MERIDIAN SPLENDOR; OR, THE SINGULAR ACTIONS OF SANCTIFIED CHRISTIANS. By Rev. William Secker. With introduction by Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10.

ESSAYS AND TREATISES.

ESSAYS OF ELIA. By Charles Lamb. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. 2 vols. 32mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60.

It is a delight to meet them again in such daintily-made books as these. *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

PLUTARCH'S MORALS. Ethical Essays. Translated, with Notes and Index, by Arthur Richard Shilleto, M. A. Vol. II. Bohn's Library. 12mo, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.50.

The volume supplements that containing the "theosophic" essays, which has been on the "Bohn" list for some time, and, with the four volumes containing the "Lives," offers a very fair English version of one of the most fascinating of ancient authors at a very moderate price. *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

SURE TO SUCCEED. By J. Thain Davidson, D. D., author of "Talks with Young Men," etc. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

THE TARIFF AND ITS EVILS; OR, PROTECTION WHICH DOES NOT PROTECT. By John H. Allen. Questions of the Day series. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

Presents with clearness and force the leading arguments brought against protection as an economic principle. *N. Y. Sun.*

ESSAYS ON PRACTICAL POLITICS. By Theodore Roosevelt. Questions of the Day series. 8vo, 60 cents; by mail, 67 cents.

These essays are full of valuable information, tersely put by one who knows of what he writes. The facts are not pleasant or flattering to our state pride. Neither are they wholly discouraging. To those who have complained, because Mr. Roosevelt does not recommend a panacea, he replies in his very sensible preface: "No law or laws can give us good government; at the utmost, they can only give us the opportunity to ourselves get good government." *Life.*

AMERICAN PRISONS IN THE TENTH UNITED STATES CENSUS. By Frederick Howard Wines. Read before the National Prison Association, at its annual meeting, in Boston, July 14, 1888. Questions of the Day series. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

Some figures regarding the numbers in our prisons, their crimes, nationalities, etc. The writer is secretary of the board of state commissioners of public charities for Illinois, secretary of the national prison association, special agent of the tenth census, etc.

Publishers' Weekly.

LABOR, CAPITAL AND MONEY; THEIR JUST RELATIONS. By C. C. Camp. 12mo, 55 cents; by mail, 63 cents.

HOUSEKEEPERS AND HOME-MAKERS. By Sallie Joy White. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

THE FIVE TALENTS OF WOMAN. A book for girls and women. By the author of "How to be Happy Though Married," etc. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

Is infused with a cheerful and healthful philosophy, and is illustrated by anecdotes and quotations so numerous, varied, and apt, that we may conclude that the writer is not only an extensive reader, but a commonplace book compiler of unusual industry and discernment. The five talents which he ascribes to women are those which enable them: To please people, to feed them in dainty ways, to clothe them, to keep them orderly, to teach them; and he discusses these subjects with unvarying sagacity and good judgment, seasoning his remarks not infrequently with quaint or humorous observations. From beginning to end this is an exceedingly entertaining book, full of wise suggestions to readers of both sexes and all ages.

N. Y. Sun.

BOOKS AND MEN. By Agnes Repplier. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 98 cents.

See review in this number.

The essays, seven in number, have all been published in the *Atlantic*, and each one has captivated thousands of readers, by its felicity of style, its copious illustration by anecdotes, its refined criticism, often charged with humor and kindly satire, its excellent good sense and its general illuminating brightness. While Miss Repplier imitates no one, she often reminds the reader of "Elia" in such playful studies as those about children and their readings, and even in such more serious ones as "The Decay of Sentiment" and "The Benefits of Superstition." In these and several others she seemed to be feeling her way and making it. In the later paper on "Some Aspects of Pessimism" she assumes a more confident manner and with reason, for it is very striking and delightful. "The Cavalier," which concludes the volume, is a brilliant historical picture, of which Claverhouse is the great figure.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

MARINE PAINTING. With sixteen colored plates. By Walter W. May, R. I. Oblong 8vo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.00.

This illustrated text-book for students contains sixteen colored plates, used as guides for teaching the use of colors and the handling of marine subjects, and

the book is made up chiefly of minute directions as to the means to be taken for their reproduction. A brief preface gives general directions for marine compositions, and recommends a close study of atmospheric effects on the colors of objects as well as of the forms of vessels. The illustrations are excellent chromolithographs of rather richly colored subjects, and would make very pretty water-color sketches. The author, a skilled artist, minutely describes the colors used and the methods of producing certain effects. Though artists must in large measure learn this for themselves, and should study from nature rather than from books, this publication will be of undoubted value to young students if they do not servilely copy the illustrations, but make proper use of the suggestions they contain. The volume is handsomely printed, and its illustrations make it attractive, even to those who do not desire to use it for purposes of self-instruction in the art of painting.

Philadelphia Ledger.

POETRY.

IRISH MELODIES AND SONGS. By Thomas Moore. New edition. Knickerbocker Nuggets series. Illustrated. 32mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.18.

A charming little edition with illustrations and borders printed in pale green. The press work is wonderfully clear and delicate.

N. Y. Sun.

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER. Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. With a brief sketch of the author's life. New edition. 16mo, half calf, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.58.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME. With "Ivry" and "The Armada." By Thomas Babington Macaulay. New edition. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 82 cents.

THE PROPHET, AND OTHER POEMS. By Isaac R. Baxley. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 82 cents.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Vol. VI. Dramatic Lyrics. Luria. New edition. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

THE WESTERN WANDERER. Ombra. By Richard P. Parrish. 12mo, 50 cents; by mail, 56 cents.

POEMS OF PLEASURE. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

POEMS. By Richard Edwin Day. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

PROSE FICTION.

A RECOILING VENGEANCE. By Frank Barrett. Illustrated. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 71 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

A very pretty, natural and refreshing story is "A Recoiling Vengeance," although a slight and artless one. There is crime in Mr. Barrett's book, and poisoning, too. But the poison was administered after death by a too eager candidate for wealth, who did not realize that nature had already done the work for him. This is rather a new idea, and the arsenic powder in Flexmore's dead mouth is the only approach to the sensational in which "A Recoiling Vengeance" indulges. It is a story, told in the first person, of a struggle for the inheritance of a wealthy lawyer in a country town, and in its clearness and brightness it reminds us a little of the manner of Anthony Trollope. We are not sure that the depreciation of novels of this class has not been pushed too far. Mr. Barrett writes carefully and brightly, and is probably not above taking a hint, even from that vile thing, a reviewer. We will venture, then, to recommend to him a deeper study of the springs of human action,

People in this wicked world are never quite so uniformly Quixotic as Dr. Audrey, or so constantly arrogant and affected as Mrs. Yeames, or so deep-dyed in infamy as Lyon. A little more harmony is wanted in the picture—a little more shading off in the hard outlines of the characters. But we do not wish to part with "A Recoiling Vengeance" in any but a kindly mood, for it is essentially a kindly book. The old lawyer, who tells the tale, tells it so spiritedly that we pardon him for using a form which is seldom, to our mind, quite felicitous—namely, that of monologue. Mr. Brewtnell's drawings, too, must be mentioned; they are excellent, and add much to the charm of the book. *Saturday Review.*

AUTREFOIS. Tales of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere. By James A. Harrison. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

Contents: Aunt Annette; The Story of Carlito Jacmel; Sœur Agathe; The Hall of Tiger-Skins; The Story of an Urn; Sieu' Cayétane; The Episode of Père Benachi; Old Mamsel; Man Cribiche's Meditations; Izzét and Esmé; Piti-Josi-Batiste. By the author of "The Story of Greece."

Publishers' Weekly.

THE DEVIL'S DIE. By Grant Allen. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

MARIE. A Seaside Episode. By J. P. Ritter, Jr. Illustrated by Coultans. Large 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

THE McVEYS. An Episode. By Joseph Kirkland, author of "Zury, the Meanest Man in Spring County." 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

AMOS KILBRIGHT, HIS ADCSCITIOUS EXPERIENCES WITH OTHER STORIES. By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, 99 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

"Amos Kilbright" appeared in *America* in April of this year. It is a story of spiritualism. Amos Kilbright is a materialized spirit. He was summoned by his grandson at a *séance*, and during some confusion among the mediums he was left exposed to the materializing agencies until he became so thoroughly embodied and full of physical life that he could not resume his spirit form. Only one man in the world possesses the secret of making him a spirit, and the plot turns upon circumstances which make him promise not to use his power. The other stories are: "The Reversible Landscape," a description of the steam-manufacture of copies of masterpieces; "Dusky Philosophy," A Negro Preacher's Exposition; and "Plain Fishing."

Publishers' Weekly.

THE GRAYSONS. A story of Illinois. By Edward Eggleston. Illustrated by Allegra Eggleston. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS. By Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," etc. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

STORIES FROM THE ITALIAN POETS. (First Series.) Dante Aleghieri, (Second Series) Bernardo Tasso, and Ludovico Giovanni Ariosto. With critical notices of the lives and genius of the authors, by Leigh Hunt. Knickerbocker Nuggets series. 2 vols. 32mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60.

ZAHARA; OR, A LEAP FOR EMPIRE. By Mansfield Tracy Walworth. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.13.

BEN HUR. A tale of the Christ. By Lew Wallace. 12mo. Reprint in half morocco, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER. By George Meredith. Author's edition. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

THE EGOIST. By George Meredith. Author's edition. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

THE OWL'S NEST. A romance. Translated from the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

See review in this number.

HER GREAT IDEA, AND OTHER STORIES. By L. B. Walford. Leisure Hour series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents. Leisure Moment series. 16mo, paper, 25 cents; by mail, 26 cents.

On entering his house one evening after business hours, Mr. Herbert, a "city" merchant, hears a man's voice in the drawing-room, and peeping through the half-open door, discovers his wife's form in the arms of some one he cannot recognize in the darkness. His daughter's great idea explains all. The other stories are: Paul's Blunders, The Little Tragedy in Green Street, A Tumbler of Milk, Arabella at the Sales, Lady Nelly, Diplomacy, Among the Haycocks, and Ada, besides three poems—One Quiet Day, Lady Jane's Reverie, and a Henley Ghost.

Book Chat.

TRIED FOR HER LIFE. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS INTO SEVERAL REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD. By Jonathan Swift. New edition. With a sketch of his life. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

EUGENIA. A friend's victim. A tale of Italy. By Alton Hurlba (W. P. H.) Elite Library. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 46 cents.

THE REBEL ROSE. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 35 cents; by mail, 36 cents.

"The Rebel Rose," Mary Stuart Beaton, a lineal descendant of the Scotch Queen, comes to London to influence Parliament to concede a claim she puts in for some of her famous ancestor's confiscated estates. Her beauty and pretensions make her the centre of numerous intrigues. She makes an enemy of Lady Saxon, a rival beauty, who attempts to work her ruin. Much of the action takes place in and around the House of Parliament.

Publishers' Weekly.

UNDINE, AND OTHER TALES. By De la Motte Fouqué. Translated by F. E. Bunnett. New edition. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

THE ROSE AND THE RING; OR, THE HISTORY OF PRINCE GIGLIO AND PRINCE BULBO. A fireside pantomime for great and small children. By M. A. Titmarsh (W. M. Thackeray). Illustrated. Knickerbocker Nuggets series. 32mo, 90 cents; by mail, 96 cents.

One of the productions of Thackeray's "Titmarsh" period, and there is no other story from the same pen that is more eminently characteristic of its author. The book, like the others of the series to which it belongs, is charmingly gotten up, and, both as regards its printing and its binding, is all that could be wished.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

A MODERN ADAM AND EVE IN A GARDEN. By Amanda M. Douglas. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.15.

Adam and Eve are brother and sister. He is in charge of a railroad station and telegraph office in a New Jersey village which is called Athens in the narrative. He earns \$45 a month and Eve keeps house for him over the station. Eve is ambitious. She watches her chances, gets a large deserted house and garden, raises chickens and vegetables, and

makes a home in which several wanderers find a resting-place. Boarders are soon taken, then a hotel is opened, and after a time Adam and his brother-in-law become florists and make a success. The story is told by Adam. *Publishers' Weekly.*

WRECKED ON LABRADOR. By Winfrid A. Stearns. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

THE BOW OF ORANGE RIBBON. By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. New edition. Dodd, Mead and Company's Library. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

THREE TALES. By W. Hauff. *The Beggar Girl of the Pont des Arts. The Emperor's Picture. The Cold Heart.* From the German, by N. A. Faber. New edition. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents.

MISS LOU. By Edward P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away." 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.13.

Taking a remote plantation in the South, near the close of the war as the scene of action, the author has invested his story with much interest by reason of the variety of characters he has drawn to that spot. Miss Lou herself may be taken as typical of the new progressive spirit of the South, while her uncle and aunt, who are also her guardians, are fair types of the ancient regime of *ante bellum* days. A cavalry raid forms the chief theme of the story, which shows how an innocent, unconventional girl passed through many vicissitudes unscathed, because of her fidelity to her unperverted womanhood. Doubtless the incident of the soldier Yarry is taken from life, as a similar instance is described by Mr. Roe elsewhere as coming under his own personal observation, and is a proof of the softening effect of genuine sympathy, even upon natures cast in a rough mould. The different phases of negro character are also brought to the fore, and form by no means the least entertaining portion of the book, especially in their reliance on and faith in their young mistress.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

WHEN AGE GROWS YOUNG. A romance. By Hyland C. Kirk. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 46 cents.

APPLE SEED AND BRIER THORN. By Louise Stockton. 4to, boards, 35 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

ARISTOCRACY. A novel. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents; Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

A very clever and amusing piece of novel writing by an unknown author, who seems to have a sufficient knowledge of the "manners and tone of good society" in England to satirize them unmercifully, while adhering in a considerable degree to the truth. Bearing in mind the manner in which American customs and habits are handled by British novelists, we are inclined to think that the social pictures presented in this volume are a fair bit of retaliation. Thackeray has done the business more deftly and cleverly, and with much more of ironical humor, and few persons can arise from the perusal of "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis" without feeling that he has described the titled aristocracy of England and their toadies as under-bred, mercenary, and ignorant—in fact, dreadful snobs, or worse. If the unknown American novelist is somewhat more savage and truculent, it may be said that his countrymen have had ample provocation.

N. Y. Sun.

Is altogether too much of a story with a purpose to be satisfactory in point of literary art. That purpose is to expose the vice, ill-breeding, and arrogance of the English nobility. The tone of the book is extremely ill-natured, and though it exhibits a certain

superficial smartness, the reader is not impressed with the belief that the author has any extended acquaintance with the society he attempts to describe, nor is one greatly amused by the too constant satirical vein. A comparison is naturally suggested with the other anonymous story called "Democracy" which achieved such popularity a few years ago, a comparison decidedly to the disadvantage of the present story in every respect. *Christian Union.*

E. P. ROE NUMBER OF LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. Containing "Queen of Spades," by E. P. Roe; "A Native Author Called Roe," (an autobiography); "Some Words on E. P. Roe," by W. S. Walsh, etc. With portrait. 4to, boards, 35 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

PERRAULT'S POPULAR TALES. Edited from the original editions, with introduction, etc., by Andrew Lang, M. A. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.59.

See review in this number.

ROBERT ELSMERE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New edition. 12mo, 70 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

FROM FLAX TO LINEN. By Mrs. Nathaniel Conklin, (Jennie M. Drinkwater.) 12mo. \$1.20; by mail, \$1.32.

UNDER-CURRENTS. By the author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," etc. 16mo. 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

THE SECRET OF FONTAINE-LA-CROIX. By Margaret Field. Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo, paper. 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT. An Arabian entertainment, and Farina. By George Meredith. Author's edition. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS. By George Meredith. Author's edition. 12mo. \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

A MAN STORY. By E. W. Howe. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

REFERENCE.

BERMUDA GUIDE. By James H. Stark. Containing a description of everything on or about the Bermuda Islands, including its History, Inhabitants, Climate, Agriculture, Geology, Government, Military and Naval Establishments. Fully illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60.

FINGERS AND FORTUNE. A Guide-book to Palmistry. By Eveline Michell Farwell. 18mo, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New edition. Vol. II. Beaugency to Cataract. 4to, cloth, \$2.40; sheep, \$3.20; half morocco, \$3.60; by mail, 40 cents more.

See review in this number.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. With notes and introduction to each play by F. A. Marshall and other Shakespearean scholars, and numerous illustrations by Gordon Browne. Vol. IV. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.53.

The new volume naturally exhibits a scrupulous adherence on the part of the editors and their collaborators to the scheme indicated in the original volume. The merits of the three preceding volumes are, of course, the merits of the fourth. It contains, says Mr. Marshall, "some of the most interesting of Shakspeare's plays"—a statement that would be incontrovertible if applied to any one volume of the edition—and in such characteristic matters as the introductory summaries of stage history, literary and historical comment, and criticism, what we have

previously commended we find still commendable. Each play has its copious annotation, its list of obsolete or rare words, its critical introduction, and, where desirable, its illustrative plan—e. g. the sixteenth-century map of Windsor and neighborhood appended to "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In his commentary on this play Mr. Marshall is assisted by Mr. P. A. Daniel, who discusses the discrepancies between the Folio and Quarto versions, the date of production, and "the notable entanglement of the time-plot." Mr. Oscar Fay Adams is associated with Mr. Marshall in the notes and introduction to "Henry V." Mr. Marshall deals with "Much Ado About Nothing;" Mr. A. Wilson Verity has undertaken "As You Like It;" and the last play of the volume, "Twelfth Night," is entrusted to Mr. Arthur Symons. Treating of the sources of "Twelfth Night," Mr. Symons is hardly accurate when he says that "'Gl' Ingannati' was translated by Peacock in 1862," and he might have given the date of the first performance of the Italian comedy at Siena (1531), and the claim to absolute originality put forward in its prologue, which led Peacock to surmise that all other versions of the story were drawn from the "Ingannati." Peacock, it may be added, translated only those scenes in which the principal characters were concerned, adding "a connecting outline of the rest."

Saturday Review.

PROTECT U. S. FROM JOHN BULL. Protection pictures from *Judge*. Oblong 8vo, paper, 10 cents.

H. R. 9051. IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES. A bill to reduce taxation and simplify the laws in relation to the collection of the revenue. July 24, 1888. 8vo, paper, 10 cents; by mail, 11 cents.

DYNAMO-ELECTRIC MACHINERY. A manual for students of electrotechnics. By Silvanus P. Thompson, D.Sc., B.A. New edition, enlarged and revised. Illustrated. 8vo, \$4.00; by mail, \$4.25.

HISTORY OF PROSE FICTION. By John Colin Dunlop. New edition, revised with notes, appendices, and index. By Henry Wilson. 2 vols. Bohn's Library. 12mo, \$2.80; by mail, \$3.07.

The great work of Dunlop has never been superseded by any of the many essays in the same line that have appeared since its first publication, and Mr. Wilson, by bringing it down to date—as we may say—and by careful and intelligent annotation, has made it more than ever worthy of the regards of book lovers.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE ADVANCE-GUARD OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke). 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

An interesting narrative of the settlement of the valley of the Cumberland and the founding of the city of Nashville. The author is unusually well informed regarding the early history of the Southwest, and his book is the result of eight years' study of the subject. Of the perils and privations which the settlers were called upon to encounter, and of the heroism with which they met adversity of all sorts we have an animated picture. The author claims also that Robertson, Shelby, Sevier, and their companions, besides carrying civilization into Tennessee, turned the tide of the American Revolution and subsequently saved the newly formed Union from disruption, thereby making possible our present great republic.

N. Y. Sun.

YOUNG REPUBLICAN SONG BOOK. Compiled by Henry Camp. 16mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

FRIENDLY LETTERS TO AMERICAN FARMERS AND OTHERS. By J. S. Moore. Questions of the Day series. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

RELATION OF THE TARIFF TO WAGES. A simple catechism for those who desire to understand this matter. By David A. Wells. Questions of the Day series. 8vo, paper, 15 cents; by mail, 17 cents.

TARIFF CHATS. By Henry J. Philpott. Questions of the Day series. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

PROTECTION ECHOES FROM THE CAPITAL. Edited by Thos. H. McKee, assisted by Hon. W. W. Curry. Embracing 1,254 selections from the great tariff debate on the Mills bill in the House of Representatives, and on the President's message in the Senate, first session, fiftieth Congress. And other important tariff information, to which is added the existing tariff and Mills bill in parallel columns—compared. 8vo, paper, 85 cents; by mail, 99 cents.

THE ANDRIA AND HEAUTON TIMORUMENOS OF TERENCE. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Andrew F. West, Ph. D. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

Every page affords evidence of the editor's accurate scholarship, and of his desire to convey to the pupil a clear idea of the humor and style of the Roman dramatist. The notes occupy more than one-half of the volume, and illustrate every point to which any obscurity might seem to attach.

N. Y. Sun.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON ON THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV. AND THE REGENCY. Translated from the French by Bayle St. John. New edition. 3 vols. 8vo, \$6.00; by mail, \$6.50.

CORRESPONDENCE OF WAGNER AND LISZT. Translated into English, with a preface, by Francis Hueffer. 2 vols. 8vo, \$4.00; by mail, \$4.34.

See review in this number.

GOLDEN WORDS OF DAILY COUNSEL. Selected and arranged by Anna Harris Smith. Edited by Huntington Smith. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

A little volume of as many pages as there are days in the year, each of which bears an appropriate scriptural text and quotations in prose and verse culled from the broad field of English literature. The compilation is excellent.

Boston Transcript.

RESEARCHES ON DIAMAGNETISM AND MAGNE-CRYSTALLIC ACTION. Including the Question of Diamagnetic Polarity. By John Tyndall, D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S. New edition. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS OF THACKERAY, 1847-1855. New, smaller edition. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

THE SCHOOL PRONOUNCER. Based upon Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. A guide to correct pronunciation. By William Henry P. Phye. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

The author observes in his preface that "people speak fifty times as much as they write, and yet pronunciation has received much less attention than spelling," and the object of his book is to supply a knowledge of the elementary sounds and of the diacritical marks used in representing them; to familiarize the student with the various combinations of letters commonly used in representing sounds, to teach distinct articulation by means of the phonetic analysis of words, and to furnish carefully prepared lessons in words often mispronounced. His manual is well adapted to high schools and academies, and

not its least valuable feature is a list of 2,400 words in common use, often mispronounced, and of which the correct pronunciation is given. *N. Y. Sun.*

THE PENTAMERON. Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare. Minor prose pieces. Criticisms. By Walter Savage Landor. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

Issued, in a style similar to the edition of the "Imaginary Conversations," linking with it the "Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare," various minor pieces of prose, and the critical papers upon Petrarch, Catullus, and Theocritus. It is a very convenient collection, and we may congratulate ourselves that this really great writer is so easily accessible to the American public. An author whose works are more distinctly literature, has not been known in the present century. *Nation.*

POETRY, COMEDY, AND DUTY. By C. C. Everett, D.D. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

See review in this number.

THE IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS OF "HIS EXCELLENCY" AND DAN. By C. W. Taylor. Illustrated by F. H. Blair. 16mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

PHILADELPHIA ILLUSTRATED IN ALBERTYPE. Oblong 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

MEN AND MEASURES OF HALF A CENTURY. Sketches and Comments. By Hugh McCulloch. 8vo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.35.

See review in this number.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PATENTS. A Parody on Yankee Inventiveness. By Wallace Peck. Illustrated. 12mo, boards, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER; OR, THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION, OF ISAAC WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON. Edited by John Major. With six original etchings, two portraits and seventy-four wood engravings. 8vo, \$2.40; by mail, \$2.57.

A very handsome reprint. It contains portraits of Walton and Cotton, several original etchings and a number of well executed wood-cuts of fishes and bits of rural scenery. *N. Y. Sun.*

OYSTERS AND FISH. By Thomas J. Murrey. 18mo, boards, 40 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

SELF-HELP A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By George Jacob Holyoake, author of "The History of Co-operation in England." 12mo, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.50.

There seems to be little that is new in the philanthropy of the day, to judge from Mr. G. J. Holyoake's researches into the origin of modern philanthropic schemes not yet perfected. "Self-Help a Hundred Years Ago," takes us back to the days of Lord Winchelsea's allotments, Dr. Glasse and his village stores, Sir Thomas Bernard, Count Rumford and Dr. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, with his Association for Bettering the Condition of the Poor. Industrial schools, soup kitchens, co-operative shops, self-supporting prisons, friendly societies and allotments for cottagers, with or without a cow, were all warmly advocated a hundred years ago. Mr. Holyoake has collected much interesting material and given it readable form. The philanthropy that would encourage thrift, not that which enjoyed the patronage of Mr. Honeythunder, is the subject of this historical retrospect. *Saturday Review.*

THE RECORD OF A HUMAN SOUL. By Horace G. Hutchinson. 16mo, 80 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP. By Goethe. From the German, by Eleanor Grove. New edition. 2 vols. 16mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.64.

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WILD FOWL SHOOTING. Containing Scientific and Practical Descriptions of Wild Fowl: Their resorts, habits, flights and the most successful method of hunting them. By William Bruce Leffingwell, 8vo, half leather, \$3.10; by mail, \$3.33.

THE EVOLUTION OF A DEMOCRAT. A Darwinian Tale. By Henry Liddell. Illustrated by G. Roberty. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 24 cents.

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HYGIENE OF THE NURSERY. By Louis Starr, M. D. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.32.

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Old Songs, illustrated by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons.
 The Boyhood of Christ, by Gen. Lew Wallace.
 The Boy Travellers in Australasia, by Thomas W. Knox.
 Marching to Victory, by Charles Carleton Coffin.
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The Diverting History of John Gilpin, illustrated by H. Rosa.

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Stories of Persons and Places in America, by Helen A. Smith.

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Two Little Confederates, by Thomas Nelson Page.

Otto of the Silver Hand, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle.

Children's Stories of the Great Scientists, by Henrietta Christian Wright.

Little People, and their Homes in Meadows, Woods, and Waters, by Stella Louise Hook.

FREDERICK WARNE AND COMPANY:

Over the Hills, Pictures of Child-Life, illustrated by Jessie Watkins, with rhymes by E. L. Shute.

Young America's Nursery Rhymes, illustrated by Constance Haselwood.

A Merry Round.

LEE AND SHEPARD:

Days Serene, illustrated by Margaret McDonald Pullman.

Nicht Lärten darf die Abendglock' Heut' Nacht (Curfew Must Not Ring To-night), in German, illustrated by Hugo Erichsen.

TICKNOR AND COMPANY:

Marching Through Georgia, illustrated by Charles Copeland and Frank Myrick.

Nellie Was a Lady, illustrated by Charles Copeland and Frank Myrick.

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, illustrated by Charles Copeland and Frank Myrick.

The Dead Doll, and other verses, by Margaret Vandegrift.

Little Helpers, by Margaret Vandegrift.

The Youngest Miss Lorton, and other stories, by Nora Perry.

Fagots for the Fireside, by Lucretia P. Hale.

HUBBARD BROTHERS:

Goblins, Giants, Merry-men and Monarchs, by Palmer Cox.

Queer People with Wings and Stings, by Palmer Cox.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Prophet G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Rose and the Ring G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sketch Book G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Uncle and Aunt G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Irish Melodies G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Relation of the Tariff to Wages G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Golden Words for Daily Counsel T. Y. Crowell & Co.

By Order of the King T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Miss Lou Dodd, Mead & Co.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay Dodd, Mead & Co.

Remember the Alamo Dodd, Mead & Co.

Christmas with Grandmother Elsie Dodd, Mead & Co.

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Labor American Sunday-School Union.

Biblical Antiquities American Sunday-School Union.

Her Great Idea Henry Holt & Co.

The Dead Doll and other Poems Ticknor & Co.

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground Ticknor & Co.

Nelly was a Lady Ticknor & Co.

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The Banjo S. S. Stewart.

Tried for Her Life T. B. Peterson & Bros.

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The Devil's Die T. S. Denison.

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Poems of Pleasure Belford, Clarke & Co.

Kisses of Fate Belford, Clarke & Co.

Marie: A Seaside Episode Belford, Clarke & Co.

The Tatler Frederick Warne & Co.

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Around the World on a Bicycle Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Tale of the Indian Mutiny Charles Scribner's Sons.

Little People and their Homes in Meadows,

Woods and Waters Charles Scribner's Sons.

Wild Men and Wild Beasts Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Story of Mary the Mother D. Lothrop Co.

Old Concord; Her Highways and Byways D. Lothrop Co.

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig D. Lothrop Co.

Warwick Brookes' Pencil Pictures D. Lothrop Co.

Model Speeches for all School Occasions Dick & Fitzgerald.

—Sir Richard Burton has at last completed his translation of the "Arabian Nights."

—Lord Tennyson, it is said, has had a new volume of poems ready for some time, which he has kept back, expecting America to pass an international copyright law. It is not known when they will be published.

IRVING ON WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Of the library of Westminster Abbey no better or truer description could, in the opinion of the late Dean Stanley, be given than Washington Irving gave in his essay on "The Mutability of Literature," written in the early part of the present century, and although it has been quoted time and again, it is so beautiful in itself that it can no more become hackneyed by repetition than can the sunshine.

"I found myself," says Irving, "in a lofty antique hall, the roof supported by massive joists of old English oak. It was soberly lighted by a row of Gothic windows at a considerable height from the floor, and which apparently opened upon the roofs of the cloisters. An ancient picture of some reverend dignity of the church in his robes hung over the fireplace. Around the hall and in a small gallery were the books, arranged in carved oaken cases. They consisted principally of old polemical writers, and were much more worn with time than with use. In the centre of the library was a solitary table, with two or three books on it, an inkstand without ink, and a few pens parched by long disuse. The place seemed fitted for quiet study and profound meditation. It was buried deep among the massive walls of the Abbey, and shut up from the tumult of the world."

—Some thousands of book-buyers in this country will welcome the announcement that the twenty-fourth and final volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will be published early this month, and that the general index to the work is now in press and that it will be ready early in the new year. Some of the articles in the twenty-fourth volume and their authors are these: "Vega," by M. Morel-Fatio; "Venice," by M. Yriarte and Professor Middleton; "Voltaire," by M. Saintsbury; "Wellington," by Mr. Fyffe; "Wordsworth," by Professor Minto; "Wycherley," by Theodore Watts, and "Zoroaster," by Professor Geldner.

—Of the libraries of Germany, the largest is that of Berlin, with 700,000 volumes and 15,000 manuscripts; then comes Dresden, 500,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts; Darmstadt, 380,000 volumes and 3,200 manuscripts; Leipzig—University Library—350,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts; and lastly, Breslau, Limbourg and Strasbourg.

—Dr. Samuel Kneeland, of Boston, died in Germany last month. He is the author of "Wonders of the Yosemite Valley and of California," "An American in Iceland," "The Land of Hemp and Sugar," "A Winter's Residence in the Philippine Islands." He edited the "Annual of Scientific Discovery," from 1866 to 1869, wrote most of the zoölogical and many medical articles in "The New American Cyclopædia" and the new "American Cyclopædia," and contributed largely to scientific periodicals.

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RIDER HAGGARD AT HOME.

Rider Haggard, though he makes a large income from his romances, is not dependent upon fiction for his daily bread, as his wife was a Norfolk heiress and the owner of Ditchingham House, Bungay, where they are "at home." When the novelist is not roaming around the world, says a newspaper writer, he plays the part of a country squire among the Bath Hills, and is daily to be seen dressed in jacket and knickerbockers of brown tweed, a soft felt hat, heavy stockings and thick boots, and grasping a long, curious stick that once belonged to a Zulu chief in one hand, the little finger of which is encircled by a Theban signet in hieroglyphics. The "Squire" puffs away at a blackened briarwood pipe as he walks along, a hideous bulldog and a sportive terrier sometimes accompanying him. Ditchingham House is a fine old manor overrun with flowers, the interior of which has something the appearance of an African museum. A curiosity of the romancer's bookcase is a shelf filled to overflowing with pirated American editions of his works, cheek by jowl with translations from Strabo, Herodotus, Apuleius, and the like. Over his head as he writes are an artist's ideal interpretation from "Dawn" and a head of "She."

Critic.



BOOK NEWS

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1888.

NUMBER 76.

New and Sumptuous Holiday Books.

Old Songs. Illustrated by Abbey and Parsons.

With drawings by EDWIN A. ABBEY and ALFRED PARSONS. 4to, ornamental leather cover, gilt edges, \$7.50. About ready.

This work, a rare combination of poetry and artistic design, is a companion volume to Abbey's "Herrick," published by Harper & Brothers in 1882. "Old Songs," which will certainly receive the sincere admiration of all cultivated and artistic people, consists mainly of old English ballads, long celebrated for delicacy of sentiment, wit, or charm of expression. Mr. Abbey has caught the spirit of these qualities, and has reproduced them in sketches in his inimitable way. He is easily first in this kind of drawing. Alfred Parsons has contributed the decorative work, all of which shows his delicate and skillful hand at its best. The cover is of leather, richly illuminated.

Harper's Young People for 1888. Vol. IX.

With 756 illustrations and 928 pages. 4to, cloth, ornamental, \$3.50. Vol. VIII., for 1887, \$3.50. Vols. I. to VII. out of print.

"Packed as full as it can hold with dainties, and wholesome dainties at that. The variety is almost bewildering."—*Critic, N. Y.*

"A gift to bring delight to all the younger members of the family."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Charles Carleton Coffin's New Book:

Marching to Victory.

The second period of the War of the Rebellion, including the year 1863. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Profusely illustrated. pp. xvi., 492. 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$3.00.

Mr. Coffin's accounts of these events are graphic and picturesque, and full of the fire and spirit of the special army correspondent; his spirit of appreciation of deeds of valor and heroic daring, of privation and suffering, is marked, and his history will be for years to come one of the deservedly popular histories of the greatest military struggle of the century. It is a boy's history, but it will be read with delight by men, and will kindle patriotism and a devoted love of country.—*Boston Traveller.*

Works by Charles Carleton Coffin.

Six vols. Profusely illustrated. 8vo, cloth, ornamental \$3.00 each.

THE STORY OF LIBERTY.
OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES.
THE BOYS OF '76.
BUILDING THE NATION.
DRUM-BEAT OF THE NATION.
MARCHING TO VICTORY.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price. HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE, a descriptive list of over 3,000 volumes, sent, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents.

See Harper & Brothers' advertisement, continued, on page iii.

The Boyhood of Christ.

By LEW WALLACE, author of "Ben Hur," etc. 14 full-page engravings on plate paper. 4to, ornamental leather covers, \$3.50.

The basis of this book is the story told in the New Testament, but the author has wrought into this fabric many of the pleasing traditions preserved in the writings of the Christian Fathers and in the fictitious Gospels concerning the life of Christ and the Virgin Mary. Thus a charming and instructive narrative is made up, in which, however, the story-teller is careful to point out what is true and what is mere legend. Fourteen beautiful full page illustrations on plate paper adorn the volume, and it is artistically bound.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

Ben Hur. A Tale of Christ.

By LEW WALLACE. New edition from new plates. pp. 552. 16mo, cloth, \$1.50; half seal, \$2.00; half calf, \$3.00; three quarter Russia, \$3.50; three-quarter crushed levant, \$4.00.

Colonel Knox's New Book:

The Boy Travellers in Australasia.

Adventures of two youths in a journey to the Sandwich, Marquesas, Society, Samoan and Feejee Islands, and through the Colonies of New Zealand, New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, Tasmania and South Australia. By THOS. W. KNOX. With maps and 436 illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$3.00.

"It is of fascinating interest, and provides a thoroughly edifying account of the people, the manners, the plants, and the products of the places described, diversified by stories of adventure and of stirring incident. It is a model book for the young, and imparts valuable instruction in the most entertaining way imaginable."—*Saturday Evening Gazette, Boston.*

Other Books by Thomas W. Knox.

Richly illustrated. Square 8vo, cloth, ornamental.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS ON THE CONGO, \$3.00.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE, \$3.00.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN SOUTH AMERICA, \$3.00.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "VIVIAN," \$2.50.

BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST. In five volumes, \$3.00 a volume.

HUNTING ADVENTURES ON LAND AND SEA. In two volumes, \$2.50 a volume.



Said this worthy preceptor I guess.
 While the dear boys are out at recess:
 O surprise! Ill prepare
 On each little chair?
 The surprise was a striking success.





A Stern Chase.—From "*Blue Jackets of '76.*"

=Cassell & Co. announce, says the London *Academy*, "a new serial issue of Gustave Doré's Illustrated Bible, in weekly numbers, at the price of one half-penny each—which may be regarded as the cheapest enterprise yet undertaken, even by that popular firm. The whole of the 200 full-page plates of the original costly edition are to be reproduced."

=Senator Blair says of the author of "*Woman in the Pulpit*": She has been proving for a dozen years that she knows more, can do more work, preach, pray and lecture and write, and organize better than the average man, and do as much good as any male minister whatever, (and that is a mighty work, indeed).

PYTHIA'S PUPILS.

A Story for Young Girls. By Eva Hartner. Translated from the German by Mrs. J. W. Davis. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, 85 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

Is most refreshingly different from the ordinary type of stories for girls. The scene is a small German city, and the heroines are members of a cooking-class. Their culinary experiences, their friendship for each other, their domestic life, are all related with engaging simplicity and vivacity, and they themselves are delightful specimens of cheery and kind-hearted girlhood minus the intense self-consciousness of the American maiden. Dora's fear of her father will seem singular to our cis-Atlantic daughters, but it only adds to the quaintness of the book. It is a pity that we have not more such stories, so firm morally, so quiet and healthy in tone. The translator's style is very clear and pleasant.

Nation.

CLOVER.

By Susan Coolidge, author of "What Katy Did" etc. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, 90 cents; by mail \$1.00

It is always a pleasure to welcome a new story from the pen of Susan Coolidge. Mothers and fathers can be perfectly sure that any thing which comes from her pen will be good reading for young people. In this last book we have the final chapter of "What Katy Did;" for Susan Coolidge is kind enough to take us with her to Katy's wedding and give us another glimpse of Katy before she bids farewell to her home life. Then she lets us see the family burdens which fell from Katy's shoulders taken up by Clover, and through the rest of the story we follow the fortunes of Clover and Phil. With them we are permitted to travel West, and take up winter quarters in Colorado. Phil's health required that Clover should go away with him, and it is a very pretty picture that the

writer gives us of the brother and sister keeping house together far away from their old New England home. There are some charming bits of Colorado scenery introduced into this story, and the new Western back-grounds adds a fresh, breezy interest to it. Among the characters introduced is the clever study of Mrs. Watson. She is an excellent type of the helpless and heedless middle-aged woman who is often found traveling alone, but who invariably casts herself upon the mercy of fellow travelers, and is as hard to get rid of as if she were the Old Man of the Sea. There is a good deal of mild love-making included, and we leave Clover on the eve of a happy marriage.

Boston Transcript.

= Captain Charles King has written a new novel depicting frontier army life. The title is "The Queen of Bedlam."



Simplicity.—From "The Pansy."



The Welsh Puck.—From "*Brownies and Bogles*."

BROWNIES AND BOGLES.

By Louise Imogen Guiney. With 50 illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents; by mail, 82 cents.

This little volume might be fitly styled a fairy hand-book, as in it the author describes every kind of the "little people" that is found in traditions or literature in all the countries of the world. There are the brownies and waterkelpies of Scotland, the troll and necken of Sweden, the German kobalds, the English fairies, pixies and elves, the Norwegian and Danish dwarfs and bjergfalls, the Irish leprechauns, and a score of others, some of whom are mischievous, some malicious, some house-helpers, and some who are always waiting to do a good turn to those they like. The author mingles her descriptions with anecdotes illustrative of the different qualities and dispositions of the various fairy folk described. *Boston Transcript*.

PERSONS AND PLACES IN AMERICA.

STORIES OF PERSONS AND PLACES IN AMERICA. By Helen Ainslie Smith. Illustrated. 4to, boards, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.05.

Will take its place among good books for young readers on the anecdotal and picturesque phrases and episodes of American history from the beginning. It is copiously illustrated, and though not apparently free from such minor mistakes as *Elihu* Whitney for *Eli* Whitney, inventor of the Cotton Gin, is done with pains and sure to hold the attention of young readers. It is a handsome book in good type. *Independent*

—Mr. John Bruce Ford has retired from active connection with the publishing house which, first as J. B. Ford & Co., and for ten years past as Fords, Howard & Hulbert, has been associated with his name.

THE LION OF ST. MARKS.

A Tale of Venice. By G. A. Henty. With 10 full-page illustrations by Gordon Browne. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.67.

Mr. Henty takes us to Venice, choosing for the time at which the scene is laid one of the most troubled periods of her existence. Into this history Mr. Henty, as he tells us in his preface, has woven the adventures of an English boy. Young Francis Hammond is the son of an English merchant trading in Venice. He earns the friendship of a great Venetian merchant prince by twice saving his daughters from the hands of one Ruggiero Mocenigo, a ruined spendthrift, who attempts to carry them off that he may retrieve his fortunes by marrying the eldest. As a mark of gratitude, the rich merchant Polani takes him into his employ, and treats him as if he were his own son. In the two or three voyages which he makes in his master's vessels, the lad manages to come in for a more than ordinary share of adventures. Before long, however, war breaks out between Venice and her old enemy Genoa. Here again young Hammond is to the fore; and on two occasions he renders the State very important services. All this is told in a simple and pleasing style. The incidents and adventures are vivid, lifelike, and not too improbable. Perhaps when calmly considered apart from the interest of the story, they will seem a little numerous, and, if we may be permitted to make use of an Americanism, a trifle tall. But then, what is the writer of a book of adventure to do? His hero must meet with adventures, and what is more, must come out of them successfully or else everything is at an end. On the whole, Mr. Henty has been fairly skilful in concealing the uniform good fortune of his hero. Occasionally a faint feeling of disbelief will cross the reader's mind, if years have replaced the enthusiasm of youth with a certain amount of cynicism. But to boys, "*The Lion of St. Marks*" will be all that is delightful.

London Spectator.

—H. Rosa, the illustrator of "*John Gilpin's Ride*," is the daughter of Benson J. Lossing, some of whose work she has illustrated.



A Merry Night-Wanderer.—From "*Brownies and Bogles*."

PALMER COX'S QUEER PEOPLE.

QUEER PEOPLE, such as Goblins, Giants, Merry-Men and Monarchs, and their Kweer Kapers. By Palmer Cox, author of "The Brownies, Their Book." Illustrated, 4to, boards, 70 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

QUEER PEOPLE WITH PAWS AND CLAWS AND THEIR KWEER KAPERS. By Palmer Cox. Illustrated, 4to, boards, 70 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

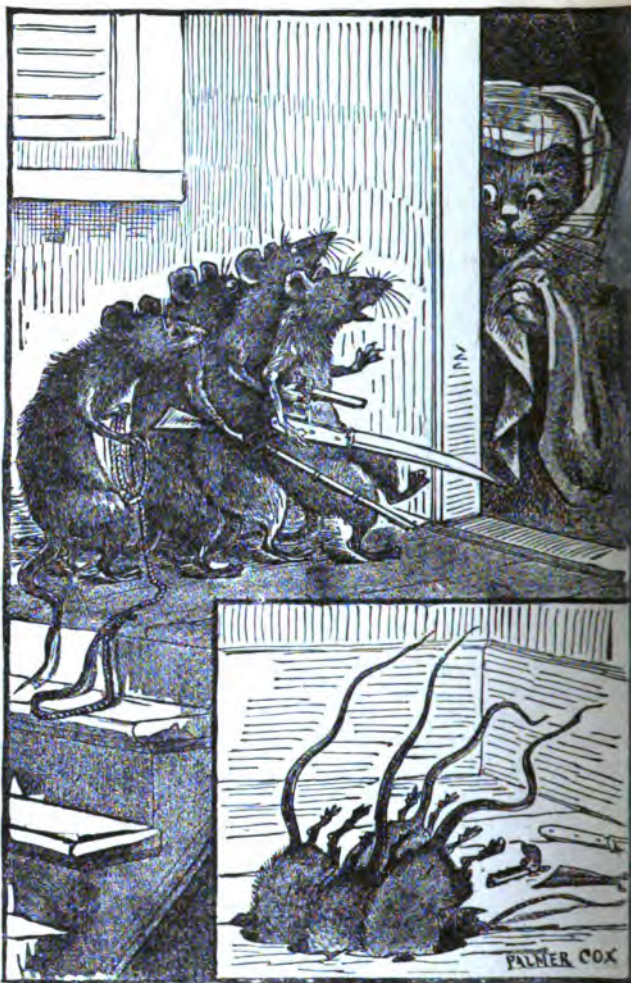
QUEER PEOPLE WITH WINGS AND STINGS AND THEIR KWEER KAPERS. By Palmer Cox. Illustrated. 4to, boards, 55 cents; by mail, 68 cents.

The three amusing books comprised under the general title of "Queer People," include contributions of the author of "The Brownies" to *Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas* and *Little*

Folks, with quite a good deal of new matter never before published. The illustrations and the text are both brimming over with proofs of the rare humor for which Mr. Cox is celebrated. Grotesque animals, birds, giants, and goblins are the heroes of the most grotesque narrative in verse.

Publishers' Weekly.

— William M. Rossetti has undertaken to publish a volume regarding his brother. It will probably be entitled "Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer." It is neither a biography nor a criticism, but consists of a number of details in a semi-narrative form.



The Daring Mice.—From "Queer People with Paws and Claws."

MISS YONGE'S LATEST BOOK.

OUR NEW MISTRESS: OR, CHANGES AT BROOKFIELD EARL. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

In "Our New Mistress" Miss Charlotte Yonge relates one of the brightest and prettiest of stories that have come from her pen. Miss Jessie Martin, the new head-teacher in a country school, is a resolute, self-contained young woman, who suffers most undeservedly from the harsh treatment of the school committee. She shows herself in the end to be a heroine of the most exemplary kind, and the story of her trials is most charmingly told. *Saturday Review.*



From "Queer People, such as Goblins, Giants," etc.



He was gazing straight before him with a set and stony face.—From "*Otto of the Silver Hand*."

HOWARD PYLE'S NEW BOOK.

OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. 4to, cloth, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.70

From now on we shall look with the coming of each Christmas for Mr. Howard Pyle's unique contribution to the gift books of the season. Last year it was "*The Wonder Clock*," this time it is "*Otto of the Silver Hand*." The same careful and charming touch with pen and pencil must be noted. We follow little Otto's adventurous career with unflagging interest. He is a noble lad, living in Germany in the romantic middle ages, and the vicissitudes of his fortune, though his castle is destroyed and he is kidnapped by a vindictive robber baron and rescued by a one-eyed

servitor, bring him at length to happiness and at the hand of the fair Pauline.

Philadelphia Press.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE ANTILLES, AND THEREABOUTS. By Fred. A. Ober. Fully illustrated. 4to, boards, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.18.

The club at first consists of the Antiquarian, the Historian, and the author, but is afterward reinforced by the eccentric Doctor. Pushing hastily through the Bahamas, the club explores the coast line of Cuba and then proceeds to the South and West. Here among the hundred and one small islands that bound the Caribbean Sea most of the club's time and explorative energy is spent. A description and condensed history of Hayti, San Domingo and Jamaica is given. The matter of the book is, of course, mainly descriptive and historical, but enough dialogue and adventure is interspersed to render it readable for

the young. Altogether, with its humorous details and interesting scraps of information, the book will be read with both pleasure and profit.

Boston Transcript.

— The verses of Victor Hugo, collectively called *The Ocean*, are, it is to be supposed, not specially important scraps, as they were written during the course of his long life at occasional moments not only in note-books, but on odd bits of paper, old envelopes, prospectus backs, etc., all of which he carefully preserved. This miscellaneous heap of odes and strophes, of epic and chanson, and versicle, sometimes of two rhyming words only, as "*Eloa*," and "*Boa*," will make a very strange volume.

BABYLAND FOR 1888.

Illustrated. 4to, cloth, 65 cents; boards, 45 cents; by mail 11 cents more.

The covers are especially attractive this year, the front showing four babies blowing bubbles, and the back three babies going to bed. The pictures are large and well drawn, and the printing is done in high colors, making the book fascinating to little eyes at first sight. The usual profusion of baby stories, jingling rhymes, nursery plays and pretty pictures is to be found inside. 184 pages. *Philadelphia Times.*



"He's mine!" said she.—From "Babyland."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

By Robert Browning. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Engraved and printed in colors. 4to, boards, \$1.25; by mail, \$1.35.

Miss Kate Greenaway has certainly made one of her most successful efforts in her illustration of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning. It would not be easy to find a poem which lent itself so completely to the style in which her pencil is happiest; nor do we know of another pencil which could do as much justice to the picturesque humour of Browning's work. The perplexed councillors, the disconsolate housewives looking at their mangled cheeses, the mother comforting her bitten baby, the crowd of indignant citizens swarming up to remonstrate with the Mayor and Corporation, and, best of all, the children, in every variety of picturesque dress and attitude, hurrying after the sound of the magic pipe, are nothing less than admirable. The double-page illustration of pp. 54-55, to the words,—

"With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,"

is perhaps the best, if we have to make a choice of the whole series. *London Spectator.*

NOTES.

—Mr. Walter Besant has written a biography of the author of the "Gamekeeper at Home," and the "Amateur Poacher;" and this "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies," will be shortly published in New York, by Longmans, Green & Co.

—The author of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," Mr. Fred'k Saunders of the Astor Library, is about to publish another work in the same vein, which he names "Stray Leaves of Literature." Thomas Whittaker will issue the volume early in December.

—Mrs. Noel Hartley (May Laffan), the author of that brilliant book "Hogan, M. P.," is a native of Dublin, where she now lives. She has a tall and shapely figure, a bright and handsome face, a ready wit, and a fluent tongue. Her last novel, "The Children of 'Imlay,'" which dealt, as did her other books, with Irish life, social and political, greatly pleased Mr. Gladstone, who wrote to the authoress expressing the delight and satisfaction her work had given him. Mrs. Hartley is an ardent politician, and Home Rule has few who can plead so eloquently in its cause.



"He's mine!" said he.—From "Babyland."

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

F. A. C.—

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal's best known works are "Bells Across the Snow;" "Compensation;" "Kept for the Master's Use;" "Life Mosaic;" "Loyal Responses;" "My King;" "Swiss Letters and Alpine Poems;" "Red Letter Days." Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publish her books in this country. Sidney Lusk has published through Messrs. Cassell & Co., New York, "As It Was Written;" "Mrs. Peixada;" "Yoke of the Thorah." In *Lippincott's Magazine* for April, 1887, he published "A Land of Love," and the Lothrop Company, Boston, publish his latest story, "My Uncle Florimond."

L. L. D.—

It is customary for most magazines to return a prompt answer, or, the MS., if rejected, provided stamps are enclosed for that purpose.

L. N.—

As BOOK NEWS was not begun until two years after the publication of "Ben Hur" we never had a review of it. Your query concerning "Rip Van Winkle" is one of the *American Notes and Queries* "Prize Questions."

Mrs. G. H. N.—

Horatius Bonar, DD., is a sacred lyric poet of great merit. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1808, published in 1856 "Hymns of Faith and Hope," and a second series of the same in 1861. The pronunciation is Bon'ar.

In reply to various queries on the subject we would recommend all persons wishing full particulars of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle to send to the secretary, Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, New Jersey, for circulars.

A list of the Chautauqua books for the 1888-89 course is given on page 59 of the October number of BOOK NEWS.

E. D.—

The last edition of Edwin Hay's "History of the Insurrection of the County of Wexford" is published by Thomas B. Noonan & Co., 23 and 25 Boylston Street, Boston.

DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. A history in three volumes. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. I. The Bastille. Vol. II. The Constitution. Vol. III. The Guillotine. New edition. Morley's Universal Library. Each vol., 12mo, 30 cents; by mail, 39 cents.

THE STORY OF MEDIÆVAL FRANCE FROM THE REIGN OF HUGUES CAPET TO THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Gustave Masson, B. A. Story of the Nations series. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27.

Mr. Masson tells a romantic story in romantic and yet historically accurate language. The accounts of the pilgrimages to the Holy Land, the Crusades, and the days of chivalry are remarkably stirring and graphically revive momentous stories. One cannot help praising the scholar who is in a position to depict so excellently the story of a period so important in the development of Christendom. Mr. Masson wisely presents to the view of his readers a list of the sources to consult on the history of France from Hugues Capet to Louis XII. No better work of the kind is in existence, and Mr. Masson's style gives this volume an interest which it might not have had in heavier hands. The illustrations, index, and general appearance of the book are all that could be desired.

London Publishers' Circular.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO. By Frank T. Marzials. Great Writers series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS. By John Stuart Blackie. Great Writers series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

LIFE OF WILLIAM CONGREVE. By Edmund Gosse, A. M. Great Writers series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

See review in this number.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By Charles Duke Yonge. Great Writers series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

Prof. Yonge has not given any fresh biographical information respecting Scott. Nor was it likely he could do so. Lovers of the great master who desire an elaborate portrait of him must still turn to Lockhart's *Life*—one of the most charming books of its kind in the language. But busy men, who desire an accurate, succinct, and pleasantly told narrative of Scott's career; or readers conscious of an imperfect acquaintance with the subject, who want a safe and instructive commentary on Scott's poems and novels, will find this volume useful, notwithstanding the similar works by George Gilfillan, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and others. *London Academy.*

LIFE OF GOETHE. By James Simes. Great Writers series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

A HISTORY OF CHARLES THE GREAT, (CHARLEMAGNE.) By J. I. Mombert, D. D. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.00.

Dr. Mombert has spent upon his work years of careful toil, and his book bears the marks of exact scholarship and an impartial spirit. He is not the possessor of the rare gift of historic imagination, and

he has not fused his abundant material into a brilliant picture of mediæval life. He is not a master of style, and occasional Germanisms betray that he is not using his native language. But his work is by all odds the most complete and accurate biography of the great Charles in our tongue, and deserves a place among standard biographies until some more imaginative biographer shall use this abundant material to construct a book of higher literary excellence.

Literary World.

SUCCESSFUL WOMEN. By Sarah K. Bolton. With portraits. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

Consists of twelve brief biographies of American women who have in various walks and professions earned success. Among them are Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune); Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy); Clara Barton, the philanthropist; Alice Freeman, the former president of Wellesley College; Rachel Bodley, dean of the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia; Mrs. Candace Wheeler and her daughter Dora, who have done so much to develop the love for decorative art in this country; with others who have gained equally distinguished places in other departments of art, literature, and industry.

Publishers' Weekly.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND ANDREW JOHNSON. By William O. Stoddard. Lives of the Presidents series. With portraits. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

GROVER CLEVELAND. By William O. Stoddard. Lives of the Presidents series. With portraits. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

VICTOR COUSIN. By Jules Simon. Translated by Melville B. Anderson and Edward Playfair Anderson. Great French Writers series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

MONTESQUIEU. By Albert Sorel. Translated by Melville B. Anderson and Edward Playfair Anderson. Great French Writers series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

The third volume in the series which has been translated specially for the American market. The author gives a fair sketch of the great philosophical historian, born at the Castle of La Brède in Bordeaux, in 1689, and until his death in 1755, the recognized leader of French thought. His "Persian letters," published in 1721, is a satire on the social, political, ecclesiastical, and literary follies of his day. His "Spirit of the Laws" appeared in 1748, and has associated his name with many of the best reforms that have been brought about within the past century. Good index.

Publishers' Weekly.

SHELLEY: THE MAN AND THE POET. By Felix Rabbe. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

THE FATAL ILLNESS OF FREDERICK THE NOBLE. By Sir Morell MacKenzie. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 89 cents.

THE MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH AND VOLTAIRE. By Dr. George Horn. Translated from the German by Her Royal Highness Princess Christian. 8vo, \$2.40; by mail, \$2.55.

A LIFE OF MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, AUTHOR OF "PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA AND ITS METEOROLOGY." Compiled by his daughter, Diana Fontaine Maury Corbin. 8vo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.18.

See review in this number.

OUR RECENT ACTORS: BEING RECOLLECTIONS CRITICAL, AND, IN MANY CASES, PERSONAL, OF LATE DISTINGUISHED PERFORMERS OF BOTH SEXES. With some incidental notices of living actors. By Westland Marston. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

OMITTED CHAPTERS OF HISTORY DISCLOSED IN THE LIFE AND PAPERS OF EDMUND RANDOLPH, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA; FIRST ATTORNEY-GENERAL UNITED STATES, SECRETARY OF STATE. By Moncure D. Conway. With portrait. 8vo, \$2.75; by mail, \$2.98.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway has been at great pains in the magazines to show that history has dealt harshly with the name of Edmund Randolph. Certainly the impressive array of hitherto unpublished documents, which the biographer's exhaustive researches have unearthed from various archives and family collections, furnishes ample evidence in support of his vindication. Mr. Conway has made the most of his abundant material; he gives us lavishly of the letters and public papers he has found, and these, with his elucidating links, tell the whole dismal story of the chequered and checked career of the brilliant Virginian, who, early in life freeing his honored name from the reproach of his father's Toryism, stepped with ease into the highest public places; became in succession Attorney General and Governor of Virginia, influential delegate to the Constitutional Convention, first Attorney General of the United States and Jefferson's successor as the head of Washington's Cabinet—only, as Mr. Conway and his submitted testimony will have it, to fall a victim to the political machinations of his enemies and die dishonored of a broken heart.
Philadelphia Press.

DESCRIPTION.

FANCY DRESSES DESCRIBED; OR, WHAT TO WEAR AT FANCY BALLS. By Arden Holt. New edition, fully illustrated in colors and monotint. 12mo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.03.

FOUR YEARS WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. By Regis de Trobriand. Translated by George K. Dauchy, with portraits and maps. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$3.00.

RELIGION.

MARY; THE QUEEN OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID. The Story of Her Life. By Rev. A. Stewart Walsh, D. D., with introduction by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. Illustrated. New edition, 8vo, \$2.00; by mail, \$2.22.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS. By J. Williams, D. D., LL. D. 8vo, \$1.20, by mail, \$1.34.

Bishop Williams has given in this thin octavo the substance of his lectures at the Middletown theological school. They are not a commentary on the text, not controversial, not doctrinal, but an historical exposition, chapter by chapter, of St. Luke's narrative, with a view of educing the lines of church polity and development in the apostolic age. The author's views are characterized by moderation. He does not dogmatize on uncertainties, though he is positive and clear.
Literary World.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. By Frederic Rendall, A. M. 12mo, \$1.70, by mail, \$1.84.

ESSAYS AND TREATISES.

THE WISHING-CAP PAPERS. By Leigh Hunt. New Edition. Good Company series. 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

Made up of a dozen delightful essays, interesting in subject and plentifully spiced with that pungent wit which was characteristic of the author, together with a score or more of miscellaneous sketches, brief but bright, and thoroughly enjoyable. *Boston Transcript.*

AMERICAN FISHES. A popular treatise upon the Game and Food Fishes of North America. With especial reference to the habits and methods of capture. By G. Brown Goode. Illustrated. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.08.

REALISTIC IDEALISM IN PHILOSOPHY ITSELF. By Nathaniel Holmes. In 2 vols. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.03.

TRUE OR FALSE FINANCE. The issue of 1888. By a Tax Payer. Questions of the Day series. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 23 cents.

TENURE AND TOIL; OR, RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF POVERTY AND LABOR. By John Gibbons, LL. D. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

The author argues that as home-owners are seldom malcontents, but always safeguards against social disturbances and industrial revolts, the deserving poor in every community should be afforded means to build for themselves homes on the public domain provided as the common heritage of the people. Ownership should be restrained within such limits that there would be ample acreage for all. The theories of Dr. McGlynn and Henry George are criticised. An appendix is devoted to convict labor and legislation proposed to control its encroachments on free labor.
Publishers' Weekly.

EXPERIMENTAL MECHANICS. A course of lectures delivered at the Royal College of Science for Ireland. By Sir Robert Stowell Ball, D. D., LL. D., F. R. S. With illustrations. New edition, 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60.

PRACTICABLE SOCIALISM, Essays on Social Reform. By the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel A. Barnett. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

PEN AND INK PAPERS ON SUBJECTS OF MORE OR LESS IMPORTANCE. By Brander Matthews. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

PAST AND PRESENT. By Thomas Carlyle. New edition Morley's Universal Library. 12mo, 30 cents; by mail, 38 cents.

ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP AND THE HEROIC IN HISTORY. Six lectures reported, with emendations and additions. By Thomas Carlyle. New edition, Morley's Universal Library. 12mo, 30 cents; by mail, 38 cents.

ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP AND THE HEROIC IN HISTORY. By Thomas Carlyle. The "Empyrean" edition. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 99 cents.

SARTOR RESARTUS: THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF HERR TEUFELSDRÖCKH. By Thomas Carlyle. With an introduction by Ernst Rhys. Camelot series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

SARTOR RESARTUS: THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF HERR TEUFELSDRÖCKH. In three books. Morley's Universal Library. 12mo, 30 cents; by mail, 38 cents.

SARTOR RESARTUS: THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF HERR TEUFELSDRÖCKH. In three books. By Thomas Carlyle. The "Empyrean" edition. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 98 cents.

LITERARY ESSAYS. By Richard Holt Hutton. New edition. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

THE DRINK PROBLEM. A series of four lectures. By Axel Gustafson. Standard Library. 12mo, paper, 12 cents; by mail, 13 cents.

POETRY.

THE STROPHES OF OMAR KHAYYÁM. Translated from the Persian, by John Leslie Garner. With an introduction and notes. 16mo, 75 cents.

John Leslie Garner has rendered the reading public a praiseworthy service in translating choice selections from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, and publishing them so prettily and cheaply, with explanatory introduction and notes. Omar is hardly Persian to us to-day, but Fitzgerald's rendering of the fatalistic strophes is not always better than Mr. Garner's, and if we can not afford the sumptuous illumination by Elihu Vedder, the bare text in its present inexpensive form is a boon. *Philadelphia Press.*

NATHAN THE WISE. A Dramatic Poem in five acts. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated from the German by W. Taylor. EMILIA GALOTTI. A tragedy in five acts. Translated by Charles Lee Lewes. New edition. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents.

WOOD BLOOMS. By John Vance Cheney, author of "Thistle-Drift," etc. 16mo, parchment or cloth, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents.

THROUGH FIELD AND WOOD. Lyric verses and sonnets. By Lewis Dayton Burdick. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 98 cents.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S ASTROPHEL AND STELLA. Wherein the excellence of sweet poesy is concluded. Edited from the folio of MDXCVIII. By Alfred Pollard. 16mo, parchment \$1.60; by mail, \$1.68.

AFTERWHILES. By James Whitcomb Riley. New edition. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.19.

WITH SA'DI IN THE GARDEN; OR, THE BOOK OF LOVE. Being the "Ishk," or third chapter, of the "Bostán" of the Persian Poet Sa'di. Embodied in a dialogue held in the Garden of the Taj Mahal, at Agra. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M. A. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

PROSE FICTION.

YOUNG MAIDS AND OLD. By Clara Louise Burnham. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

A pretty suburban village of Boston is the scene of this little history of old and young hearts. The young heroines are invited by the older heroines to spend the summer in a rich and a plain home. These older heroines make idols of a brother and a nephew, who both play their parts in developing, moulding, and softening the characters of the younger ones. The author of "Next Door" and "No Gentleman" always renders palatable the pure, earnest counsels she offers to young womanhood. *Publishers' Weekly.*

TEMPLE HOUSE. By Elizabeth Stoddard, author of "Two Men," etc. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

Is altogether a different story from "Two Men," though showing the same kind of power. It cannot be called a pleasant story. There is a great deal of mysterious rascality among the characters, the best of whom is Virginia Brande. But she has a crazy half-Indian mother, one lover who is a drunkard half through the book, and another who makes love like a beast. Tempe, of Temple House, is a heartless fool, who marries, loses her husband by an accident on the wedding tour, hates the child that is born to her and makes herself generally disagreeable. George Gates, her father, is a sort of buccaneer, who disappears early, and Sebastian Ford turns up in a shipwreck in

time to take part in the melo-drama. The tale is as unconventional and uncanny as "Wuthering Heights," and will be liked by all who like that extraordinary story. *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE MOTT STREET POKER CLUB. The Secretary's Minutes. Illustrated by M. Woolf. 8vo, boards, 40 cents; by mail, 46 cents.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. By Walter Besant. New Edition. Illustrated. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

The story is a spirited tale of adventure and fighting on land and sea a hundred and fifty years ago. It is a trifle bizarre and over-marvelous in some of its incidents, has none of the moral purpose marking some of the Besant novels, and is not in literary qualities the equal of such stories as "The Chaplain of the Fleet" or even "Herr Paulus." But as a story pure and simple it has vigor and audacity. *Christian Union.*

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See review in this number.

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Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Publishers' Weekly.

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Publishers' Weekly.

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Philadelphia Press.

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Philadelphia Press.

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Nation.

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Nation.

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Christian Union.

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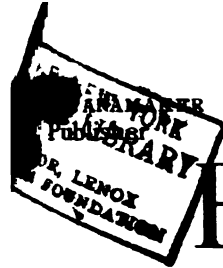
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VOLUME 7.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1889.

NUMBER 77.

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BENJAMIN CONSTANT; "Street Scenes in India," by EDWIN LORD

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CHARLES KING, U. S. A. In March, Mr. W. D. HOWELLS will begin

a serial story, in which the leading characters of "Their Wedding

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in a way calculated to make this one of the most deeply interesting of

its author's works. A story by Mr. BART HARTE will be published in

June. Brilliant short stories will be a feature of the volume.

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directed to the end of securing a high standard of public duty and an

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Reinhart, W. T. Smedley, A. B. Frost, Gilbert Gaul, J. Pennell, F.

Remington, R. F. Zogbaum, H. F. Farny, Charles Graham, H. Fenn,

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graphy, travel, etc., making up its contents; while the text is embel-

lished by numerous illustrations of the highest grade.

SERIAL STORIES FOR 1889.

The tenth volume will contain serial stories, by SOPHIE SWETT,

illustrated by ROSINA EMMETT SHERWOOD; by WILLIAM O. STOD-

DARD, illustrated by W. A. ROGERS; by R. K. MUNKITTRICK; by

KIRK MUNROE, illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY; by GEO. B. PERRY;

and a series of illustrated "Fairy Tales," by HOWARD PYLE.

SHORT STORIES.

Among the contributors of short stories will be J. T. Trowbridge,

Barnet Phillips, F. Anstey, Brander Matthews, T. Nelson Page, J. R.

Coryell, Sophie Swett, and others.

SOME IMPORTANT ARTICLES.

During the year there will be published "Home Studies in Natural

History," by FELIX L. OSWALD, M.D.; "Little Experiments," by

S. B. HERRICK; "George Washington's School Days," by WM. F.

CARNE; "Glances of Child-life from Dickens," by M. E. SANGSTER;

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R. M. JOHNSTON; "Papers on Poly-keeping," by F. E. FRYATT;

"Talks to Boys," by J. S. WHITE, L.L.D.; "How Can I Get the

Best of the Doctor," by W. L. SAVAGE, M.D.; "Base-ball," by

A. ALONZO STAGG; "Lawn-tennis," by VALENTINE G. HALL;

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rhyme which appeared in the "Bric-à-Brac" of *Scribner's Magazine* in 1876. Shortly afterward "Marse Chan" was written. It was accepted by the same magazine but did not appear until April, 1884. "Marse Chan" was followed by "Unc' Edinburg's Drown-din'" "Meh Lady," "Ole 'Stracted," and "Polly." These stories have been published collectively in a volume under the title "In Ole Virginia," and in this permanent form have become valuable classics in American literature, depicting as they do a rapidly disappearing mode of life. The principal defect in Mr. Page's series of negro stories is that they are cast too much in one type; and so, having read "Marse Chan," one may be said to have less or more read them all. This, however, is comparatively a pardonable drawback. "Befo' de War: Echoes in Negro Dialect," a volume published last year, contains Mr. Page's poems along with those of A. C. Gordon

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

By TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

History is chiefly valuable for telling the conditions which surrounded the life of the men and the growth of the institutions which affect our daily lives. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull's on "The Sunday-School," does both—as all good histories do—by giving the best and almost the first history of an institution whose influence is not to be easily overstated, and by showing how its influence was present in the conditions about the growth of the Christian religion. The Semitic mind has always had a strong bent towards education, and this has and still takes the almost exclusive form of the study of a sacred book. This was true of Jewish and it is true of Moslem education. The three-quarters of a century or so of peace before the birth of Christ had given this impulse towards education free play, and, as Dr. Trumbull shows, its most frequent form was precisely similar to the Sunday-school. The synagogue was not primarily for preaching and—while the temple stood—not at all for worship; but it was chiefly devoted to Bible-teaching carried on in the interlocutory fashion, which the Sunday-school has made familiar to us all. Out of this method came the Christian Church and to this method vital Christianity always has and always will return. The Church has sometimes been dead with a bishop but it has never been alive without a Sunday-school in some one of its many forms.

Dr Trumbull's lecture appeared as one of the course of "Yale Lectures on Preaching," and half the volume is devoted to methods of work, deeply interesting to the practical work; but no careful reader can afford to miss the first half of the book—so much light does it throw on things as they are.

It is now more than a century since Gladwin translated the "Gulistan" or "Rose-Garden" of the

Persian poet "Sa'di" in a form which Emerson introduced to American readers. It has not lacked for other translators since, of whom Eastwick, 1853, enjoyed the dubious advantage of reading Persian better and writing English less well than Gladwin. The "Bostân," or "Fruit-Garden" has been less often brought before English readers, although it is better worth the work, written as it is on a higher plane and with a deeper moral content. Sir Edwin Arnold has made the third book of the "Bostân" the subject of his periodical volume of Oriental verse. Sir Edwin's mind has been compared to the working of a steel machine, so sure and so cold. His verse bears about the same relation to poetry which the coins of a modern mint bear to the product of Greek dies. They pass current, but they are not works of art. His last book is less distorted in perspective and skipping a prolix architectural introduction, his translation may be read in satisfaction that after this good manner a gifted man spoke seven centuries ago.

Wagner has given an interest to American readers in the Nibelungen trilogy which has turned attention chiefly to the German version of the story of the Volsungs. The Icelandic tale, not hitherto easily accessible; and on many counts the loftier of the two, has just been added to the Camelot series. The version is part prose, of Mr. H. Halliday Sparling, and part the verse by William Morris, and the book is well made preface, index, bibliography and all.

Henrik Ibsen has been for the last fifteen years in which he has come to be known to English readers as one of the few men of modern letters who see things as they are and speak of them as they should. Writing in Norwegian, his work has been practically inaccessible to English readers. Mr. Havelock Ellis has brought together, in a single volume, translations of three of his plays: "The Pillars of Society," "Ghosts," and "An Enemy of Society." They have all made a deep stir in Northern Europe. For us, the first and last will count for little. We are past their problem and are awake to admit their truth. But "Ghosts" carries one of life's terrible morals, at which we all blink and for whose solution we need not so much light as love Ibsen gives instead the lightning, and in dealing with wrong the thunderbolt has its uses. As it stands, "Ghosts" is one of the world's great plays, and yet so frank, so unsparing is it in dealing justice to guilt that many will feel it should be shut away from the young.

French art bears direct, immediate and vital relations to American art, which makes its origin development and present condition of more interest to Americans than any other in Europe. More French pictures are owned in this country than of all the rest of Europe put together and five French artists are known here where one of any other land is familiar. We show

our sense in this, for while the art of other European lands has names, French art has life. Mrs. Clara H. Stranahan, in her "History of French Painting," has written what is in full fact a cyclopædia of French art on this side. Sketching the earlier centuries with a sure and rapid hand, the last hundred years are given with a wealth of detail of information and of critical perspective not to be excelled in the entire field of works devoted to modern art. This treatment reverses the usual rule which gives much to past centuries whose works few Americans see and no American owns, and cuts short the later years and the living painters for whom all care and of whom little is known. Mrs. Stranahan has written a book therefore indispensable to every one whose interests touch our art and which fills a field hitherto empty. It is a book to be read, but it is still more a work which will for years be a quarry of information to all seekers and take its permanent place among the standard works on a great subject.

**

But if an American really wants to know what should be done for art and what can be, he should turn, after reading the last clause of Mrs. Stranahan's book on the \$2,700,000 yearly spent on art in France, and the 280 art galleries in a land as large as New England and the Middle States, which would give Pennsylvania about 70,—to Mr. Thomas Greenwood's short book on "Museums and Art Galleries." In it, our land, the richest in the world, with a fifth of the world's civilized inhabitants, has just 9 pages out of 420, and this is more than its true relative importance, for Mr. Greenwood's work on the continent is very badly done.

**

Mrs. Charles Heaton fifteen years ago published a very convenient "History of Painting," which has just been rewritten and revised by an English art writer, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, and issued by Bohn. It is most useful for that large but somewhat misguided class who acquire information about artists without ever learning to appreciate pictures. Strictly conventional and often narrow, it is accurate within its limits, and gives more than is to be had save in books far more costly.

**

Dr. Henry W. Field never wrote a book of travels which told anything well-informed people did not know or which people not well-informed could not find out in three or four hours in a library. But his books sell, partly because there are so few well-informed people, partly because men and women are never taught how to use books, but only exhorted to read them, and partly because Dr. Field has an agreeable vein of gossip. "Gibraltar" is an admirable subject, and is handled with an air of easy acquaintance with good society in the present and good history in the past, which makes this last of Dr. Field's works as taking as any gone before.

"Ireland Under Coercion," by Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, gives a side of the Irish question which Americans ought to know. It is not the whole of it, it is only one side, and in the main it is the wrong side, but it makes clear much in a struggle which is quite as much a wrestle with what are loosely called the rights of property as a struggle for political rights. Mr. Hurlbert has written much such a book as might have been penned on the economic fruits of the French Revolution, and to Mr. Edmund Burke it would have seemed convincing; but it would have been wrong all the same. The wrongs of centuries are never righted without warming the porridge of a good many scoundrels.

**

Still another side, a very sad side, perhaps, at bottom, and, in fact, the saddest of all sides of Ireland's story, is told by Sister Clare, the "Nun of Kenmare;" and be one's faith what it may, her autobiography must be read with a heavy heart. But where the tree falleth, there it shall be.

**

The analysis and synthesis of force has been for some thirty centuries the most tempting of problems. Mr. Grant Allen in his "Force and Energy" has adventured upon it and his book is a very fair proof how little the massing of parts has done to explain things. But for his terminology, his book might have been written by some Greek philosopher of the atomic school, and like the philosopher's roll, the work will win no note in a day when shrewd theory stands for little save as it is given by a man who adds to fact.

**

As American literature is adding nothing in particular to the world's store, just at present, histories of it naturally come up, and Prof. Charles F. Richardson has furnished an interesting one, in large type and two volumes, which his newspaper experience aids to make readable. It is an agreeable book, with which every one will agree.

**

Dr. James E. Thorold Rogers is one of the few men who have written on economics after, and not before, he had amassed a vast store of facts on the subject. Instead of writing one more of the many books called a new "Political Economy," he has written the "Economic Interpretation of History." As it stands, it is in itself and by itself, the one most important work on the subject written in English. It is hard reading and long reading. Few but students will ever bore through its pages; but they answer more questions than all the prophets from Smith to Fawcett. He makes a customary English blunder on American Protection, but this is because he is unwise enough in dealing with a foreign land to trust to hearsay and not to the sedulous study of statistics. Their study in his own land blinds him now and then to the sides of national life, no census notes. But take it all and all, his book is a great monument built with skill and toil and crowned with keen thought.

THE HIGHEST MISSION OF ROMANCE.

In all ages poetry has affirmed something of this sort, but it remained for ours to perceive it and express it somehow in every form of literature. But this is only one phase of the devotion of the best literature of our time to the service of humanity. No book written with a low or cynical motive could succeed now, no matter how brilliantly written; and the work done in the past to the glorification of mere passion and power, to the deification of self, appears monstrous and hideous. The romantic spirit worshipped genius, worshipped heroism, but at its best, in such a man as Victor Hugo, this spirit recognized the supreme claim of the lowest humanity. Its error was to idealize the victims of society, to paint them impossibly virtuous and beautiful; but truth, which has succeeded to the highest mission of romance, paints these victims as they are, and bids the world consider them not because they are beautiful and virtuous, but because they are ugly and vicious, cruel, filthy, and only not altogether loathsome because the divine can never wholly die out of the human. The truth does not find these victims among the poor alone, among the hungry, the houseless, the ragged; but it also finds them among the rich, cursed with the aimlessness, the satiety, the despair of wealth, wasting their lives in a fool's paradise of shows and semblances, with nothing real but the misery that comes of insincerity and selfishness.

William Dean Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

ECONOMIC LITERATURE.

The time has passed when writers upon this theme are without a reading audience. Now, the average boy and girl are roused to a study of economic problems, and every man and woman deals in a thoroughly scientific way with statistics. The ablest efforts at elucidation of the topic appear in the monographs of the American Economic Association. The last six cover the following subjects. "The Mediaeval Guilds of England;" "The Relation of Modern Municipalities to Quasi-Public Works;" "Statistics in Colleges" "Sociology;" "The Legal

Tender Decisions;" "Capital and its Earnings;" "The Manual Labor Class;" "Mine Labor in the Hocking Valley."

The reports of our several State and National bureaus of labor statistics are marvelously interesting. As the reports are sent free, even including postage in some cases, to any students of social problems who will take the trouble to write to the commissioners for them, no one need go without a full knowledge of facts.

Among the quarterlies may be mentioned *The Political Science Quarterly*, edited by the Columbia Faculty and issued by Ginn & Co., New York, and *The Quarterly Journal of Economics*, edited at Harvard and issued by George H. Ellis, of Boston.

Atkinson on Bimetallism in Europe reads as pleasantly as a romance.

Two economic articles in the "Britannica," which attracted much attention last year, have been reprinted in book-form.

"The History of Political Economy," by Professor Ingram has taken rank as the best of its kind in English. "An Inquiry into Socialism" by Kirkup gives an excellent interpretation of his subject.

Rae's recent articles in the August and September numbers of the *Contemporary*, and Mallock's in the *Fortnightly*, 1887, are worth close reading and careful thought.

Walker's "Political Economy" compares favorably with all other works on the subject as a treatise suitable for general reference, and for a text-book for schools. "The National Revenues," edited by Dr. Shaw conveys the views of the Economic Teachers of our leading colleges and universities. It is interesting to note in all these a charming freedom from dogmatism.

"Taxation in American States and Cities" is the best and most practical book in the English language in its own department. By R. T. Ely, Ph. D.

Following in a line, and deserving honorable mention comes the crowd of thoughtful writers. "A History of Political Economy," J. K. Ingram; "Principles of the Economic Philosophy of Society, Government and Industry," Van Buren Denslow; "Relation of the Tariff to Wages," David A. Wells; "Friendly Letters to American Farmers and Others," J. S. Moore; "Tariff Chats," Henry J. Philpott; "The Tariff and its Evils," John H. Allen; "The Tariff History of the United States," F. U. Tussig; "Industrial Liberty," John M. Bonham; "The Social Influence of Christianity," David J. Hill; "Wealth and Progress," George Punton.

"Die Gred" is the title of a new novel by Georg Ebers, the author of so many picturesque romances. "Die Gred" is a story of old Nuremberg. Ebers, who was so much at home when writing of ancient Egypt, is even more so when writing of Nuremberg in the fifteenth century.

ZOLA ON ZOLA.

It was my good fortune to be received at Médan Villa Maugeret, the residence of the master of naturalistic literature. I expected to see a stately and corpulent gentleman, quite inflated with his prodigious and rapid success, and hardly willing to condescend to converse with your special correspondent. I was mistaken, and my apprehension soon vanished. The servant unceremoniously introduced me into the presence of the pontiff, after having previously taken in my card. I stepped, not without a certain emotion, into the room that was shown me. This is the shrine of modern naturalism, the workshop, so to speak, where "Le Ventre de Paris," "Au Bonheur des Dames," "L'Assommoir," "Nana," "Germinal," "L'Œuvre," and scores of other wonderful productions that were to astound the world and shock the prejudices of the refined *littérati*, first saw the light. I was about to bury myself in reflection when a strong and yet harmonious voice—quite sympathetic to my ear—recalled me from my brief reverie. "Bonjour, monsieur, veuillez vous asseoir!" I looked up; a burly bourgeois, dressed in a light grey suit, and wearing his hair after the fashion of artists, was standing before me and as one, if he were English, might say, taking stock of me through his eye-glass so persistently stuck on his nose that it seems to form an integral part of his features. This was Emile Zola, the very writer whose audacious works, after exciting universal reprobation, are now sold in hundreds of thousands and translated into all the languages of Europe. He is a strongly-built man, of rather heavy carriage; his eyes are sharp and intelligent, his powerful forehead denotes an observer and a thinker; his round face is buried in his thick, dark beard with here and there a few grey hairs. Although by no means handsome, Zola has the very appearance of what you would term a jolly and genial fellow. After the exchange of the usual compliments, my eminent host inquired how his works were received by the English public. I told him, not wishing to hurt him by telling him the plain facts, that few people in England read his works, seeing that the English versions were published in too expensive a form. "This is not a satisfactory reply," said he. "You seem ignorant of the fact that my works are seldom intended to be read by the persons whose vices or errors I seek to correct by exposing them. They are addressed to men of education. They are critical essays intended for those in whose power it is to remedy existing social evils. Even in Paris the working men and mechanics who have read 'L'Assommoir,' or 'Nana,' are certainly in the minority; as for those who really understand my purpose in writing those works, they are assuredly very rare exceptions amongst the laboring classes." Do you sincerely believe that there are many peasants who read "La Terre?" "If some—very few—ever read it, they did so merely to gratify the

classes, prefer reading me in French to being obliged to go through a trashy and often inaccurate translation!" What could I say?

Paris Correspondent of London Bookseller.

ON THE MAKING OF A NOVEL.

When the *locale*, the *raison d'être* and the characters of a novel have all been determined upon, there remains a comparatively minor process which some people most unduly exaggerate as to its importance. I mean the construction of the tale, arrangement of its various incidents, concoction of the incidents themselves—all, in brief, that may be included under the name "invention." This is the lowest faculty that a literary man may possess; in fact, it may truthfully be said of invention, as regards plot or situation, that it is not a literary quality at all. Nearly all the masters of their craft have been lacking in it and not a few feeble writers have been endowed with it in great abundance.

Edgar Fawcett, in the Philadelphia Press.

TO TENNYSON.

[After reading the "May Queen" and the "Grandmother" to an audience of outcasts in London.]

Poet of love, thou hast the master-key
Of human hearts, to open the secret cells
Where choked 'neath hate and sin and shame there dwells

The hidden germ that languished save for thee—
As when the sailor, leaving the open sea,
Hears on the breeze that brings the sweet shore smells
The strange-familiar sound of Sabbath bells,
His thoughts shake off the moment's cares and flee
To scenes and days of boyhood, and he sighs
To think how happy were those unprized years :—
So these poor strugglers in the toils of sin,
Touched by thy words, have welcomed in their eyes,
The coming-back of long-estranged tears—
"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Paget Toynbee, in London Academy.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

George Meredith was born in Hampshire, in the year 1828. His parents died when he was quite young, and left him to be educated as a ward in Chancery. Of these parents little has been told the general public; but it is said that the blood of working ancestors flows in Meredith's veins, and perhaps this accounts for the sympathetic insight with which many of his homely characters are drawn. * * * Mr. Meredith's early married life was fraught with much that was bitter. He married a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, who is now remembered as an English humorist, author of "Headlong Hall" and "Crochet Castle." His wife was a singularly brilliant and witty woman; and her death after twelve years of marriage closed a tragic chapter of his life, which he has never willingly opened even for friends to read. One son was the fruit of this union, who is said to have inherited some of his father's literary tastes, and now lives in Italy.

After a period of loneliness Mr. Meredith married again, and for many years lived a quiet, frugal, hard-working life with his second wife, in their pretty little cottage, which is situated at the foot of Box Hill, in one of the loveliest valleys of the Surrey Downs. But again, two years ago, Death came into his peaceful home, and again he was bereft of a most satisfying love. His second wife lies buried in the churchyard close by his cottage, and he speaks with quiet content of soon going to rest beside her. Two children, a daughter now about seventeen, and a son of two and twenty, who is an electrical engineer, still live with him. For the sake of this daughter, of whom Mr. Meredith is devotedly fond, he is now beginning to come out from his solitary retirement, and is occasionally present at social festivities. There is no dinner-table in the country where he is not a welcome and honored guest. The novelist's home life is simple and frugal. He was at one time a vegetarian, and he rarely drinks wine except with guests. He dines contentedly on the plainest fare, and is personally indifferent to the material pleasures of life. "Contented poverty" he looks upon with great respect; and, as an author, he has never yielded a hair's breadth to the temptation of pandering to false literary taste for the sake of increasing his income.

George Meredith's cottage stands in a pretty garden upon the side of a hill. On a higher level within the garden he has built himself a little *chalet*; this contains only two rooms, a bedroom and a study, for his own private use, and stands under hanging woods on a terrace which commands a beautiful and far-reaching view of the neighboring hills. Here, surrounded by his books, he spends his days, going down to the cottage about eleven o'clock for what takes the place of a mid-day meal; and again, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, for a walk, which brings him home for dinner. He then remains with his family for an hour or two, returning to his solitude before ten

o'clock to read until midnight. When guests stay at the cottage, as they often do, nothing in the usual routine is altered. But the host himself, and the kindly spirit of hospitality which pervades the home life, are the entertainment towards which every guest looks forward with happy expectation, and backward with pleasant memories. Then the talk is always interesting, sometimes brilliant; for Mr. Meredith is said to talk even better than he writes. The spontaneous charm of his speech cannot be caught on paper. The peculiarities of his style are modified, and much that is displeasing when written down becomes agreeable in the wider range of spoken words. Links of meaning are supplied with sparkles all the brighter for the greater freedom. Face, gestures, laughter, and tones of voice, add a lucid commentary to the whole. When the guests are men, the evenings are finished upon the terrace of the study in fine weather, in the study itself in winter. Some special literary work takes Mr. Meredith to London once a week. Then at the "Garrick Club" the talking parties are renewed. There the brilliant novelist is easily recognized as one of the best talkers of the day.

Nature gave George Meredith a robust and vigorous physique; but, partly by work, and partly by the experiments he is fond of trying upon his health, he has now become delicate, and in appearance he is described as seeming older than his years would indicate. In his younger days he was fond of walking, and he still enjoys a stretch over the downs. He used to say that he felt himself "pedestrian monarch of every country at which he looked." The Surrey Downs have been walked over and talked over by him hundreds of times.

From R. F. Gilman's Introduction to "The Pilgrim's Scrip."

THE NEW DANGERS OF SENSATIONAL FICTION.

Life and religion, one and the other, are being swept along by the wind of fashion just now, and it must be that shortly we shall be overwhelmed by the gathering whirlwind. The most popular novel of the season makes life one wild rush of passion; impulse is mistaken for strength, love is degraded to the lowest plane, heaven itself is brought down to the level of a Mohammedan paradise. The even tenor of a woman's days is exchanged for an existence of leaps and jerks; clothes become "vital with emotion," and even such stolid things as houses and furniture grow "instinct with suffering"—whatever that may mean—in this new life of the soul. It is but a trifle in the midst of more serious matters, that complete changes of wardrobe must needs be ready for every changing mood, and that whole suites of apartments must be dismantled and refurbished in the brief hours of a single night, lest the surroundings fall out of harmony with a sudden phase of feeling. Even blessed sleep,

it would seem, has grown a trifle critical in these artistic days, and comes not for all our wooing until we change the bedstead! All this is somewhat trying and inconvenient as a rule of life, but we must make shift to follow on as best we can. How shall it be, again, but that happily married readers shall question the vows they have paid at the altar, if, mayhap, they were repeated vows? A book full of storm and struggle to prove that second marriages are bigamous may well unsettle its admirers, and cause much foolish rending of heart. "Fools rush in," we know of old; but what of the consequences when they draw after them long trains of "silly women," to invade the holy places? Yet these lesser and greater evils are but incidental to the view of life presented in such a book as "The Quick, or the Dead?" Its fair author is reported to have said that nearly a thousand women have written to Barbara's creator in gratitude and sympathy. This, then, is the type of woman the uncounted, silent multitude is emulating, and these less contained ones are admiring. We shall shortly see our young, unformed, all-ignorant girls making a religion of their emotions, regulating life by their impulses, acting out every whim born of the sky or the rain, turning passion into play and play into passion, shaming Venus herself in her own bowers!

But as if it were not enough to smirch the sanctity of the life that now is, we must tear asunder the bonds that bind us to heaven. Again at the bidding of a woman, we are called upon to see the dread result of too much religion. It is difficult to discover just what "John Ward" was intended to teach. Perhaps its clearest teaching is the vigorous lesson of the holy duty of meddling. But further than that, Helen, who has no religion at all except to pick apart that of other people, is the patron saint of the book; John, who certainly believes in his faith and has the courage of his convictions, is its Mephistopheles. Let us all give up our faiths, and teach those about us to give up theirs, and let us—what shall we do? There does not seem to be much answer at hand. Many a half-thinker will confound John Ward's temperament with his faith, and glorify Helen's disposition into the religion of which she had not a scrap, but which she so sorely needed. And meanwhile the morbid conscience of him—or more likely her—who has somewhat confusedly based holy living on certain long-believed and never-scrutinized doctrines, suddenly finds itself confronted with the manoeuvres of a sham battle of beliefs. Uncounted damage is like to result in the destruction of the mimic forces; in faith shaken and courage daunted by a fight that means nothing, a defeat where the enemy are but friends clothed for the time in the garments of an imaginary hostility.

Still worse harm is threatened by that other novel of the day, "Robert Elsmere." One hundred thousand copies of it are already scattering their seeds of difficulty in every sort of mental soil. People who do not know the meaning of testimony are forthwith

convinced that the Scriptures are a cunningly devised fable. Men and women who never dreamed a doubt are throwing overboard the faith they have suddenly discovered it shows mental weakness to hold. The boyish student learns that intellectual "good form" requires him to be a skeptic, and that it is pure unadulterated Philistinism to believe anything. The specious and unanswered arguments of the marionettes whose lips speak the changing accents of one voice, the difficulties writ large and wanting the solution which is hidden away or pushed round the corner—these things and more of their kith and kin have set out in serried ranks to destroy the faith of the world. The fascinated reader does not stop to discover that lack of sympathetic appreciation has led the writer, with all her care, into much misrepresentation of life and thought and belief; that the dramatic necessities have enabled her to avoid real argument, and to leave great gaps in her proofs. In fact, few of her readers are trained theologians, to discover at the first glimpse that the writer herself is not, and to meet her supreme assumption with flat denial, or to remind her that many of her chief positions are long since answered and forgotten. Nor is it by any means a small matter that this novel is made a dividing line in faith. The half-convinced are carried along without reflection by its force and power to a destination they never would have reached alone, and do not at all comprehend. The doubtful are suddenly decided, they know not why. The perplexed are made sure of, they know not what. "Do you agree with Robert Elsmere?" is become a sort of shibboleth for both severe creed and vague liberality, and for good or ill a whole is adopted or forsaken because a part seems to be true or false. Thus the gravest and most difficult questions of thought and belief are determined by the charms of a hero, or the exigencies of a plot, and religion itself becomes a matter of snap judgment.

The sensational novel is no less a firebrand in drawing-room or library than in the nursery.

Anna L. Dawes, in the Critic.

AMERICA'S POET.

When Rydal's Poet, in his zenith hour,
Breathed his Immortal Ode, or sang his strain
By Tintern's walls,—what height did he attain
That dwarfs the measure of our Bryant's power,
Brooding his Death-Thought? When the Acadian flower
Bloomed in "Evangeline," whose joy and pain
Stirred all a nation's soul,—was sad Elaine
Sweeter or tenderer in her sylvan bower?

When a whole continent thrilled at Whittier's call;
Or smiled, delighted, o'er the wondrous "Shay;"
Or heard "The Raven" croak; or owned a fear
When Poe's weird touch held every heart in thrall;
Or clapped its hands at Biglow's trenchant way,—
What need to ask, "Have we a Poet here?"

Margaret J. Preston, in the Critic.

SELF-CRITICISM.

Albert Dürer wrote calmly to one who had found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done." Hazlitt speaks thus of his "Table-Talks": "I could swear (were they not mine) the thoughts in many of them are founded as a rock, free as air, the tone like an Italian picture." When John Dryden was congratulated on the beauty of his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," he answered, "You are right: a nobler ode was never produced, and never will be." John G. Saxe, coming out one day from the sanctum of the *Boston Post*, said exultingly to the first friend he met, "I have just left with Colonel Greene the finest sonnet that has been written since the days of Sir John Suckling." When Hogarth was at work upon his "Marriage à la Mode" he told Reynolds that the world would soon be gratified "with such a sight as it had never seen equaled." Baron Bunsen tells us that calling once upon Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, he found him greatly depressed. He had lately finished his "Christ" for Copenhagen, and he believed that his genius had reached its full height and must now begin to decline. "I have never before," he explained, "been satisfied with any of my works: I am satisfied with this, and shall never have a great idea again." George Eliot said that she never finished a novel without throwing aside her pen in the despairing belief that she could never write another line. "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" was Swift's cry over the "Tale of a Tub" in the sad days when he had become a driveller and a show.

Lippincott's Magazine.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Like all French authors who have won success, M. de Maupassant is as far removed from Grub Street conditions as a Cardinal. He writes in rooms tropical in their luxuriance, frequents the most fashionable salons, and has a villa on the Norman Coast. Here is Miss Roosevelt's description of him: "In personal appearance Guy de Maupassant is of medium height, solid, well-built and has the bearing of a soldier; he has a fine characteristic Norman head (for he is a Norman, born in 1850, of a noble family near Dieppe), with the straight line from neck to crane which we see in the medallions of the old Conquest warriors; his forehead is low, rather too heavily lined; and his hair, brown and wavy, is now, combed straight in the fashion of the modern Roman youth.

Critic.

HOW SOME POEMS WERE WRITTEN.

Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.

General Lyle wrote his beautiful composition, "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."

"After the Ball," the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to achieve in the pages of a noted magazine.

Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot, instead of in a retired dwelling in Derbyshire.

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a Winter's night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house (a stranger to him), walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a bar-room. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and, enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

The Library.

TO AN OLD BOOK.

Old book forlorn, compile of ancient thought,
Now bought and sold, and once more sold and bought,
At last left stranded, where in time I spied,
Borne thither by an impecunious tide;
Well thumb'd, stain-mark'd, but new and dear to me,
My purse and thy condition well agree.
I saw thee, yearned, then took thee to my arms,
For fellowship in misery has charms.
How long, I know not, thou hadst lain unscanned,
Thy mellow leaves forsook by loving hand—
For there thou wast beneath a dusty heap,
Unknown. I raised thee, therefore let me reap
A harvest from thy treasures. Thee I found,
Thee I'll cherish; e'en tho' new friends abound,
I'll still preserve thee as the years go round.

Edgar Greenleaf Bradford, in Mail and Express.

THE COMPILER OF "FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS."

I wonder what Alphonse Daudet, with all his scorn for the dryas dust mouser among books whom he has satirized in "L'Immortel," would think of a certain little grayhaired, bespectacled man in one of the big Boston publishing-houses, to whom we owe the "Shakspeare Phrase Book" and the book of "Familiar Quotations." The special work which John Bartlett has accomplished is prodigious; and if he guessed, despite M. Daudet, one half the gratitude which every editor and journalist in the country feels toward him, it might recompense him more perhaps than the profits he has received from the multiplied editions of his handbooks. Save for the assistance of one person in the mechanical part of the work, Mr. Bartlett has compiled the "Phrase Book" wholly himself—an Herculean task, which few people can fully appreciate. After each quotation had been written on a separate slip of paper and verified, the collection was sent to the printer; and on the receipt of the proofs, each quotation was again compared with the original for re-verification before the pages were made-up—a painstaking which to the careless reader, but to him only, might seem supererogatory. Arranging the entries alphabetically, numbering the pages and preparing the indexes, appendices, and comparative readings—all these *minutiae* were attended to by the same brain and hand.

The Lounger, in the Critic.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Laurence Oliphant, the author and traveler, died on the 23d of December, at the residence of Sir Grant Duff, at Twickenham, England. Mr. Oliphant had been ill for some months and his death was expected. Laurence Oliphant was born in England in 1829. He was the son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, Chief Justice of Ceylon. He went to India when quite young, and visited the Nepaulese court, and published in 1852 a description of this visit, under the title "A Journey to Katmandhu; or the Nepaulese Ambassador at Home." He studied law at Edinburgh and was admitted to the Scotch and afterward to the English bar. In 1852 he made a journey through Russia and the Crimea, an account of which tour appeared in 1853 as "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea." He was appointed private secretary to the late Earl of Elgin, then governor general of Canada, and in 1855 published an account of his travels in the United States and Canada, called "Minnesota and the Far West." Soon after a pamphlet on the Crimean war, "The Coming Campaign," was published. In 1856 appeared his "Transcaucasian Campaign under Omer Pasha." Mr. Oliphant accompanied the late Lord Elgin as private secretary and historiographer on his special embassy to China in 1857, and in 1860 published "A Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and

Japan, in 1857-59," and in the same year "Patriots and Filibusters: Incidents of Travel."

In 1861, he was made *chargé d'affaires* in Japan, where he was dangerously wounded by assassins. In 1865, he was returned to Parliament for the Stirling burghs, but resigned in 1868, when he joined the semi-religious community of the "Brotherhood of the New Life," at Portland, New York, where he remained for about two years. He was correspondent of the London *Times* in Paris at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, and from 1873-75 was manager of the American interest of the Direct Cable Company. He published in 1870 "Piccadilly: a Fragment of Contemporaneous Biography." Following this came "The Tender Recollections of Irene Magillicuddy," in 1878; "The Land of Gilead," in 1881; and "Altiora Peto," in 1883.

Several years ago Mr. Oliphant went to Palestine, and with his wife made his home at Haifa. There he devoted himself to Bible and historical study. The result of this and his observations of the people was "Haifa; or Life in Modern Palestine," published in 1886. Since then with the assistance of his wife, he has published two works of a religious nature entitled "Pysmpneumata" and "Scientific Religion."

BOOK NEWS for October, 1888, contains a review taken from the *Saturday Review* of the latter remarkable work.

Mr. Oliphant wrote an account of his varied and adventurous career in "Episodes in a Life of Adventure" published two years ago.

"HAVE YOU READ ROBERT —?"

"Have you read Robert——?" Stop!
In mercy spare me, just *this* time.
Ask if I've committed any crime
Since last we met—if all are well
At home—speak of the rainy spell,
Election frauds, Lord Sackville's woe—
"Progressive schemes," perhaps, but, O!
Pray hesitate ere you begin
The same old query that my kith and kin
Have uttered fifty times this year,
"Have you read Robert Elsmere?"

Have I read Robert——? Yes,
Thank heaven! the deed is done!
At last I've read it, though it weighed a ton,
Now, when a friend I chance to meet,
In church, theatre, or upon the street,
I shall not rush into a store,
Or turn aside as oft before
Lest I should hear that everlasting same—
"Have you read Robert—what's his name?"
But bow and say with eager zest,
"I've read your Robert, and he needs a rest."

M. G. H. in Boston Transcript.

REVIEWS.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP;

OR, WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE MEREDITH. With selections from his poetry, and an introduction. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

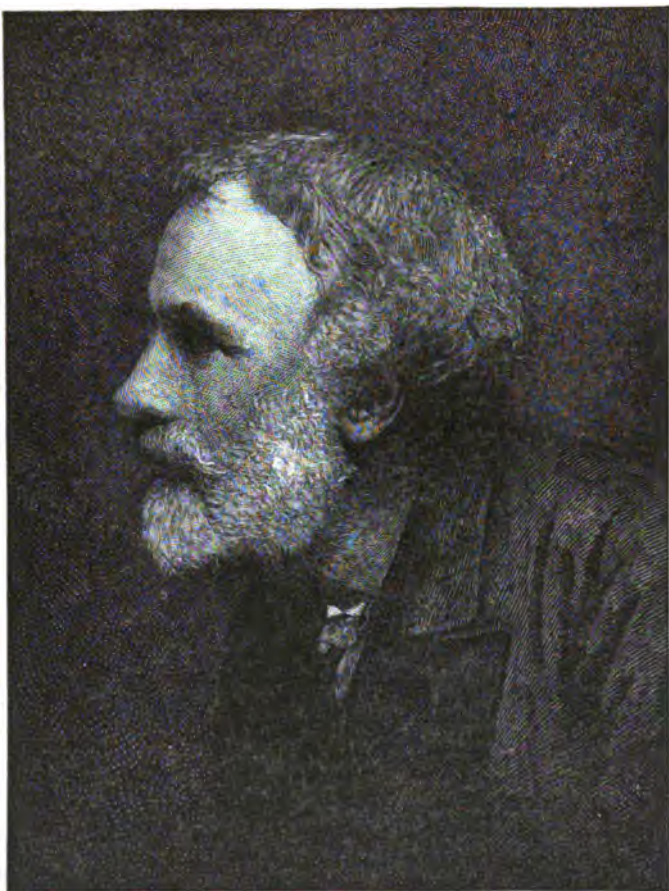
If one may say it, there is a movement brewing to "Browningize" the works of George Meredith. Already the "Meredith cult" is spoken of; we are told, with considerable awe and mystery, that here is "rich ore that must be mined," and the impression is made that only those gifted with a kind of *clairvoyance* need venture into the mine with the hope of finding treasure. This assertion of a kind of mental superiority in the disciples is always a forerunner in New England of the organization of "clubs" and "circles" where the elect meet to glorify the works of the Master. That Meredith, the bitter satirist of Systems and Fine Shades and Nice Feelings, should himself be made a fetic in the temple of these idols is an incongruity that calls for Voltarian ridicule. We had hoped that this spirit would be wanting in "The Pilgrim's Scrip." But the fifty pages of Introduction are filled with Brahminical utterances, of which the following are examples: "He is a coiner of brilliant phrases, which he throws at us with all the insolence of prodigality"; "They are collections of precious stones, gathered, from an experience which is world-wide;" "Both Meredith and Browning recognize the full 'value and significance of flesh;'" "Mr. Meredith's conception of the spiritual life is less tangible and less personal than that of Mr. Browning;" "It is no theological anthropomorphic, or even incarnate deity that brings Meredith strength and peace"; "He has a vast ungoverned fury of creative energy."

This is probably the kind of exegesis which the Cult want, and if it helps them to a right appreciation of Meredith, they ought to have it. They will probably never see that almost everything which he has written is a protest against that culture which has for its only fruit a species of sentimentalism which delights in Fine Shades and Systems, and dwarfs the natural man. The collection of aphorisms, epigrams and philosophical reflections which makes the bulk of this little book, is fairly well chosen, from the compiler's point of view. It will be more interesting to

one well read in Meredith than enticing to the neophyte. The samples give as dim an idea of his novels as a specimen brick gives of a cathedral.

Meredith is great enough to stand this sort of thing from the Disciples. They are of the kind who judge an organ from the rich carving of its case and gilding of its pipes.

The most interesting part of the introduction is the biographical sketch, which gives a glimpse of the author's personality. It is a pardonable curiosity in his admirers to want to know more of him. The impression made by these few facts is that



George Meredith

Meredith is much like Henry James's "Author of Beltraffio." The coincidence is striking enough to lead to speculation in regard to how much James knew of Meredith, years ago, when "Beltraffio" was written.

Droch in Life.

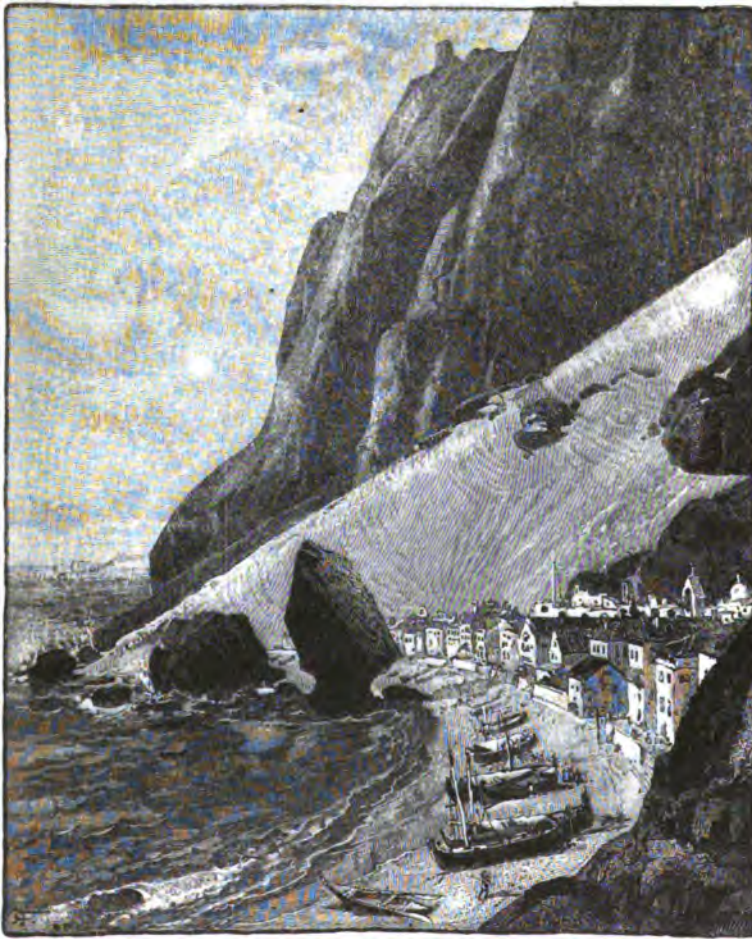
—George McDonald is preparing to publish a new novel, its title being "Of Our Blood."

GIBRALTAR.

By Henry M. Field. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

As a topographical or historical guide-book, Dr. Henry M. Field's "Gibraltar" is a work of the very first order. By the aid of wood-cuts and maps he places vividly before the reader the outward aspects of the great historical fortress; but we cannot help thinking that his description of the famous siege of 1779-'83 is the finest passage in the book. The narrative is animated and picturesque, and full justice is done to Gen. Eliott, the commander of the garrison, and one of the noblest characters in British history.

N. Y. Sun.



From "Gibraltar."

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S ESSAYS.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. By Matthew Arnold. Second series. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

This second series of essays from the pen of Mr. Matthew Arnold, although offered to the public in its present shape some time after his death, was arranged by Mr. Arnold himself, and, therefore, in his opinion, represented matters that he regarded as of permanent

worth. The volume will scarcely make the same decided impression that was made by the first series published under the title of "Essays in Criticism," for by this time the public is abundantly familiar, not only with Mr. Arnold's style and his habitual modes of thought, but it understands, as it did not when the first collection of essays was published, his limitations. We are not sure, however, that the judgment of posterity will not favor this second series above the first. The nine essays contained in the volume are not only eminently characteristic of their author, as regards the delightful lucidity of their style, but also as regards Mr. Arnold's disposition—a disposition which grew upon him as he advanced in years—to consider but one phase of a subject, while seeming to consider it at large and, at times, to abandon the matter of first importance, in order to expend his energies on things of quite minor consequence and quite minor interest. The essays in this collection which represent most adequately the best of Matthew Arnold, are that entitled "The Study of Poetry," which is so full of large appreciation, and large suggestiveness, that no lover of poetry can afford to leave it unread, or after reading it, omit to reperuse it any time; the essay on Milton, that on Thomas Gray, that on Count Leo Tolstói, and that on Amiel. The essay on Keats can scarcely be regarded as entirely adequate, and it is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Arnold did not alter, and perhaps expand, his magazine review of certain publications with regard to Keats into an essay more entirely worthy of its subject. The essay on Shelley is even less satisfactory. This is a review of Dowden's "Life of Shelley," and we agree with Mr. Arnold in his opinions as to the imperfections of that work, and also that the Shelley-Godwin-Byron-Clairmont set

were a queer lot, without regarding the essay as such a representation with regard to Shelley and his claims to respectful consideration as we feel that we have a right to expect in a permanent collection of essays from the pen of such a writer as Matthew Arnold. It is impossible, however, in reviewing these two essays and especially in reviewing them in connection with the companion essays on Wordsworth and Byron, to

resist the conclusion that Mr. Arnold had no real sympathy with the poetry of either Keats or Shelley, and that, in his heart of hearts, he grudged such acknowledgments of merit as he gave with regard to them. The essays of Wordsworth and Byron were written for the purpose of prefacing the selections from those poets which were edited some time ago by Mr. Arnold, but they have considerable value apart from the immediate purpose of their making, and, that on Wordsworth, especially, is exceedingly valuable, not only as an exposition of Mr. Arnold's poetical philosophy, but as a demonstration of the proper claims of Wordsworth to be numbered among the immortals.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

EDMUND KEAN.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF EDMUND KEAN TRAGEDIAN, 1787-1833. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy, 2 vols. 8vo, \$4.00; by mail, \$4.28.

We have rarely read a more fascinating biography than J. Fitzgerald Molloy's new life of the great tragedian—great in genius but diminutive in size—Edmund Kean, though one cannot but fancy that more romantic coloring has been thrown over the "adventures" than the "life" well warranted. Mr. Molloy's first purpose, evidently, was to write a readable book such as his "Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington," "Court-Life below Stairs," and "London under Charles II." To do this he has cultivated a vivacious style, a fondness for anecdote and *bon mot*, and a passion for out-of-the-way reading, which fill his books with pleasant things while at the same time they sometimes communicate a suspicious flavor of "romance," as above hinted at. The style is often incorrect and hurried but always easy and fluent. A book like this would delightfully serve the purposes of the extra-illustrator; for alas! there are no illustrations except the face of Kean in gilt on the back.

No more remarkable career than Kean's not even Thespis's—anywhere distinguishes the annals of the stage. Of dubious birth, to start with, though rich in streaks of hereditary genius descended to him, left-handedly, from the gay Saville, Lord Halifax, and his father's Irish kin, Edmund Kean was a waif from the beginning and went through a life as picturesque and varied, as "speckled and spotted" as Molière's. He was an illegitimate child, marked from the first, like so many such, with the "bar sinister," the brand of genius. For years he was a *gamin* running about London streets; a mountebank in rags, a harlequin in many colors; a tumbler at the circus; a tight-rope dancer, boxer, clown, athlete, punchinello—anything and everything, in short, that would bring him in a half-penny. Sometimes he ran away from his poor bedizened mother (who alternately acted and sold perfumes to fashionable ladies for a support); sometimes he was taken in by kindly folk who cleaned and fed him, and whom he was delighted to compen-

sate with his powers of recitation, wonderful even when he was a boy. Then he fled to sea, or joined a strolling company (like poor Goldsmith), or recited in inns and barns for a copper or a lodging; always sure that his genius would one day be recognized, and feeling within him the growth of vivid dramatic power, often misunderstood and laughed at. Such was his early training—a hard school; full of bitter herbs and unpalatable experiences.

At length, however, a turn of the wheel came. The manager of Drury Lane Theatre happened in on one of his performances in the provinces, unknown to Kean, and was so pleased with the nascent dramatic *vis* of the young man that he offered him an engagement at the great metropolitan theatre. Small yet ardent, diminutive yet supple and passionate as a serpent, with glittering eyes, melodious voice, and fine Italian features—all over fire, magnetism, imagination,—Kean began with Richard III and Shylock, Othello and Iago alternately, Macbeth and finally Sir Giles Overreach and Lear, a series of performances—of interpretations, rather—such as had never, perhaps, been witnessed on the English stage even in the times of Garrick. It was, as Coleridge said, "like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." Kean was essentially a poet instinct to the finger-tips with intuitive conceptions of what was true and natural in the characters he represented, and the superb vivacity and versatility of his acting were in such sharp contrast to the lifeless posing and attitudinizing of Kemble at the rival theatre that the whole town went wild. Byron, Hazlitt, Mrs. Garrick—all the critics and notabilities besieged Drury Lane, and English acting, which seemed almost at its last sputter with the retirement of Mrs. Siddons, shot up as if by magic, revived, and soon showed a splendor and plentitude which it had never known. A new and wonderful school of art sprang up as if by enchantment. Miss O'Neill, Macready, Mathews, Junius Brutus Booth and others contested with Kean for supremacy; yet no one produced such effects as the Bohemian boy, the once despised and rejected stroller who had wandered over the United Kingdom and starved in nearly every large city in it.

All this, as well as much else, Mr. Molloy brings out vividly in this moving story of a great genius wrecked ultimately by ill-health, drink, dissipation, and premature suffering. Kean is the central figure of the picture, but charming side-lights play about him; his contemporaries are fully brought in, and much new material throws illumination into this or that shadowy corner not hitherto fully explored. Withal Kean was a man of many admirable traits of character; generous to a fault, never forgetting a kindness, sturdily independent, truly charitable. He threw into the stage a passion rivalled only by that of the incomparable Siddons, while in private life he was loved and mourned by many as a type of manhood, helpfulness, and goodness of heart. *The Critic.*

THE PHILISTINES.

BY ARLO BATES. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

If Mr. Arlo Bates's story of "The Pagans" caused a commotion in the aesthetic circles of the modern Athens, it may be surmised that his new story, "The Philistines," will renew and even extend the agitation. Whether it is the distinct purpose of Mr. Bates to satirize the intellectual movements of the modern Athenians is perhaps not quite certain, though it cannot be doubted that he entertains a desire to chasten these his friends, and it may be admitted that the chastening is decidedly severe. The Pagans are the young artists and men of letters. The Philistines—at least such of them as specially interest Mr. Bates—are grown-up and sophisticated Pagans. Arthur Fenton the painter, and Fred Rangeley, the novelist, are the shocking examples of this kind of metamorphosis. They hunger and thirst after the patronage of the established Philistia. From their forlorn refuges in Bohemia they look forth, and begin to envy the things and the people upon which and upon whom they have so long sharpened their wits. The wicked old world, in short, claims them for its own, and according to their idiosyncracies, either openly and cynically, or under the cloak of false pretences, they pass over to respectability, conventionalism, and the region of steady incomes and dinners every day.

Sometimes, like Fenton, they frankly declare what drew them; sometimes, like Rangeley, they try to keep up the appearance of Paganism, while living the Philistine life. In all cases, however, they find it impossible to disembarass themselves of an uneasiness which belongs to the "burden of an honor into which they were not born." Philistia, it is true, receives and pets and pays them. It buys their pictures and novels, opens its parlor and dining-rooms to them, and in a more or less perfunctory way intimates a desire to be good to them. But with all this is a sense of patronage, which irritates the more sensitive among the transformed Pagans, and degrades the more callous into cads. Mr. Bates handles his theme with pleasing adroitness. He does his spiriting gently. He gives us a capital picture, in his best satiric vein, of a Browning Society reunion. He introduces us to women's luncheons, at which the fair guests and hostesses talk the toploftiest Bostonese with a fluency which is little less than appalling. We feel less certain when he comes to the Boston clubs. Can it be possible—the reader asks himself—that such doings as are described at the St. Felipe Club really ever occur in a Boston institution of the kind? Can a poker scandal convulse one of these superior associations? Nevertheless, the club troubles are amusing, and indeed, Mr. Bates—whom we are glad to find improving in his art from book to book—has afforded so many clear-cut sketches and well-observed social studies in this story that it is not easy to decide which to select for examination.

Though the author is too judicious to insist upon any moral, it is there, just as it is in daily life, for any one who chooses to look for it. The story is a dramatic protest against sham and make-believe culture, and against all the inanities whereby a certain society persuades itself that it is not frivolous and essentially superficial and foolish. It has many strong situations, much admirable dialogue, and we consider it decidedly the best thing Mr. Bates has yet done—a performance creditable to him and encouraging to his friends.

N. Y. Tribune.

FREDERICK THE NOBLE.

THE FATAL ILLNESS OF FREDERICK THE NOBLE.
By Sir Morell Mackenzie. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 89 cents.

It would be incorrect to call this work a defence. In substance, it is an attack made by the English specialist upon his Teutonic colleagues, throwing back into their teeth the charges of incompetence and malpraxis proffered by them, and accusing them openly of distortion of facts and the suppression of important details.

In the introduction to his book, Sir Morell Mackenzie refers to the painful task the writing of this work has been to him, complaining of the calumny and misrepresentation he had to endure in simply trying to do his duty to his patient, and calling attention to the difficulties under which he labored in drawing up this vindication of his professional character, as the Prussian government refused him free access to the State Archives, which contain the protocols of Professor von Schrötte, Dr. Krause and the author, the written refusal of the late Emperor (then Crown Prince) to submit to any other external operation than tracheotomy, the first report of Professor Virchow, and the protocol drawn up by Professors von Bergmann and Gerhardt before Dr. Mackenzie's connection with the case.

The work is divided into three sections: Historical, Controversial and Statistical.

The first part gives the history of the case from Mackenzie's first visit to Berlin till the day of his patient's death. Though principally of interest to doctors, the recital is perfectly intelligible to the average reader, and the author has been singularly successful in avoiding dryness. His affectionate references to the unostentatious heroism of the illustrious sufferer, and his touching tribute to his manly qualities and noble character, must still more endear the memory of Frederick the Noble, German Emperor and King of Prussia, to the world at large, which appreciated and loved him so much better than did his own misguided subjects. * * *

Of the highest interest to doctors and surgeons, Sir Morell Mackenzie's narrative of Emperor Frederick's sufferings will prove of great service to students of contemporary history, and claim the undivided attention of the intelligent layman.

A FAIRY TALE.

THE GOLD OF FAIRNILEE. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated in colors. By T. Scott and E. A. Lemann. 4to, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

If we are to have a fairy tale—and it is quite possible to have many things far less readable—it is well to have the real thing; and this Mr. Andrew Lang has given us in "The Gold of Fairnilee." Every one knows the story of "True Thomas," and how the fairies carried him off to their mysterious realm, and how he came back, and what he had to tell of his experiences. But "True Thomas" belongs to a somewhat remote time, when the powers of fairyland were still flourishing. It is almost startling to find them powerful enough some ten years after the Battle of Flodden to carry off an able-bodied young gentleman. We had thought that they did not survive the invention of the printing-press, though, indeed, the Germans have a story of a mischievous imp that haunts printing-houses, and brings about some of the extraordinary mistakes that no one can account for. But it is a fact, as the present "true history" assures us, that Randal Ker, son of a Scottish Knight who fell at Flodden, having had the rashness to wish, at a certain wishing-well "on a hill between Yarrow and Tweed," that he might meet the fairy queen, was carried off by her to her own dominions, and did not come back till he was a grown man. Now, these disappearances are commonly accounted for after what we may call the manner of Euhemerus, the father of rationalists. The lad who has been spirited away is found to have run off to sea, or been kidnapped, or disposed of in some other commonplace way. There is nothing of the kind here. Randal Ker does actually become a denizen of fairyland, and might have been there to this day, but that he happens to fall in with the water that can dispel the fairyland charm, and make it appear the "forlorn" place that it really is. Here is a fine passage in which this disenchantment is described:

"The gold vanished from the embroidered curtains, the light grew dim and wretched like a misty winter day. The Fairy Queen that had seemed so happy and beautiful in her bright dress, was a weary, pale woman in black, with a melancholy face and melancholy eyes. She looked as if she had been there for thousands of years, always longing for the sunlight and the earth, and the wind and rain. There were sleepy poppies twisted in her hair, instead of a golden crown. And the knights and ladies were changed. They looked but half-alive; and some, in place of their gay green robes, were dressed in rusty mail pierced with spears and stained with blood. And some were in burial-robes of white, and some in dresses torn or dripping with water, or marked with the burning of fire. All were dressed strangely, in some ancient fashion. . . . And their festivals were not of dainty meats, but of cold, tasteless flesh and of beans, and pulse, and such things as the old heathens, before the coming of the Gospel, used to offer to the dead. It was dreadful to see them at such feasts, and dancing and riding, and pretending to be merry with hollow faces and unhappy eyes."

There is something very weirdly suggestive in this. Randal then comes from the realm of fairies, comes back to his mother, and to Nancy, the old nurse, and, above all, to Jean, a fair English girl whom his retainers had carried off some years before from a Border manor-house. And here comes in the "gold of Fairnilee." How it was won, and whether it followed the way of most fairy treasures, and turned with the morning light to dry sticks and withered leaves, the reader must find for himself.

London Spectator.

AMERICAN LITERATURE,

1607-1885. By Charles F. Richardson. In two volumes. Vol. II. American Poetry and Fiction. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.45.

This, the second volume of Mr. Richardson's important work on American literature, amply fulfils the excellent promises made by the first volume. It is devoted to American poetry and fiction, and it seems to us that, while being abundantly appreciative, it nevertheless approaches a subject of no little difficulty and delicacy in a particularly common-sensible and instructive way. Few judicious Americans will be willing to deny the correctness of the opinion recently expressed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, that America has thus far produced no great poetical masterpiece; indeed, most Americans will be quite willing to go further than this and allow that this country has yet produced no great masterpiece of imaginative prose. In truth, as we think, Mr. Richardson very satisfactorily shows, we are, as regards the imaginative side of literary art, still in a condition of development, and it is reasonable to expect that the future will give us works of more importance than the past has done. Mr. Richardson's chapters devoted to Longfellow, Poe and Emerson—in his character of poet—are extremely judicious. These three writers, especially, need to be dealt with, not merely sympathetically, but common-sensibly, while there is a decided disposition, on the one hand, to unduly exalt them, and on the other, to refuse a recognition of their great merits. Mr. Richardson's essay on Poe is especially worthy of cordial commendation. His recognition of Poe as most distinctly the one born artist among the American poets is an eminently proper one; for, although the residuum of Poe's entirely worthy work may be very small indeed, yet it has that within it of poetical quality which is lacking, at least in the same degree, in the writings of any other American maker of verses. The chapter on Poe would give distinction to the book were it even less worthy than it is otherwise, and it will merit the careful perusal of all who have permitted their estimates of Poe to be governed by the disparagements of those who will allow him no other merit than that of a writer of jingle, or the laudations, on the other hand, of those who make claims with regard to him that are essentially absurd.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE MENDELSSOHN-MOSCHELES CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN TO IGNAZ AND CHARLOTTE MOSCHELES. Translated from the originals in his possession, and edited by Felix Moscheles. Illustrated. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.46.

The publication in *Scribner's Magazine*, last February and March, of extracts from the letters which Mendelssohn wrote to his friend and teacher, Ignaz Moscheles, aroused a desire for the entire collection among that larger class of readers who take special delight in reading the letters of men of mark. That wish is now answered by the appearance of the letters, translated into English by Felix Moscheles, son of the distinguished musician, to whom they were sent, and namesake of the more famous writer. In a stout volume of over three hundred pages—including, let it be gratefully acknowledged here, that indispensable adjunct of a book, to which there is ever likely to be reference for special purposes, to wit, an index to topics, places and persons named in the letters—in this volume there is reproduced a series of letters running from November 18, 1824, to October 7, 1847. The last of these was written only two days before Mendelssohn was seized with the illness which proved fatal in less than a month. As in the letters which have long been known through the translations by Lady Wallace, these missives show to the reader the composer's very mind and reveal his most inward thoughts. They have much of the spirit of candor which characterizes that wonderfully personal record, "Pepys's Diary." Aside from the peculiar value which they have because of this nature, and beyond their special interest for students and connoisseurs of music, Mendelssohn's letters are diverting to the reader by reason of their fine style, which is often elegant and is always finished. In the matter of literary style, Mendelssohn stands far beyond other composers whose letters have been given to the world. The letters to Moscheles have the intimacy of correspondence with a friend for whom the writer had at once affection and reverence. Between the two musicians there was the closest possible sympathy on art matters, while the personal character of the elder was such as to command the love of the young composer, whose home life had been exceptional in the purity and sweetness of its surroundings. When Mendelssohn was more the fashion than he seems to be now, there was somehow developed among his admirers a belief that he was only a little, a very little lower than the angels. Called Seraphael, he was introduced into a gushing romance, and effusive writers—Polko, for a prominent instance—wrote acres of maudlin stuff about him. In the letters to Moscheles it is seen that the composer had a very good allowance of what a famous French philosopher found to exist among human kind—human nature. They do not show that the writer was deeply poisoned by that common vice of artists, jealousy. But they do reveal

feelings which smack of prejudice; as when he pronounces an overture by Berlioz chaotic and prosaic, (queer combination!) and his orchestration such an incongruous mess that one ought to wash his hands after handling a score by him. There may be those who will contend that this harshness is but an incident in Mendelssohn's valiant struggle for the preservation of classic forms and methods; and that his sharp criticisms of weak spots in Cherubini and Chopin, his prompt dismissal of Hiller as unworthy of consideration, his sneers at Auber and Paris and generally everything that is French, and his disrespectful comments on Liszt, are all inspired by this anxious desire to maintain a standard of purity in his much loved art. It is charitable and indeed altogether reasonable to think so, but there is still room for a belief that the composer of "Elijah" had a fair share of the imperfections of humanity. The right to hold that belief being admitted, there is no further need to draw Mendelssohn's frailties into the light, or rather to turn the light onto them, where they lie in these letters. Rather let the tenderness, the noble aspirations and the genial humor which here manifest themselves at every turn, show us Mendelssohn the devoted artist, the true friend, the faithful student (for he never seems entirely to forget his original relations to Moscheles), as well as Mendelssohn, the accomplished gentleman, the wit, the charming companion who seemed to have the peculiar power now called personal magnetism, highly developed, for all persons were drawn toward him without conscious effort on his part. The translations are admirable specimens of English composition, with only here and there a failure properly to render a technical word. How faithful they are is of course beyond our power to determine, as the originals, still in Mr. Felix Moscheles's possession, are not published. The translator has connected the letters with enough of narrative, interspersed with quotations from Moscheles's letters and diaries, to prevent the incoherency that otherwise might perplex the reader. There are many *fac-simile* reproductions of pen-and-ink drawings by the lamented author of the letters, whose skill with the pen was much like that possessed by Thackeray. Some examples of music included among the illustrations have been reproduced on such reduced scales that to read them one must have eyes of that extraordinary kind that Samuel Weller describes in a celebrated case. Great are the triumphs of photolithography, and great the abuses.

Boston Transcript.

—The death is announced from Edinburgh of Dr. Robert Young, the linguist and oriental scholar. He was the compiler of the "Analytical Concordance of the Bible." His "New Version of the Bible Translated According to the Letters and Idioms of the Original Languages," is also well known in this country.

DAYLIGHT LAND.

DAYLIGHT LAND. The Experiences, Incidents, and Adventures, Humorous and Otherwise, which befell Judge John Doe, Tourist of San Francisco; Mr. Cephas Pepperell, Capitalist, of Boston; Colonel Goffe, the man from New Hampshire, and divers others, in their Parlor Car Excursion over Prairie and Mountain, all of which I saw, and one of whom I was. As recorded and set forth by W. H. H. Murray. Illustrated with 140 designs in colors. 8vo, \$2.60; by mail, \$2.80.

The British possessions in Western America have never been more picturesquely described than in the papers that make up "Adirondack Murray's" new book. "Daylight Land" recounts the experiences of travel and humorous adventures befalling Judge John Doe, Mr. Cephas Pepperell, Colonel Goffe and a few other pilgrims in their parlor car excursion over prairie and mountain. The marvels of Canadian scenery described as visible from the car windows include a ride of 300 miles along glacial streams, in full sight of the glaciers from which they flow, with hundreds of mountains, still unnamed, "rising 10,000 feet" above the level of the railway track. A chapter on game holds out a tempting prospect to sportsmen; the musk ox, caribou, the wood buffalo, Rocky Mountain goat and sheep, grizzlies, moose, grey wolf and antelope. The fish supply of British Columbia, in particular the salmon fishing of the Fraser river, is described with the gusto of an accomplished angler. After the fashion of travelers of all ages, story telling is a favorite amusement, and Mr. Murray relates some strange tales, gathered from his experience of travel. To a most readable style of writing, the author adds



From "Daylight Land."

the fruits of a vivid imagination. If the illustrations be faithful reproductions of the actual scenery, Western Canada would repay the tourist a hundred-fold.

"Daylight Land" is carefully printed in a handsome octavo, and its illustrations alone make it a most attractive gift book. The resources of the continent in magnificent scenery are piling up considerable counter-evidence to Mr. Ruskin's notions.

Philadelphia Ledger.

—P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, have just ready the Physician's Visiting List for 1889, being the thirty-eighth year of its publication. This was the original, and for many years the only, physician's pocket-book and diary published.

—Rider Haggard is a hearty lover of field sports. So is the successful writer of sporting novels, Captain Hawley Smart. The latter, however, is so weak in health that he is unable to take any share in the scenes he describes. He lies in Cheltenham, and is a great favorite in society, although for months at a time it is impossible for him to leave the house.



From "Daylight Land."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S NEW POEM.

WITH SA'DI IN THE GARDEN; OR, THE BOOK OF LOVE. Being the "Ishk," or third chapter of the "Bostân" of the Persian Poet Sa'di. Embodied in a dialogue held in the garden of the Taj Mahal, at Agra. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M. A. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

In the "Proem" to his "With Sa'di in the Garden" Sir Edwin Arnold bids his friends

Once more come,
And listen to the vina and the drum,

and

To come with hearts to gentle love inclined,
Since this is only for the wise and kind.

In answer to this invitation we have listened to the vina and the drum as played by Sir Edwin, and we are forced to infer that we are not "wise and kind." Indeed, the translations from Sa'di and their setting fail to fascinate us; the Rubaiyat of Mr. Fitzgerald remains an essay unequaled and unapproached in the rendering of Oriental poetry. Perhaps a touch of humor might have saved Sir Edwin Arnold from most of the errors of taste and judgment, as we think them, which are too manifest in his new book. Or it may be, as we believe, that a liking for his Oriental verse is inborn and cannot be acquired by people who do not thus inherit the taste.

Of Sir Edwin Arnold's poems it may be said that either you like them very much or you do not like them at all. It has been observed that people who enjoy Sir Edwin's do not care for Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems, and conversely. We read Sir Edwin's new book "With Sa'di in the Garden," and we cannot cry *Afrin*, which is "a Persian exclamation of pleasure or admiration, meaning . . . O Allah, make more like it!" On the whole, we would rather that the poet would make no more like it, or that, if he must write, he would write altogether in Persian, or Hindustani, or Pushtoo, or some other Oriental language. For "With Sa'di in the Garden" is so full of Oriental words that it might as well be Oriental wholly, as far as we are concerned. The odd words are sometimes translated in a footnote, but that is little joy. * * * To be brief, and thereby avoid the temptation of parody, the intention of Sir Edwin Arnold's book—his love of the East, of India, and his desire to strengthen British sympathy with India—seems more admirable than the execution. We cannot praise blank verse which ends with three assonances—"came," "chain," and "fanes"—in three successive lines on the second page. But, as M. E. de Goncourt says, all differences of opinion about poetry close with the simple avowal, "I have better taste than you"; and it is quite probable that the admirers of Sir Edwin Arnold's verse have better taste than the readers who cannot welcome "the vina and the drum."

Saturday Review.

author. The little that is not original is in perfect translation, being the "Ishk" or third chapter of the "Bostân" of the Persian poet Sa'di, which is embodied with exquisite license in a dialogue held in the garden of the Taj Mahal, of Agra. Here, before the wonderful white beauty of the Mosque, the English poet is represented in the poem as sitting at nightfall with his friend, the wise Mirza, and Gulbadan, a Delhi girl, who sings, and Dilazar, her mate, who dances. There, through the enchanting volume, they sit and sing, and talk of love, of love in all its phases; the Mirza reads the deeper plaint from the pages of the old Persian book, and the Nautch girl interjects a lighter melody. *Philadelphia Press.*

OUR RECENT ACTORS:

BEING RECOLLECTIONS CRITICAL AND, IN MANY CASES, PERSONAL, OF LATE DISTINGUISHED PERFORMERS OF BOTH SEXES. With some incidental notices of living actors. By Westland Marston. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

It has been a matter of regret with those most interested in theatrical annals that our records practically break off with the stage history of Genest. Some attempt has naturally been made to bridge over the half century that has since elapsed. One work of value, the "On Actors and the Art of Acting" of George Henry Lewes, has during that time seen the light. The scheme of this, however, is too limited to render it of general utility. Such works, meanwhile, as the lives of Compton, of Phelps, and of Charles Kean, and even Sir Frederick Pollock's "Life of Macready," fail to give any adequate insight into the general condition of the stage at a very interesting epoch. In "Our Recent Actors," by Dr. Westland Marston, the most important contribution that the present generation has seen is made to our knowledge of recent stage history. In knowledge and acumen Dr. Marston's criticisms of actors stand beside those of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, while in sympathy and appreciation they are only behind those of Charles Lamb.

It is a fortunate thing for the stage that a series of critics, beginning with Colley Cibber and including men such as Steele, Addison, Talfourd, and the writers previously named, has left vivid portraits of the principal actors of past times, and that the attributes of Betterton, Spranger Barry, Garrick, Kean, Mrs. Mountford and Mrs. Cibber are easily recognizable. In this great and enduring session Dr. Marston occupies a place, and the verdicts he delivers concerning actors such as Macready, Charles Kean, Farren, the Keeleys, the Wigans, Fechter, Sothorn, Buckstone, Webster, Mrs. Warner, Miss Neilson, and many others of equal position or reputation are as authoritative as those of his predecessors. It is a disadvantage of the writer of recollections, as opposed to the professional critic, that opinions upon men still living

The volume is like its predecessor, only better. It has the merit in it to crown the reputation of its

are necessarily few and short. In these cases, however, some tribute to a well-earned reputation is paid.

It is not possible, even for the sake of vindicating statements that to some may appear too eulogistic, to support by long extract the opinion as to the value of Dr. Marston's criticisms that has been expressed. All lovers of the stage are, however, bound to read or possess his volume.)

There is little trace in this volume of the preference often accorded the actors worshipped in youth over those of later date. One hint of disapproval of modern views will meet with sympathy, in some quarters at least. Dealing with the recitations of Sheridan Knowles, Dr. Marston speaks of the national feeling that was roused thirty or forty years back by that actor's delivery of the lines,

But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on

In the grave where a Briton has laid him,
and continues :

"There was, perhaps, some cant in the enthusiasm ; but cynicism likewise has a cant of its own. Perhaps, on the whole, traditional out-worn ideals are better than none."

As the opinions of one who enriched the stage of past years with a series of dramas no less admirable in execution than elevated in sentiment, and who for more than half a century has maintained a close intimacy with the leading actors, Dr. Marston's verdicts will naturally command respect. How valuable a contribution they constitute to stage history will slowly but surely be recognized. *Athenæum*.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. By Walter Besant. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.73.

The oddest, most eloquent bit of biography we have ever read. To appreciate it one must know at the outset (the eulogist makes the explanation in *mediæ res*) that Mr. Besant had never the pleasure of a personal acquaintance of Richard Jefferies. In his own words: "I have never even seen this man and I was not a friend of his—I was not even a casual acquaintance—and yet I am writing his life." A remarkable life it is. We, who have known Jefferies chiefly through his fiction, were naturally surprised at Mr. Besant's complaisance. Jefferies could not write a readable novel; his early stories are perhaps as poor in plot and development as anything of their wretched kind in the English language. Even his last effort, "Amaryllis at the Fair," considered simply as romance, is a flat failure. "He never was a novelist," says Mr. Besant frankly: "he never could be one." What was he, then? A young Englishman (not quite 40 when he died) who lived closer to nature than almost any other man of his day, and who expressed in rare and beautiful language the various thoughts communicated to him by the birds and flowers. It was years before he knew himself as such a

man. In early life he fancied he was a journalist; his first book, published in 1873, was a wild discourse on "Reporting, Editing and Authorship;" he was, by Mr. Besant's impartial report, a youth of a thousand foolish fancies; enthusiastic to ecstasy over little things, not to be dismayed in his *cacoethes scribendi* by constant disappointment and failure. He wrote news items for the provincial papers and occasionally a tale of love and murder inexpressibly ridiculous. Once he almost found his level. He wrote the London *Times* a long agricultural letter, which provoked discussion in breviter. But he failed to take advantage of the opportunity. Later on his vivid pictures of rural life, bringing him fame, brought him to his senses, and an appreciative portion of the world read, with pleasure "Wood Magic," "Life of the Fields," "The Open Air," "Wild Life in a Southern Country," and the throbbing "Story of My Heart." Out of 100,000,000 people in the English-speaking world Mr. Besant estimates that not more than 40,000 have read Jefferies' works. Gilbert White, Thoreau and Jefferies—"but the greatest of them all is Jefferies." Of course, we must beg Mr. Besant's pardon and differ with him—but not here. He is quite right, however, when he says that one can no more skip Jefferies than skip Emerson. "You can not rush Jefferies. I defy the most rapid reader to rush Jefferies." His finest production was the paper entitled "The Pageant of Summer," published in *Longman's Magazine* for June, 1883.

The abiding charm of this book is the fiery style of its composition. We venture the assertion that it belies the author's queer dictum that no writer can do good work under a strain of more than five hours' application a day. There is haste in every line of this volume; a bustling briskness that quickly gets the reader into a sympathetic mood. Mr. Besant's virile views on many questions crop out here and there. The sad, slow, and distressful death of poor Jefferies leads him to a scornful consideration of the pensions of the English civil list. The rulers of the country, he declares, are blind, deaf, pitiless, dishonest. "They made Burns a gauger. Well, that was something. Could they not have made Jefferies a police constable, for instance? * * * There never has been, there is not now—not even at a time when prime ministers and ex-Cabinet ministers write articles for monthly magazines, any government which has had the least concern for, knowledge of or touch with literature or its makers." Jefferies, after several years of dreadful agony, the victim of a torturing disease, died August 14, 1887. He had no need of a priest. "He wanted," says his eulogist, "no other assurance than the voice and words of Him who swept away all priests."

Philadelphia Press.

—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is delighted with his South Pacific wanderings, and is reported to be in capital health and spirits.

NOTES.

=William Black's new novel will be entitled "A Spring Idyl."

=Max O'Rell's volume of impressions of America and American Society is going through the press in Paris.

=Miss Fanny Macaulay, the historian's sister, has died at Brighton, England, aged eighty years.

=The death of Prof. A. Horawitz, known by his researches into Humanism, is announced from Vienna.

=A cablegram from Europe announces the death of Edmond Gondinet, the dramatist, at the age of fifty-nine.

=Intelligence comes from London of the death of Mr. George Routledge, the senior member of the London firm.

=Joaquin Miller is writing a novel. His work was interrupted lately by his accidentally sending a bullet through his hand.

=Miss Maud Howe, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and her cousin, Miss Grace Denio Litchfield, expect to spend the winter in Washington.

=Mrs. Margaret Deland has the satisfaction of knowing from her publishers that 15,000 copies of her novel, "John Ward, Preacher," have already been sold.

=Mr. Teignmouth Shore, long the Editor of *The Quiver*, now takes charge of the religious instruction of the three daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

=Mr. Francis Darwin—a son of the late Charles Darwin—has been elected university reader in botany at Cambridge, in succession to Dr. Vines, now Professor at Oxford.

=Mrs. T. T. Pitman (Margery Deane) died in Paris November 30. She was the author of numerous short tales, and was a graceful newspaper and magazine correspondent.

=The autobiography of Prof. Leone Levi, the English political economist, will soon be published. It was Levi who founded or suggested the first Chamber of Commerce in England.

=Mrs. Humphry Ward expects to pay a visit to America next month. Readers of "Robert Elsmere," who generally complain of its great length, will be surprised to learn that as it was written it was much longer, and that Mrs. Ward was obliged to cut it down.

=A new edition of Maynard's "Naturalist's Guide" will be issued immediately by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; also an entirely new work, by the same author, upon the Eggs of the Birds of the United States, with illustrations, in color, done by the author. The latter work will appear in eight fifty-cent parts, at monthly intervals. Subscriptions are asked for, by the author, from those interested.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

A. D. D.—

It would be practically impossible to enumerate *all* the writers of a country, but the following four may be taken as amongst the leading Russian authors of the century to whose works have been translated into English: Lyof N. Tolstol, Ivan Turgénief, Nikolai V. Gogol, and Feodor M. Dostoyevsky. Tolstol's works are published by T. Y. Crowell and Co., New York, as are also those of Gogol and Dostoyevsky and several other Russian authors; and we would advise you to send to Messrs. Crowell for their catalogue of books by Russian authors. Turgénief's works are published by Henry Holt and Co., New York. Isabel F. Hapgood and Nathan Haskell Dole are our principal translators from the Russian. "The Great Masters of Russian Literature in the Nineteenth Century," by Ernest Dupuy, contains full biographies of the three first named, and "The Russian Novelists" by E. M. de Voglié that of Dostoyevsky and others.

D. C. L.—

Leo Hartley Grindon, an English author and botanist, born at Bristol, March 28, 1818. He was educated at the Bristol College, and in 1851 became lecturer on botany in the medical school at Manchester. His works include "Emblems," "Life, its Nature," etc., "Manchester Walks and Wild Flowers," "British and Garden Botany," "Phænomena of Plant Life," "Little Things of Nature," "Summer Rambles in Cheshire and Lancashire," "Echoes in Plant and Flower Life," "Trees of Old England," "Fairfield Orchids," "Shakespeare Flora," "Scripture Botany," etc.

L. F.—

Joseph Henry Shorthouse is a merchant of Birmingham, England, where he was born in 1834. He was educated at private schools, and now resides at Croyden. Mr. Shorthouse's novels are, "John Inglesant," on which his reputation rests, published in 1881, "The Little School-Master Mark," "Sir Percival," "A Teacher of the Violin" and "A Countess Eve." His other works include "The Platonism of Wordsworth," and an edition, with a memoir, of George Herbert's "Temple."

Felix.—

The only collection of Richard Realf's poems is a volume entitled "Guesses at the Beautiful," published in England when he was eighteen years old, under the auspices of Lady Byron, Samuel Rogers and other admiring patrons. In the autumn of 1867 a series of his poems appeared in the *Rochester*, New York, *Union*, signed R. R. "Indirection," and "De Mortuis nil nisi Bonum," which was written immediately before his death, are his most striking poems.

DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY, 1783—1789. By John Fiske. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.69.

This book is devoted to the obscure period between the close of the Revolution and the definite organization of the present Constitutional Government of the United States. It is the result of minute research, and sheds a flood of light on the various opposing views and interests then prevailing in the thirteen States with regard to the most desirable form of government, or, the form most likely to be satisfactory in practical operation. The various general conventions and legislative proceedings in the several States, which have a bearing on this subject, are carefully described; the commercial, industrial, and financial condition of the country is accurately portrayed; and, in short, the history of the country for those years, hitherto very imperfectly understood, is made thoroughly clear and intelligible by virtue of Mr. Fiske's profound study of the subject and his remarkably lucid style.

Publishers' Weekly.

COLONIAL TIMES ON BUZZARD'S BAY. By William Root Bliss. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60.

Bliss sketches with a firm hand a picture of old-fashioned life, character, and society as they were formerly to be found on the shores of Buzzard's Bay. The volume has the strength of original research behind it, and is pervaded by the freshness of spirit and clearness of touch which grow out of sympathetic knowledge at first hand of the people and events which it describes. Under such titles as "The Birth of the Town," "The Town's Meeting-House," "The Town's Minister," "The Town's Schoolmaster," "A Sunday Morning in 1771," and "Town Life in the Revolution," Mr. Bliss brings before us in a clear, direct, and interesting fashion types of character and a form of social organization which have been wonderfully influential in the history of the country, and which have now passed away. It is the multiplication of such studies as this which is the best evidence of the growth of the historic sense in this country.

Christian Union.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO; WITH A PRELIMINARY VIEW OF THE ANCIENT MEXICAN CIVILIZATION, AND THE LIFE OF THE CONQUEROR, HERNANDO CORTES. By William H. Prescott. New edition. Two volumes in one. 8vo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.18.

THE STORY OF HOLLAND. By James E. Thorold Rogers. Story of the Nations series. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27.

In recapitulating for us in his contribution to the "Story of the Nations," the history of the formation and rise of the Dutch Republic, Professor Thorold Rogers travels over ground which by this time is tolerably familiar to most English readers. What he has, therefore, to offer us in the present volume is not so much the imparting of any new information, as the putting together in a popular and readable shape the main series of events which mark the history of the Netherlands. It is needless to say that the story to be told is one entirely congenial to the narrator. The innate love of liberty in the Dutch, their

unquenchable spirit and determination in prosecuting their object, their struggles, conflicts and ultimate triumph during the course of prolonged hostilities with a succession of the most formidable powers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, win from Professor Rogers, as they must win from every impartial looker on, the highest possible admiration.

London Bookseller.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. Edited, with an introduction, by Will H. Dircks. The Camelot series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

FREDERICK, CROWN PRINCE AND EMPEROR. A biographical sketch dedicated to his memory. By Rennell Rodd. With an introduction by Her Majesty, the Empress Frederick. With portrait. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail \$1.02.

Mr. Rodd has wisely not attempted in this little volume anything beyond a brief memoir, and he has written with tact and taste, putting in clear light the many noble qualities of the late Emperor, and yet refraining from anything like undue panegyric. The introduction by the Empress Frederick is a touching composition, and a fitting prelude to the volume. It may be noted that Mr. Rodd prints the famous proclamation the Crown Prince issued on invading France, the genuineness of which has often been denied by Germans, who saw the inconsistency between the declaration that Germany was not at war with the French people and the annexation of Alsace. Mr. Rodd's fairness is conspicuous. The fault of his volume is that, conscious of having to perform a delicate task, he is necessarily timid of statement. This he shows even in matters where there is no necessity for such caution. For instance, he says that at Wissembourg "the German troops had undoubtedly outnumbered the French considerably," the fact being that the odds were so tremendous that only the heroic valor of the French infantry made a struggle possible, and General Douay would no doubt have retreated without fighting had he had any notion of the overwhelming force that was advancing to the attack. One or two misprints, such as "Steinmitz" for Steinmetz, should be corrected in the next edition. A more serious slip is that Mr. Rodd has confused General Abel Douay with his brother Félix, and imagined that it was the 7th Corps of the French army that fought at Wissembourg.

Athenæum.

LIFE OF GEORGE CRABBE. By T. E. Kebbel, M. A. Great Writers series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

George Crabbe, an almost forgotten poet, is the subject of a monograph by T. E. Kebbel, who relates the chief incidents of his life and offers a critical estimate of his genius. Probably not one person in a hundred knows more concerning Crabbe than that he was a poet of the first quarter of the century, while still fewer have ever read a line of his poetry. It may be doubted if a collection of his entire works has been published within forty years. Yet this neglected man was called by Byron in 1820 "the first of living poets," and Jeffrey, Scott, Jane Austen, Wordsworth, Rogers, and Cardinal Newman have accorded him almost equal praise. It was a happy thought to reintroduce, as it were, the author of "Tales of the Hall" and "The Borough" to the reading public, and Mr. Kebbel has performed his task with excellent judgment.

N. P. Sun.

RICHARD WAGNER. By Francis Hueffer. The great Musicians series. New edition, augmented and revised. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

MEMORIAL OF SARAH PUGH. A tribute of respect from her cousins. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

Sarah Pugh was one of that band of anti-slavery women of whom Lucretia Mott was, perhaps, the most distinguished. She was born at Alexandria, in Virginia, in 1800, and died at Germantown in 1884. At the age of 21 she began teaching a Friends' school in Twelfth Street Meeting House, a position that she filled satisfactorily for seven years. In 1829, in conjunction with Rachael Peirce, she established a private school in Walnut street, afterwards removed to Cherry street below Eleventh. In this school many of the most worthy citizens of Philadelphia received their preparatory education. It was not until 1835 that Sarah Pugh's mind began to be diverted from her school duties to the anti-slavery agitation. In that year, however, she joined the Female Anti-Slavery Society, organized in 1834, and the American Anti-Slavery Society, organized in 1833. In 1837 she was a delegate to the first anti-slavery convention of women, which was held in New York. When Pennsylvania Hall, in Sixth street, was destroyed by a mob in 1838, Sarah offered the use of her school-room to the Women's Anti-Slavery Convention, and the last session was held there. In 1840 she was a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London, and in 1851 she made a second visit to Europe to promote the anti-slavery cause, remaining abroad until 1853. The volume to a great extent is made up of extracts from her diaries and letters, and shows the devotion with which this simple-minded and earnest woman consecrated herself to her work. *Philadelphia Times.*

DAVID KENNEDY, THE SCOTTISH SINGER. Reminiscences of his life and works. By Marjorie Kennedy. And Singing Round the World, a Narrative of his Colonial and Indian Tours. By David Kennedy, Jr. With portrait and illustrations. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.67.

THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. By Walter Besant. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.73.

See review in this number.

OUR PRESIDENTS; OR, THE LIVES OF THE TWENTY-THREE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Virginia F. Townsend. Illustrated with steel portrait of each. Edition de Luxe. Imperial 8vo, \$5.50; by mail, \$5.88.

Miss Townsend proves herself an historian of no mean ability, and her Presidential sketches are biographic essays of true literary worth. As judge of character her talents are of the first order, and she supports her position as a biographic critic with good stores of knowledge of her subject and a brilliant habit of expressing her thought. This sterling piece of literature is presented with all the severe richness due to the distinction of the theme. Its heavy paper, wide margin, carefully chosen steel portraits and general make-up put it first in the choice of centennial gift-books for the year that is to commemorate the first President's inaugural.

Philadelphia Ledger.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF EDMUND KEAN, TRAGEDIAN, 1787-1833. By J. Fitzgerald Moley. 2 vols. 8vo, \$4.00; by mail, \$4.28.

See review in this number.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SAMUEL WELLS WILLIAMS, LL.D. By his son Frederick Wells Williams. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.45.

THE LIFE OF YOUNG SIR HENRY VANE, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, AND LEADER OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT, WITH A CONSIDERATION OF THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH AS A FORECAST OF AMERICA. By James K. Hosmer. With portrait. 8vo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.27.

See review in this number.

DELIA BACON. A biographical sketch. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.76.

LIFE OF WILLIAM B. ROBERTSON, D.D. With extracts from his letters and poems. By James Brown, D.D. With two portraits. 12mo, \$1.79; by mail, \$1.84.

He has made excellent use of the preacher's correspondence and journals, and tells the story of his life with a straightforward simplicity which makes the book both pleasant and easy reading. It is, of course, impossible to give more than the faintest suggestion of Dr. Robertson's capacity as a preacher. The charms of conversation and oratory may long survive the hour of utterance in the memory of hearers, but they can not be reproduced for others. Fortunately the letters in Dr. Brown's book afford genuine insight into the characteristics of William Robertson of Irvine. They are full of geniality, fervor, and sympathy. They show the power and resources of expression that belong to the gift of eloquence.

Saturday Review.

DESCRIPTION.

LEAVES FROM AN EGYPTIAN NOTE-BOOK. By Isaac Taylor, M. A., LL.D. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10.

THE NATURALIST IN NICARAGUA. A narrative of a residence at the gold mines of Chontales; journeys in the Savannas and forests: with observations on animals and plants in reference to the theory of evolution of living forms. By Thomas Belt, F.G.S. New edition, revised and corrected. With map and illustrations. 12mo, \$2.40; by mail, \$2.55.

FROM FLAG TO FLAG. A woman's adventures and experiences in the South during the war in Mexico and in Cuba. By Eliza McHatton-Ripley. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

Fleeing from Louisiana early in the war, Mrs. McHatton-Ripley and her children went to Texas, then to Mexico and at last to Cuba. She is an excellent narrator and better tempered than most of the Southern women who have written books about the war. Her description of her life in Cuba, which fills more than half of her little volume, is delightful, besides being full of information concerning the present condition of the island not to be found in other books.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

A BLOCKADED FAMILY. Life in Southern Alabama during the Civil War. By Parthenia Antoinette Hague. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

Is a picture of life in Southern Alabama during the civil war, the contrasting colors of which are distributed very skillfully. The patience and the heroism displayed by the women of the South during four years of conflict, especially when we take into consideration the luxury which they had formerly enjoyed, has often been acknowledged; and the book in question gives details of their daily life, of their privations, and yet of their occasional pleasures, the reading of which is sure to interest. The tone in which the story is told also commends itself. There is not a word of reproach in it, and not a note of harshness or vindictiveness sounded.

Philadelphia Record.

NINE YEARS IN NIPON. Sketches of Japanese Life and Manners. By Henry Faulds, L. F. P. S. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.66.

PEOPLE AND COUNTRIES VISITED IN A WINDING JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD. By O. W. Wight, A. M., M. D. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.71.

WINTER SKETCHES FROM THE SADDLE. By a Septuagenarian, John Codman. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 82 cents.

Influenced by some unexplained whim, Captain John Codman made all the riding tours described in this volume at a season of the year when prudent persons prefer to travel on wheels or runners, with all the protection that fur robes and wraps can afford. His book reflects the opinions of an elderly, travelled man of observation and experience, and is thoroughly readable. He followed the old post road from New York to Boston. He rode in like manner from New York to Albany, and thence down the west bank of the Hudson to Jersey City, giving in every instance striking pictures of old highways and towns which the progress of railway extension has left comparatively far removed from modern travel. Incidentally he presents some striking pictures of occurrences in Connecticut and along the Hudson during the war of the Revolution. Regarding the capture of André he is disposed to take a position as to the motives which directed the three men who arrested him, which is scarcely sustained by authentic history. His description of Dorchester, his birthplace, now a part of Boston, as he remembered it sixty years ago, presents a somewhat humorous picture of the period when Unitarianism began to make inroads into the rigid orthodox faith.

N. Y. Sun.

B. C. 1887. A RAMBLE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. By J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck, authors of "Three in Norway." With maps and 75 illustrations from sketches and photographs by the authors. Crown 8vo, \$1.80; by mail, \$1.95.

Is freely illustrated from sketches by one of the authors, and from photographs taken during their rambles. Although humorous in manner and full of anecdote, B. C. 1887 is an account of a serious expedition of two young Englishmen who came to America with a view to settling in the Dominion.

American Bookseller.

ROMAN MOSAICS; OR, STUDIES IN ROME AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD. By Hugh Macmillan, D. D., L. L. D. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

See review in this number.

COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS. By W. Outram Tristram. With illustrations by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thompson. 4to, \$4.50.

The illustrations by Hugh Thompson and Herbert Railton are deserving of all praise, the former taking the life scenes in which his horses and stablemen are admirably spirited, the latter depicting the quaint old inns and old manors that the travelers by coach had the privilege of seeing, and about which Mr. Tristram gossips with easy grace and perfect knowledge.

Publishing World.

IRISH PICTURES; DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL. By Richard Lovett, M. A. With a map and 133 illustrations from photographs and sketches. 4to, \$2.50; by mail, \$2.70.

GIBALTAR. By Henry M. Field. Illustrated. 4to, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.66.

See review in this number.

THE ISLE OF PALMS. Adventures while wrecking for gold, encounter with a mad whale, battle with a devil-fish, and capture of a mermaid. By C. M. Newell, author of "The Voyage of the Fleetwing," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.15.

ON HORSEBACK. A tour in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. With notes of travel in Mexico and California. By Charles Dudley Warner. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.61.

All who have read "A Roundabout Journey," by the same author, will understand how much genial philosophy, keen observation, quick sympathy, delicate fancy and delicious humor he can put into a book of travels, illuminating even the commonplace and disclosing beauties of which those who went before him had never dreamed. All these traits are seen in the book in question, and while it is an itinerary it is that of a poet, a critic and a philosopher.

Philadelphia Record.

SEVASTOPOL. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Authorized edition. 8vo, 75 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

DAYLIGHT LAND. The Experiences, Incidents, and Adventures, Humorous and Otherwise, which befell Judge John Doe, Tourist of San Francisco; Mr. Cephas Pepperell, Capitalist, of Boston; Colonel Goffe, the man from New Hampshire, and divers others, in their Parlor Car Excursion over Prairie and Mountain, all of which I saw, and one of whom I was. As recorded and set forth by W. H. H. Murray. Illustrated with 140 designs in colors. 8vo, \$2.60; by mail, \$2.80.

See review in this number.

RELIGION.

POPULAR SINS. By Rev. Madison C. Peters. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 24 cents.

In this neat and attractive pamphlet will be found selections from some of the Wednesday evening lectures and other addresses of Mr. Peters. The subjects are "Rum's Ruinous Road," "Tobacco and Opium," "Defaulters," "Fashion: Right and Wrong," "Our Barbarous Funeral Customs," "Unrestricted Immigration," "Homicide and Suicide," "Mediums and their Dupes," "Personal Liberty and the Sabbath," "Sunday and the Workingman," "The Slanderer," "Envy and Jealousy," and "Swearing."

Philadelphia Inquirer.

SELECT NOTES. A commentary on the International Lessons for 1889. Explanatory, illustrative, doctrinal, and practical; with illustrations, maps, pictures, chronological charts, suggestions to teachers, library references. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D. D., and M. A. Peloubet. Studies in the Gospel of Mark. Studies in Jewish History; 1 and 2 Samuel; 1 Kings. 8vo, 85 cents; by mail, 99 cents.

HOW I REACHED THE MASSES. Together with 22 lectures delivered in the Birmingham town hall on Sunday afternoons. By Rev. Charles Leach, F. G. S. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY. With special reference to contemporary problems. By David J. Hill, LL. D. The Newton Lectures for 1887. 8vo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

THE WORKING CHURCH. By Charles F. Thwing, D. D. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 67 cents.

A careful treatise by a successful church administrator on the best methods of making the church organ-

ization an efficient instrument. Its topics are: 1, The Church and the Pastor; 2, The Character of Church Work; 3, The Worth and the Worthlessness of Methods; 4, Among the Children; 5, Among the Young People; 6, Among the Business Men; 7, From the Business Point of View; 8, Two Special Agencies; 9, The Treatment of Strangers; 10, The Unchurched; 11, Duties towards Benevolence; 12, The Rewards of Christian Work. *Publishers' Weekly.*

PRACTICAL RELIGION: A HELP FOR THE COMMON DAYS. By J. R. Miller, D. D. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. With analysis and illustrative literature. By O. S. Stearns, D. D. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

The inspiration and authenticity of the Hebrew Bible is not considered. The author adopts the Revised Version. The plan is historical. An outline is given of each of the books of the Old Testament, giving authorship, date, contents, chief critical difficulties, and a list of such literature as may aid in solving these difficulties. Nothing controversial is designed. The book is intended merely to make lay readers understand better a book they love and read daily. *Publishers' Weekly.*

THE TRAINING OF THE TWELVE; OR, PASSAGES OUT OF THE GOSPELS. Exhibiting the twelve disciples of Jesus under discipline for the apostleship. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D. D. New edition, revised and improved. 8vo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.13.

ESSAYS AND TREATISES.

TWO ESSAYS. By Arthur Schopenhauer. I. On the fourfold root of the principle of sufficient reason. II. On the will in nature. A literal translation. Bohn's Select Library. 12mo, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.52.

MEMORY: WHAT IT IS AND HOW TO IMPROVE IT. By David Kay, F. R. G. S. International Education series. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

One of the best and most interesting volumes that has so far appeared in Appleton's International Education series. This is not merely a treatise on the memory, but a guide to memory cultivation. *Philadelphia Times.*

PARADOXES OF A PHILISTINE. By Wm. S. Walsh. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

The essays originally appeared in different periodicals, and the author pleasantly says that he collects them because he likes them, and wants them in some form convenient for re-reading. These essays cover a good deal of ground, from such matters as philosophers and fools, and truth-telling in biography, to modern fiction; from such a mixed subject as "Realist and Idealist" to such a remote one as "Who was Mother Goose?" The essays are pleasantly written, and they have a good deal of suggestive matter in them, although we fancy that Mr. Walsh will have considerable trouble in proving some of his rather bluntly made statements, as, for example, the statement in the essay entitled "The Mistakes of the Critic," that the critics have always been against any new force in life and literature. *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

TEMPTED LONDON: YOUNG MEN. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

These papers were printed in the *British Weekly*, commencing in October, 1887, and continuing until the end of April, 1888. They excited extraordinary atten-

tion, and were made the subject of sermons and courses of sermons in many churches and chapels in the United Kingdom. The facts upon which they are based were collected with great care by commissioners specially selected for the purpose. The plan of the work is to follow the career of a hypothetical young man who comes to London for the first time; to describe his surroundings, his lodgings, his business life; to explain his ways, his prospects; in a word, to depict as far as possible his life in London. Then follows in strict sequence a consideration of his temptations, ranging under these formal heads—Drink, Betting and Gambling, and Impurity. *Publishers' Weekly.*

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. By Matthew Arnold. Second series. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

See review in this number.

NERVOUSNESS: ITS NATURE, CAUSES, SYMPTOMS, AND TREATMENT. With notes of cases. By H. S. Drayton, A. M., M. D. Illustrated. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 22 cents.

THE PEOPLE AND THE RAILWAYS. A popular discussion of the railway problem in the United States, by way of answer to "The Railways and the Republic," by James F. Hudson, and with an examination of the Interstate Commerce Law. By Appleton Morgan. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

POETRY.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Vol. VIII. In a Balcony, Dramatis Personæ. New edition. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.19.

WANDERERS. Being a collection of the poems of William Winter, author of "Shakespeare's England," etc. 18mo, 75 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

Is a beautifully printed volume containing some eighty of Mr. Winter's best pieces. Mr. Winter says in his preface that here are such of his poems as he might wish to preserve, and that even these he views as stray affairs; whence the name of the little book. The poems are worthy of the setting the Edinburgh University Press has given them. *Boston Beacon.*

MODERN STREET BALLADS. By John Ashton, author of "Social Life in the reign of Queen Anne," etc. Illustrated. 8vo, \$2.10; by mail, \$2.26.

The present collection of street ballads serves as a companion volume to Mr. Ashton's book of "Roxburghe Ballads." In his introduction the editor frankly admits that the literary merit of his latest budget of ballads is not particularly high; "but what," he asks, "can you expect for half-a-crown? which was the price which Jemmy Catnach, of Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, used to pay for their production." A period of some fifty years is covered, from the mutiny at the Nore in 1798 to the opening of the Great Exhibition in 1851; and Mr. Ashton's industry has provided ample entertainment for readers who are not too fastidious. The collection embraces a wide variety of subjects. policemen, cabmen, teetotalers, poachers, and pugilists are well represented; the Greenland whale fishery and the Margate hoy, Bartholomew Fair and the Australian gold-diggings, cock-fights and Chartists, come in for a share of notice; and, of course, there is a sprinkling of nautical ballads. We meet the usual complaints about the improvidence of present times. Simplicity of life, say these nineteenth century ballad-writers, has vanished; and their predecessors of the seventeenth century raised the same wail in the "Roxburghe Ballads." *Athenæum.*

WITH SA'DI IN THE GARDEN; OR, THE BOOK OF LOVE. Being the "Ishk" or third chapter of the "Bostān" of the Persian Poet Sa'di. Embodied in a dialogue held in the garden of the Taj Mahal, at Agra. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M. A. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

See review in this number.

ECHOES FROM THE BLARNEY STONE, AND OTHER RHYMES. By W. C. R. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents.

CHRISTMAS CARILLONS AND OTHER POEMS. By Annie Chambers-Ketchum. Illustrated. Small 4to, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

The title indicates the nature of the contents, which are about fifty short poems, most of them relating to Christmas as a religious festival, though some of them are for its social festivities. Mrs. Chambers-Ketchum writes with a gracefully flowing pen.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE LOST EARL, WITH OTHER POEMS AND TALES IN VERSE. By John Townsend Trowbridge. Illustrated. 4to, \$1.45; by mail, \$1.61.

The piece which gives the collection its name is the story of an English nobleman, a young man full of life and vigor, who, weary of the gilded restraints of his station and the ball and chain of his aristocratic name, determined to break through custom, and set caste and degree at naught, comes to America and, seeking the Western prairies, finds a broader and truer existence in the wild freedom of ranch life. There is a free swing to the poem which is in admirable accord with the subject. Two other outdoor subjects are "Mount Desert" and "The Bell Buoy of Mount Desert," poems which will bring back forcibly to summer visitors the delights of that charming locality. "Widow Brown's Christmas" is in the author's happiest vein, a jolly story, yet with a touch of real pathos. Other late poems of the author are included, and the volume, besides its intrinsic merit, is a beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art.

Boston Transcript.

PROSE FICTION.

ROBERT ELSMERE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New edition. 2 vols. 12mo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.46.

A very taking edition, cheap only in price. We incline to think it the best as well as the latest.

Nation.

WON. By Jennie Fowler Willing. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 67 cents.

CASIMIR MAREMMA. By Arthur Helps. New edition. 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents.

The hero was born in one of England's provinces in the East. His father was rich and devoted to anti-quarian, physical, and metaphysical researches. His son was one of the most inquisitive of human beings. He learned many languages and many systems of philosophy, then travelled and studied humanity. He lived with the richest and poorest as their social equal, and finally formulated a plan of society, which he strove to carry out in a new country with a band of emigrants who accompanied him from all parts of Europe.

Publishers' Weekly.

HER ONLY BROTHER. By W. Heimburg. Translated from the German by Jean W. Wylie. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

When "her only brother" was fifteen years old, little Anne Marie was laid in his arms by his mother,

and at her death-bed Klaus promised never to leave his sister. He sternly put aside love and marriage for her sake, and when she was nineteen she did the same for him. They lived in an old German castle with a dear old maiden aunt, whose diary furnishes the chief part of the tale. Her only brother has reached the ripe age of thirty-five when a little fairy sprite, selfish, pleasure-loving in all things the opposite of his sister, dances and sings her way into his heart. The story passes over thirty years, and the life of Anne Marie's only brother is read by another generation at the cradle of another Klaus.

Publishers' Weekly.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V. C. A tale of country life. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated, 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 71 cents; paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

It was not by writing such stories as "Colonel Quaritch, V. C." that H. Rider Haggard won his reputation as a romancer. Moreover, it is not by writing such stories that he can sustain his reputation—albeit, "Colonel Quaritch, V. C." is about the best piece of work Mr. Haggard has done. But the public expects something in a different and less hum-drum line from him. This is a first-rate tale of English country life, with an ingenious plot turning upon a legal complication, with bloodshed in it and sinful love, and all that, but it is not Haggardesque. It is published neatly, with illustrations by the Harpers, in whose *Weekly* it ran as a serial.

Philadelphia Press.

TALES FROM THE LANDS OF NUTS AND GRAPES. (Spanish and Portuguese Folklore). By Charles Sellers. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 90 cents.

BRYAN MAURICE; OR, THE SEEKER. By Rev. Walter Mitchell. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

"Bryan Maurice" was written twenty years ago; but it might never have been published had not the spirit of the hour seemed to call for this kind of a book. The hero of the tale is a Harvard student, a sincere and devout young man, who sets out with the earnest intention of finding the truth. He visits Europe and is flung in contact with men of all creeds and persuasions, who, one by one, unfold their minds to him, and, so to speak, display each the spiritual wares that his Church has to offer. Maurice investigates them all in a candid and critical spirit, and in the end returns to Cambridge, takes a course in the Harvard Divinity School and becomes an Episcopalian minister. Thus the processes detailed in "Robert Elsmere" are reversed and land our hero at the opposite pole of belief. As a work of art the story is in all respects decidedly inferior to "Robert Elsmere," and we miss in it that stress of spiritual conflict, that conviction of the supreme importance of its subject, which have done so much to give the latter book its power. Bryan Maurice is certainly candid and liberal-minded; but we feel as if, in choosing his creed, he were selecting a first-class timepiece or a coat that would wear well, rather than yielding to an overwhelming spiritual conviction. * * Still, the story is a readable one, and it contains a large amount of useful information for the guidance of the truth-seeker. That it will "keep equal step with Robert Elsmere," however, as is ambitiously prophesied in the preface, and "with the bane provide the antidote," we cannot believe.

Boston Transcript.

TANCREDI: A TALE OF THE OPERA. By Dr. E. Allenwood. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.14.

The hero, Tancredi, is a roué who had attached himself to the prima donna, whom he accompanied to America and to Philadelphia, where he found

himself in love with a Philadelphia belle. As Tancredi led two lives—one for the cantatrice, Godardo, and the other for belle, Bannemead, whom he married—it may be inferred that the Pittsburgh doctor has not made a very wholesome story.

Philadelphia Times.

FAIRY AND FOLK TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. Edited and selected by W. B. Yeats. Camelot series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

They are selected from a variety of sources, and curiously illustrate the superstitions of a people of unusually fertile imagination, who still believe in ghosts, banshees, and other supernatural creations.

N. Y. Sun.

JOHN STANDISH; OR, THE HARROWING OF LONDON. By the Rev. E. Gilliot, M. A., author of "Forest Outlaws," etc. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.64.

Is a more than usually successful attempt at historical fiction. It deals with the rebellion of Wat Tyler, and as the author thinks it "more important to reproduce the very words and thoughts of the past than to rely for a faithful picture on inventories of clothes and furniture," he has, by copious use of the English of Chaucer, modern Scotch, and other kindred philological materials, and referring for his facts to Walsingham and Froissart, made up what seems a fairly successful illustration of the times. The notes are too numerous for adult readers, but excellent for children.

Athenæum.

ORTHODOX. A tale by Dorothea Gerard. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

See review in this number.

THE COUNTESS EVE. By J. H. Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," etc., 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

Is an exaggeration of every one of his previous works. It is mystical, weird, and fantastic, with no well-defined beginning or end, and as incoherent in its several parts as a fragmentary dream. In place of an intelligently developed plot we have an incongruous succession of scenes, in which the occult or the supernatural by turn prevails. Personal purity and deep religious feeling of course are omnipresent. The only clear idea to be derived from the story is that a certain malevolent influence, which threatens more than one of its characters, is, in the end, thwarted and overthrown. What this influence is the reader must decide for himself. The author's exaltation of spirit is sometimes carried to a dangerous limit, but in detached passages he often becomes an eloquent rhapsodist. The scene is laid in a city of Burgundy, a few years before the outbreak of the French revolution, when the pretended discoveries of Mesmer had deeply stirred the popular mind; so that, after all Mr. Shorthouse may have attempted only to reflect the spirit of an age pregnant with great material and philosophical disturbances. The occasional pictures which he introduces of the proud and almost penniless provincial noblesse are charming. These worthies, living in ruinous corners of their chateaux, and regarding with supreme contempt the rich *bourgeois* classes, yet entertained for people of their own rank, and especially for women, a degree of respect and courtesy worthy of the finest period of the age of chivalry.

N. Y. Sun.

BETTER TIMES. Stories by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

Tales, "written in the better times when the author was younger, when stories made themselves out of instinct and sympathy, rather than from experience

or observation, and when painstaking realism was not thought of." Gathered from the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Good Company*, *Sunday Afternoon*, *Appletons' Journal*, and the *Galaxy*. *Publishers' Weekly.*

KATHLEEN. A NOVEL. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. 12mo paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

THE ISLAND; OR AN ADVENTURE OF A PERSON OF QUALITY. By Richard Whiteing. 8vo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.33.

Is no ordinary work of fiction. The very first chapter has a strong flavor of originality, which is not lost throughout the whole story. The book reads like an autobiography. The writer claims to be a member of the British aristocracy, who finds himself "out of focus" with the London world, and who seeks to find an ideal state of human society. His voyage of discovery through the Old World and his final shipwreck and romantic landing on an isle in the Pacific Ocean is very graphically described. The island he landed on was a sort of new Atlantis. There he found a small company of people who had formed themselves into an ideal commonwealth. The simplicity of their form of government, their arts and their laws, the weary Londoner was charmed with. He was obliged to remain with them some weeks, and he let the time grow into months. During his stay he became deeply attached to a young girl named Victoria, the daughter of the governor of the colony. The character of this young girl, her innocence in regard to the customs of civilized life, and her desire to learn these customs, because she supposed them to be always admirable, is dwelt upon by the writer in a decidedly cynical and satirical style. The book is evidently written by some one who is weary and disgusted with civilization, who sees himself surrounded by "a mass of gyrating atoms, with nothing but repulsions for their principle of movement," and who longs to see love the ruling principle of society and the world. The writer hits hard at the prevailing forms of Christianity, at social customs, at the division of mankind into classes, and pleads earnestly for the Brotherhood of man.

Boston Transcript.

COUNTER CURRENTS. By the author of "Justina." 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents.

Is an interesting, graceful love story. The writer lays her scene in a picturesque part of southern California and makes the local color a very attractive feature of her story. Her character sketches are well drawn, and the incidents introduced have the charm of novelty. Some of her characters—Elinor Jeffrey and George Fletcher especially—are delicate studies and all have points of interest. Of course, in a story as short as "Counter Currents," there is no time for elaborate character drawing or for the detailed working out of a plot. In fact, the writer of "Counter Currents" can be criticised more severely for what she has left out than for what she has put in. There are occasional breaks in the plot, and some of the characters disappear from the book with unseemly haste. But in spite of these evident faults in the literary make-up of the story, it is good, wholesome reading. The moral atmosphere of the story and of the chief characters is pure and uplifting, and to the masses who cry for light fiction we can safely recommend "Counter Currents" as interesting and readable—a good book to while away a lonely evening or to shorten a long journey or a sea voyage.

Boston Transcript.

THE HEART OF DON VEGA. By Alfred Allen. 16mo, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

Don Vega being told by doctors that he has heart disease and only five years to live, uses them to perfect an electric heart, which is inserted into his body at a clinic described in ghastly details. The operation is successful, and he is the hero of a sad romance filled with medical and surgical technicalities.

Publishers' Weekly.

FAIRY GOLD. By the author of "All in the Wild March Morning," etc., Globe Library. 12mo. paper, 18 cents; by mail, 19 cents.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK RUTHERFORD, AND MARK RUTHERFORD'S DELIVERANCE. Edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott. New edition, corrected and with additions. 12mo, \$1.80; by mail, \$1.90.

This is a completed edition of the two tales, the "Autobiography," and the "Deliverance" of Mark Rutherford, together with a new story, of a few pages, added at the end, by the same anonymous author. The book created a favorable impression when it came out three or four years ago—an impression which seems to have gained with time. The particular chapter of life which it records, the misery and wretchedness depicted, and the noble essay to introduce some light and hope into that land of the shadow of death, is all conceived and told in so humble and human and so real a spirit, that we do not wonder that a reprint should have been demanded.

London Bookseller.

THE MASTER OF RATHKELLY. By Hawley Smart, author of "A False Start," etc. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents.

Perhaps because his subjects are more serious than usual, Mr. Hawley Smart is more than usually "regardless of grammar;" but his admirers will find no lack of the old sporting incidents, steeplechases especially. For while Mr. Smart feels genuine and sincere horror for Irish outrages, the side of daily history which rouses most unflinching his sense of disgust is the banishment of sports from the most sporting nation in the world by such incidents as the attack on the Harkhallow hunt, and the assaults on hounds and men. Apart from this mood of protest there is nothing to distinguish this story of martial riders and sporting young ladies from others by the same hand.

Athenæum.

THE PHILISTINES. By Arlo Bates. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

See review in this number.

THE TORY'S DAUGHTER. A romance of the Northwest, 1812-1813. By A. G. Riddle. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

Is an American historical romance of a later period than that of Cooper's novels, to which it bears some resemblance. For there are in it Americans, English and Indians, but the time is that of the last war with Great Britain, and the scenes are on and about Lake Erie, in Ohio and along the northwestern border. General Harrison (father of the next President) wins his victory of Tippecanoe, Perry fights his naval battles on Lake Erie, Colonel Johnson kills Tecumseh at the fight on the Raisin river, and there are many skirmishes described that are founded on fact. A romance is interwoven in which English, Americans and red skins of both sexes figure. Mr. Riddle has thus made a story that is interesting in itself and excellent as a portrayal of life in war times on the frontier three-quarters of a century ago.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

MADAM'S WARD. By Carl Andrews. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 19 cents.

AROUND THE GOLDEN DEEP. A romance of the Sierras. By A. P. Reeder. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail \$1.23.

The scene of the story is laid in a mining town in the Sierras; and the familiar figures of the stubborn superintendent, the brainy young assayer and the mutinous men are once more introduced to our notice. The plot is sufficiently full of love-scenes, strikes and conflagrations, and every thing turns out at last with conventional appropriateness. The mine, of course, yields up its treasures just at the best moment; the right man ultimately gets the right girl; the crafty villain is duly and properly hoist with his own petard. There is not much to be said in commendation of the book. Its moralizing is of the tedious and commonplace kind, that has done so much to raise skipping to a high art among sensible readers. Its conversation is absurdly "stagey," except when it aspires to be smart, and then it becomes very flat. The book is innocent and inoffensive enough surely. Its sins are those of omission, not of commission. We will not even venture positively to assert that it will not find numerous readers.

Boston Transcript.

THE PROFESSOR'S SISTER. A romance. By Julian Hawthorne. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

The professor, his sister, and his beautiful twenty-five-year-old stepmother, together with three American students of metaphysics in the University of Dresden, are the characters in this romance told by one of the latter. All the men have theories of matter, nature, future life, spiritism, occult science, electricity, etc. Jealousy between the two women leads to the death of the professor's sister, who after two years is raised from death by her brother by a process to which he has devoted his life. Her husband's ideas of intercourse between the dead and living are poetic.

Publisher's Weekly.

THE QUICK OR THE DEAD? A study. By Amélie Rives. New edition. With portrait. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

UNDER THE MAPLES. A Story of Village Life. By Walter N. Hinman. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

Mapleville represents a quiet, peaceful village with a bustle of prosperity, such as are found in numbers in the Eastern and Middle States. A child of four is left by a woman in a travelling show to the tender care of the innkeeper of the little town, an old motherly woman living with her grandson. He protects the little girl all through her young life, and finally suffers much to shield her from imaginary wrong-doing. A healthy story for young people.

Publishers' Weekly.

DE MOLAI: THE LAST OF THE MILITARY GRAND MASTERS OF THE ORDER OF TEMPLAR KNIGHTS. A romance of history. By Edmund Flagg. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

Is a romance of history that deals with the persecution and final suppression of the Order of Knights Templar. The time is the reign of Philip IV. of France. The most impressive figure in the romance is that of Jacques de Molai, the old and self-sacrificing Grand Master of the order, whose history and that of the warrior monks of whom he was the head cannot fail to interest all readers who care for vivid descriptions of life in France in the fourteenth century. To the Masonic Brotherhood the romance will prove especially interesting.

Philadelphia Times.

THE COST OF A MISTAKE. By Sarah Pitt. With 8 original illustrations by Hal Ludlow. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

Is the title of a story for boys by Sarah Pitt, an English author. It is a good, clean, wholesome book, such as would do any boy good to read. It carries a lesson with it, which by no means lessens its value.

Boston Transcript.

LORIN MOORUCK; AND OTHER INDIAN STORIES. By George Truman Kercheval. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 70 cents.

A little volume that is unique in literature, for the stories are of American Indians, and Edward Everett Hale, in a prefatory letter, says that they are not merely founded on fact in a general way, but that the incidents described are substantially true. Bishop Whipple also vouches for them and for the writer, George Truman Kercheval. He considers that they show the needs of reform in our Indian policy, and the way to it, and that the circulation of the book will do much good. This is undoubtedly true; but the stories themselves are excellent in a literary sense. They are pictures of life among the tribes in which civilization and evangelization are struggling with barbarism, giving a hope of complete triumph.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

DIVIDED LIVES. By Edgar Fawcett. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett has never produced a more interesting or better constructed story than his "Divided Lives." The catastrophe upon which the plot hinges is both original and ingenious, and the handling of it reveals the hand of the practised novelist. It is to be regretted that so capable a writer should occasionally express himself in slipshod, ungrammatical English.

N. Y. Sun.

THE CHEZZLES. A story. By Lucy Gibbons Morse. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail \$1.24.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., make but few juveniles, but when they decide to manufacture something for children, they turn out a little gem in body and spirit. Miss Lucy Gibbons Morse has written "The Chezzles," a story partly of France and partly of America, written of and for children, and, like all good juveniles, a treat to older people. The talented author has added to the interest of her book by illustrating it herself.

Literary News.

A DOZEN AND ONE; OR, THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF POLLY'S RING. By Mary D. Brine. 4to, boards, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.30.

Is a carefully constructed story with many turns and surprises to it, such as young people delight in, with picturesque situations and innocent mysteries which please them equally well and with abundant spirited illustrations furnished by the Messrs. Cassell & Co., who have gotten the volume up in good style.

Independent.

OUR PHIL AND OTHER STORIES. By Katharine Floyd Dana. With illustrations by E. W. Kemble. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 99 cents.

About the neatest and most unpretentious volume on our table. A volume of three delicate sketches of negro character, originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the assumed name of Olive A. Wadsworth. E. W. Kemble illustrates it with sympathetic pen-and-inks.

Philadelphia Press.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER; OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

REFERENCE.

MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES. By Thomas Greenwood, F. R. G. S. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.73.

THE WRITER'S HANDBOOK. A guide to the art of composition. Embracing a general treatise on composition and style; instruction in English composition, with exercises for paraphrasing; and an elaborate letter-writer's *vade-mecum*, in which are numerous rules and suggestions relating to the epistolary art. Uniform with "The Reader's Handbook," etc. 8vo, half leather, \$1.85; by mail, \$2.04.

A book of unusual value to writers for the press. Its aim has been to set forth in a convenient form certain information for the benefit of those who desire to excel in the art of composition. The first part deals with composition and style, and contains a good deal of practical advice, such as instruction in proof-reading, preparing MS. for the press, and in putting a book through the press. The second part is devoted to English composition, and part third to epistolary composition. The volume is a reprint from English plates which have seen considerable service.

Boston Transcript.

SELECTIONS.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR M. AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by George Long. Revised edition. Knickerbocker Nuggets series. 18mo, 75 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

We have nothing fresh to say about these exquisite dainties; our last praise was superlative.

Philadelphia Press.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP; OR, WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE MEREDITH. With selections from his poetry, and an introduction. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

See review in this number.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASTRONOMY WITH AN OPERA GLASS. A popular introduction to the study of the starry heavens with the simplest of optical instruments. With maps and directions to facilitate the recognition of the constellations and the principal stars visible to the naked eye. By Garrett P. Serviss. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

Within the compass of 150 pages he has opened to an army of amateur star gazers such views of the heavens seen on a clear night as will fix the principal constellations and their movements firmly in their minds. Any person possessing a good opera or field glass may follow his instructions with perfect confidence. To go deeper into the subject a modern telescope is, of course, necessary. But without this instrument the heavens may be primarily studied to excellent advantage. Mr. Serviss is an astronomer of no mean attainments, and his observations of the movements of celestial bodies have more than once attracted attention in the columns of this paper.

N. Y. Sun.

MOTHER GOOSE SET TO MUSIC. By E. I. Lane. Illustrated in colors by J. L. Webb. 4to, boards, \$1.75; by mail, \$1.90.

AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1607-1885. By Charles F. Richardson. In two vols. Vol. II., American Poetry and Fiction. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.45.

See review in this number.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF PAINTING. By Mrs. Charles Heaton. New edition, revised by Cosmo Monkhouse. Bohn's Artists' Library. 12mo, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.52.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, justly thinking it worth the labor, has thoroughly overhauled it, verifying dates, rewriting notices, and supplying judicious footnotes by way of confirmation, correction, or elucidation. He also appends chronological lists of the painters of each country. The chapter on the extinction of painting in Italy has been rewritten by Miss Annie Evans. The work has thus been greatly enhanced in value for reference, while retaining a degree of readability very uncommon in manuals of this compass.

Nation.

THE TEACHING OF EPICTETUS; BEING THE "ENCHIRIDION OF EPICTETUS," WITH SELECTIONS FROM THE "DISSERTATIONS" AND "FRAGMENTS." Translated from the Greek, with introduction and notes, by T. W. Rolleston. Camelot series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

INFORMATION FOR AUTHORS. Hints and suggestions concerning all kinds of literary work. By Eleanor Kirk, compiler of "Periodicals that Pay Contributors." 8vo, 80 cents; by mail, 88 cents.

Every aspirant for literary honors, and writers of experience for that matter, ought to possess a copy of Eleanor Kirk's "Information for Authors." It is a volume of suggestions concerning the preparation for the press of newspaper, or magazine articles, poems, books, and the like, with much interesting information about pecuniary remuneration, methods of literary work, and the making of books. The author has done her work thoroughly and well.

N. Y. Sun.

THE DEATH-BLOW TO SPIRITUALISM: BEING THE TRUE STORY OF THE FOX SISTERS, AS REVEALED BY AUTHORITY OF MARGARET FOX KANE AND CATHERINE FOX-JENCKEN. By Reuben Briggs Davenport. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10, paper, 40 cents, by mail, 48 cents.

With the full consent of Margaret Fox-Kane and Catherine Fox-Jencken, the well-known Fox sisters, who originated the so-called spirit rappings, Mr. Reuben Briggs Davenport has produced "The Death-Blow to Spiritualism," giving a true account of their connection with the imposture. Both of these women now denounce spiritualism as founded on fraud, and have declared their intention to devote the remainder of their lives to undoing the evil they have committed. In pursuance of this resolve, Mrs. Kane only a few weeks ago told a New York audience the true story of the deception she had begun to practice more than forty years ago. Mr. Briggs's narrative is clear and forcible, and ought to carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind.

N. Y. Sun.

THE PHÆDRUS, LYSIS, AND PROTAGORAS OF PLATO. A new and literal translation, mainly from the text of Bekker. By J. Wright, M. A. 16mo, 95 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

NYE AND RILEY'S RAILWAY GUIDE. By Edward W. Nye and James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated by Baron De Grimm, E. Zimmerman, Walt. McDougall and others. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

The title is purposely misleading, as it seems to be a trick of these humorists to spring a joke where it is least expected. The book is certainly funny. It is fine in humor, clean and fascinating; in fact, it contains the best efforts of its authors, and the so-called Guide will have fulfilled the object of Messrs. Nye and Riley if it guides to hearty laughter and easy digestion, as it certainly will those who are fortunate enough to read it.

Philadelphia Call.

MASKS OR FACES? A study in the psychology of acting. By William Archer. 8vo, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.25.

THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. Lectures delivered in Worcester College Hall, Oxford, 1887-88. By James E. Thorold Rogers. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.47.

The volume which Professor Rogers here puts forth of the lectures lately delivered by him in virtue of his university office will, we think, prove to be a very important and valuable contribution to political economy. And it is no depreciation of the work to say that its principal merit seems to lie not so much in the new views or new definitions propounded or the remedies proposed, as in the form in which the Professor has cast his subject for treatment—the method, namely, of an historical investigation. And the method has about it a certain charm of novelty. The "records that illustrate social life and the distribution of wealth" have, says the author, been persistently neglected both by the historians and the political economist. It has been reserved for Professor Thorold Rogers to lead the way in remedying the defect. He has explored Domesday Book, read the Manor rolls "by hundreds," searched the pipe rolls, and followed up English rents through six centuries of a national history. With the fruit of these laborious researches at his back, it may be imagined that in the present lectures we have not merely an instructive treatise but a most entertaining and interesting book. In this way such points as the religious movements, from Wicliffe to Wesley, the London Guilds, the English wool-market of the Middle Age, the East India Company, Banking, ancient and modern, Protection, and a host of other questions are utilised by the Professor as so many economic facts towards the proper interpretation of history. Professor Rogers writes, as he has always spoken, as a decided partisan, a position which he is himself the first to vindicate. But, in this connection, it is very refreshing to hear him confess that the possession of £30,000 a year in Irish rents would have a material influence in determining his view of landlord and tenant rights in that country. And the defection from the Land League movement of recent tenant purchasers of land in that country seems to bear out the Professor's remark.

London Bookseller.

IRELAND UNDER COERCION. The diary of an American. By William Henry Hulbert. 12mo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

William Henry Hulbert will be recalled as an American journalist of great prominence in New York some years back. In the first half of this year he made a series of visits to Ireland to endeavor through actual observation to throw some light upon the many social and political problems now disturbing it. His views are all rose-colored, and against the accepted ones generally. He did not find the country, as a whole, either misgoverned or ungovernable; nor did he discover any outward and visible signs of grinding misery, such as he saw in Belgium. His observation of the working of so-called "coercion" does not carry out the statements of the Nationalists, nor have his visits made him strongly in favor of "home rule."

Publishers' Weekly.

THE REMINISCENCES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN GRONOW. Being Anecdotes of the Camp, Court, Clubs, and Society, 1810-1860. With portrait, and 20 etched and aquatint illustrations from contemporary sources. By Joseph Grego. In two volumes. 8vo, \$16.00.

It was the lot of Captain Gronow, as he informed his readers, "to have lived through the greater part of one of the most eventful centuries of England's

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Literary World.

THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES TO FRANCE; MEMBER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, etc., Edited by Anne Cary Morris, 2 vols. with portraits, \$5.50; by mail, \$6.00.

THE HUMAN MYSTERY IN HAMLET. An attempt to say an unsaid word. With suggestive parallelisms from the elder poets. By Martin W. Cooke, 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

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Philadelphia Bulletin.

FACETTES OF LOVE: FROM BROWNING. Being the introductory address at the opening of the Browning Society of the New Century Club of Philadelphia, November 12, 1888. By Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, 8vo. paper, 40 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION; OR, THE PRESERVATION OF FAVORED RACES IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. By Charles Darwin, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S. With additions and corrections from last English edition. 2 vols. 8vo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.25.

WHAT TO DO. Thoughts evoked by the census of Moscow. By Count Lyof N. Tolstot. A new and authorized translation from the unabridged Russian manuscript. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 49 cents.

The first edition, published last year, was translated from an imperfect copy of the work, which had been mutilated by the Russian Censor. That now put forth is a reproduction of the complete work, a copy of which was with some difficulty obtained, and the reader can grasp the full force and significance of the author's views on some of the most startling questions of the day. *N. Y. Sun.*

OUR CHILDREN AND THEIR FRIENDS. Translated from the French of Mademoiselle Suzanne Cornoz. By Evelyn Shepard. Illustrated. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

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Among the papers contributed to the monthly magazines by Colonel Higginson there have been left uncollected up to the present time a number of essays in two distinct lines. In *Harper's* and the *Century* there have appeared within the last few years three capital articles on "Old Salem Sea-Captains," "A Revolutionary Congressman on Horseback" (William Ellery, of Rhode Island, on his way to the Continental Congress at York, Pa.) and "A New England Vagabond" (Henry Tufts, a precious scamp of the times of the Revolution). Much farther back in the dates of their first publication is a series of studies in negro history, which embraces "The Maroons of Jamaica" and "Surinam," "Gabriel's Defeat," "Denmark Vesey," and "Nat Turner's Insurrection." These appeared in the *Atlantic*, mostly, if not entirely, before the Civil War, and had for their common object to show the insecurity of the slavery regime, because of the actual bravery of the negro race. These two groups of essays furnish the "Travellers" and the "Outlaws" of the present collection, which will be welcomed by all readers of Colonel Higginson's writings; the papers it contains are in all ways worthy of their permanent form. *Literary World.*

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=Readers of "Madame Mohl," "Diane Coryval," and "Narka" will be grieved to learn of the death of Miss Kathleen O'Meara, which occurred in Paris on November 10th, of pneumonia, after an illness of ten days. Her best known books are "Iza's Story," "The Life of Frederic Ozanam," "A Salon Under the Second Empire," "Madame Mohl," and "Narka," although these form only a small portion of her work. She was a contributor to the *Catholic World* of New York and to several English journals.

=The late Lord Stanhope's "Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington," just published in England by John Murray, will be issued in America by Longmans, Green & Co. Lord Mahon was very intimate with the victor of Waterloo for the last twelve years of the Iron Duke's life, and he set down from day to day Wellington's "Table Talk," which is always interesting and often important. Wellington was as frank and as direct as Grant, and like the great American commander, the Englishman was prompt to praise his chief adversary. Besides giving us Wellington's opinion of Napoleon, of Tallyrand, of his own army, and of the comparison of himself to Marlboro' Lord Stanhope's book abounds in quotable anecdotes.



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terian, holding to the literal words of the Confession of Faith, is bound to be.

Since the appearance of "John Ward, Preacher," Mrs. Deland has written two short stories, one for the *Atlantic Monthly* and one for *Longman's Magazine*, and she is now writing another work of fiction.

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

Mr. James Bryce, thirty years ago, showed that he possessed the rare gift of a philosophic imaginative mind ballasted by an historic sense. This enabled him in his "Holy Roman Empire" to write the history of an idea so as to light the history of an age.

The "American Commonwealth" is written after thirty years which Mr. Bryce has given to his profession—he is a lawyer—to public affairs, to historical study and to travel—each in a share large enough to be for most men full work. His "American Commonwealth" will be the standard description and discussion of American democracy in the last third of this century, as Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" is for the first third. But while the latter surprises the American by giving a penetrating and philosophic explanation to phenomena he sees about him, Mr. Bryce enlists his admiration by the skill with which he has learned and weighed the facts and bent of our daily life. M. de Tocqueville has done more to form American political thought than any book about one country written by the citizen of another; Mr. Bryce's work will take its place as one and probably the best of the many books written on one country for the information of another.

The "American Commonwealth" has therefore so many pages familiar to every educated man and does so little to give a new philosophic interpretation to our development and progress, that its usefulness abroad is likely to be far greater than its influence here. The exact reverse was true of T. Tocqueville's great work. In spite of the lavish eulogy now given the book, therefore, its permanent sale in this country is likely to be small. The professor will always quote it, but the young thinker will not be nourished by it. For the American, however, who wishes to have his view of his own land cleared up and coördinated, Mr. Bryce's book is the most useful in print. We are all born strangers in our own land. We are not all naturalized by twenty-one years' residence here. It is possible to be too busy an American to know what America is. For those who feel this there is no book better.

Mr. Bryce has appreciated better than any predecessor the great intricacy of our system, the great extent to which its administration has modified its constitutional working, and the way in which the action of both officers and the law is modified by public action,

which in party action moves in formal channels, and in public opinion is felt through organs less formal, but not less powerful. This, in its whole, one not less than another, is our government, and Mr. Bryce is the first to show this. Dealing with democracy in its effect on life, Mr. Bryce makes clear that it levels up and not down, lightens and does not darken, softens rather than hardens—which is true. By result, as he fully shows, wealth and power get less of what men hold dear and mind more than elsewhere the world around. For which all praise to democracy.

Matthew Arnold's work has in it endless irritation for half culture. He knew his field, he knew literature, and he exasperates those who do not agree with his clear words which suggest so much and decide so little. It is so much easier to be certain on a little knowledge than doubtful with a great deal, so much pleasanter to feel that we have the best now without troubling one's soul over the better of the past. But, if one wishes to learn, the second series of "Essays in Criticism"—if less valuable than the first—still holds, the soundest criticism of the century. Nowhere is it more needed than here, nowhere more necessary, and nowhere, we fear, more neglected, for the advantage of Arnold is that he makes no concessions in literary judgment, and one gets the truth even about dazzling meteors like Keats and Shelley. Arnold's limitation is on the side of self-sacrifice, of self-abnegation, which, let us thank God for it, democracy cultivates.

It was this quality which brought Emerson near Marcus Aurelius. It is this which inspires and fills with dignity A. Bronson Alcott's address and monody on him which has just been published. A strain simpler or more Sicilian is not in all our letters.

A message is so rare a thing in modern poets, most of all in the poets of to-day, that its presence has dignified the work of Miss Emma Lazarus, too soon gone. Much of her work, nearly all of the first two volumes just issued, ought not to have seen the light; but the second is full of the Jewish note. Its treatment is often fanciful, it is now and then cursed with the straining after effect which our self-conscious age breeds; but our literature has no better voicing of the spirit of Israel, which has borne with bleeding feet age by age the ark which held a great truth. It is a great work to have made this clear in verse and have brought home to doubting men the higher life of the Jew, and for this Emma Lazarus will live.

"Better Times," the little collection of stories gathered by the author of "Margaret Kent," whom all the world now knows as Mrs. Kirk, has, like her novels, a certain solidity. Her work is all done in the round, has always a high value. Her books are not made up of the people in novels, but are novels of people,

and time is never wasted over their definite drawing. At the same time, her curiosity about men seems to be greater than her acquaintance with them.

John Gibson Lockhart's "Spanish ballads" have not much of Spain about them but their subjects. Translations were little more than transcriptions two generations ago. But Lockhart's verse has an easy, if a mechanical swing, and his work is direct and interesting. His ballads have gone out of sight of late, lingering in selections, and their appearance in "Knickerbocker Nuggets" revives a wholesome group of stories which give another side to Irving's "Alhambra."

Mr. William Archer, a London dramatic critic with a sense of form unusual in English dramatic criticism, has applied in "Masks or Faces" the method of this century to the question whether actors feel the emotion they express, just as Diderot applied the method of his century to the same question in his "Paradox of Acting." Mr. Archer has collected facts. M. Diderot spun a neat theory. By the aid of a circular, personal interviews and research Mr. Archer has brought together more facts on the technique of acting than have ever been gathered in the same compass before. The discussion itself is of little moment. Nothing is more overvalued than technique. But the play-goer, though he may not care a rap for Mr. Archer's end, will find Mr. Archer's book absorbing.

"Our Recent Actors," by Mr. Westland Marston, is nothing more than a handy but slipshod collection of sketches covering the actors of the half century, extending roughly from 1825 to 1875.

The fifty years of English acting which lies just before this later period is treated after a different and adequate fashion in Mr. J. F. Molloy's "Edmund Kean." His brief and brilliant life bridged the beginning of the modern stage which dates, if date must be had, from March 13, 1793, when John Philip Kemble reopened Drury Lane, and Kean, six years old, was one of the imps in the witches' scene. The stage, as we know it, began then, and Kean did much to make it what it is, one claim of this century on the future.

The "Critical Period of American History," by Mr. John Fiske, is a useful but not a great book. The sixteen years between the treaty of Paris and the inauguration of Washington are the most fateful in our national life. They are at the same time the most uninteresting. The only man who has ever given this mixed jumble of men and laws any interest is Mr. John Bach McMaster. Perhaps if Mr. Fiske had digested his materials more completely, he could have made these dull days live. But his very preface shows how little below the surface he has gone. As it is, his book is a most convenient summary. Any

teacher, for instance, who will read Mr. Fiske and Mr. McMaster on this period can feel up to the work of letting light on a period which goes through the minds of most young students without a thought of its true place in our history. Yet if it is known, all is known.

Mr. J. C. Firth is a New Zealander by adoption and a good deal of a fool by nature. His book, "Our Kin Across the Sea," is the first about this country to be written by an Australasian. It has no other value.

Motley has made it easy to write a short history of Holland. Mr. Thorold Rogers in adding the volume on this land to the "Story of the Nations" has done little more than take a short spin along Motley's broad highway. He might have made clear all the gifts liberty enabled Holland to give Europe for nigh 200 years, for its intellectual outlasted its political freedom, and the land gave the world the first modern proof that the way to make men think is to make them free.

"Turgot," by M. Leon Say, is a short surveying of the greatest French minister of finance in the last century by the ablest of French financial ministers in this century. The French revolution blinds a man as to what stands just behind it as a big arc light does, and few of us know either what men did to ward off the storm or how much of the crash was due not to a rotten court but to bad laws. No one can read this little book without seeing that we are drifting near the same breakers which wrecked France. If the Knights of Labor had won, work would have been shackled here with the bonds Turgot broke when he wiped out the French trade guilds. This little life is clear and sharp in its outlines, and its only lack is that it was written for Frenchmen and needs notes.

The symmetrical life of the scholar and the life of faith have both become rare in the world. Both were led by Dr. S. Wells Williams, whose memoir has just been written with singular good taste and restraint by his son, Mr. F. W. Williams. For forty-nine years from the day he reached Canton in 1833, at the age of twenty-one, almost up to the day of his death in 1882, Dr. Williams devoted his life to a single subject, the language, the literature and the affairs of China. In this time he wrote and thirty years later revised the "Middle Kingdom," the most complete and comprehensive study of a single land issued in modern times; he issued two Chinese dictionaries, one covering the court or mandarin dialect and the other a monument of broad scholarship, which takes rank with half a score such works in any language; he wrote a Chinese grammar, and a number of lesser works relating to China, while his fugitive articles were numbered by the hundred. These vast labors were carried on year after year, without haste or rest, guided and inspired by a placid faith to which no

words can do justice and which no eulogy exaggerate. The lives are rare in which great scholarship and great consecration meet and mingle in an harmonious current, which for half a century fills life with good deeds and great work. The record of such a life in days of doubt and hurry is a living assurance of a higher life which men daily forget.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards since her "Thousand Miles up the Nile" was published has become a distinguished Egyptologist; but she was quite as good a one when she wrote this rapid book, which has the supreme advantage over most books of travel of being written by one who knew the land she was travelling in.

AT A READING.

The spare Professor, grave and bald,
 Began his paper. It was called,
 I think, "A Brief Historic Glance
 At Russia, Germany, and France."
 A glance, but to my best belief
 'Twas almost anything but brief—
 A wide survey, in which the earth
 Was seen before mankind had birth;
 Strange monsters basked them in the sun,
 Behemoth, armored glyptodon,
 And in the dawn's unpracticed ray
 The transient dodo winged its way;
 Then, by degrees, through silt and slough
 We reached Berlin—I don't know how.
 The good Professor's monotone
 Had turned me into senseless stone
 Instantly, but that near me sat
 Hypatia in her new spring hat,
 Blue-eyed, intent, with lips whose bloom
 Lighted the heavy-curtained room.
 Hypatia—ah, what lovely things
 Are fashioned out of eighteen springs—
 At first, in sums of this amount,
 The eighteen summers do not count.
 Just as my eyes were growing dim
 With heaviness, I saw that slim,
 Erect, elastic figure there,
 Like a pond-lily taking air.
 She looked so fresh, so wise, so neat,
 So altogether crisp and sweet,
 I quite forgot what Bismarck said,
 And why the Emperor shook his head,
 And how it was Von Moltke's frown
 Cost France another frontier town.
 The only facts I took away
 From the Professor's theme that day
 Were these: a forehead broad and low,
 Such as the antique sculptures show;
 A chin to Greek perfection true;
 Eyes of Astarte's tender blue;
 A high complexion without fleck
 Or flaw, and curls about her neck.
 Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in *Harper's Magazine*.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

A few days ago I had the good fortune of spending a delightful hour with the most charming and refined of French contemporary writers, whose name and works are as familiar to the English public as those of Ouida, Walter Besant, or George Eliot.

M. Alphonse Daudet lives now in the heart of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, No. 31, Rue de Bellechasse, in which street two retired Presidents of the Republic, MacMahon and Jules Grévy, each possess a town residence.

After passing a monumental gateway and a pretty spacious yard, you reach a large vestibule adorned with superb glass-plate. The broad stairs are covered with a thick carpet. M. Daudet occupies a flat on the third floor. It is no longer the time when *Le petit Chose* shared with his elder brother the humble attic overlooking the church tower of Saint-Germain



des Près. I pressed an electric bell; a valet opened the door, and, after taking my card, left me in a small ante-room filled with artistic furniture, dimly seen in the subdued light which entered by a painted glass window. The valet returns shortly, and, opening a door hidden by a heavy *portière*, bids me go in.

I enter a square room with a large antique fireplace, before which is placed a small table covered with the morning papers. On the left is the master's bureau, and behind it a small bookcase. But I was too busy examining the great novelist to notice much else than his person and his words. Before me stood Alphonse Daudet in the flesh.

I must own that I felt a little embarrassed on being suddenly confronted by one of the most eminent representatives of French literature. I stammered out a few words of apology for thus trespassing on his

time, and modestly explained the object of my visit. M. Daudet's affability soon put me at ease. Having pointed out a seat, the *maitre* kindly listened to my questions and replied to my inquiries. For an hour I was under the magic spell of an incomparable talker.

M. Daudet is forty-eight years of age, having been born in 1840. He is dark, of middle height and rather slender build. His decidedly handsome features put one in mind of Lord Tennyson. His regular nose, his fine dark beard, his well-drawn and somewhat full lips, his large, bright and sympathetic eyes, his forehead, shaded by abundant auburn hair and bearing the furrows of thought, all are indicative of a superior mind.

Although the author of "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné," "Le Nabab," "Jack," "Les Rois en Exil," "Numa Roumestan," "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Sapho," "L'Immortel," and many other inimitable pictures of modern French society, has now been a resident in Paris for more than a quarter of a century, he is still the Man of the South, the exuberant *Méridional*, as they have it here; and a Parisian ear will easily detect in his accent, though in a scarcely preceptible degree, that peculiarity of pronunciation—far from unpleasant—that reveals at once a Southerner.

Alphonse Daudet is short-sighted and wears an eyeglass, which hardly ever leaves his left eye. This weakness of sight may perhaps have contributed to develop his habit of observation.

M. Daudet has two sons and a daughter. His eldest boy is twenty years of age, and studies medicine. He is his father's pride. The younger boy is but ten years old, and a day boarder in a Government school. As for the girl, she is an infant of two years.

When M. Daudet speaks of his children, his face brightens amazingly. He had made up his mind to bring up his eldest son himself, or, at least, to superintend personally his studies. With that object he read over again all the Greek and Latin classics with his boy, so as to stimulate his progress, and only ceased to coach him after he had taken his degree. "Whatever may have been my pre-occupation, or the claims of my literary work," M. Daudet said to me, "I never allowed my son to go to college without having previously satisfied myself that he knew his lessons, and had done his work."

Madame Daudet, *née* Allard, who, besides being the wife of the great poet-novelist, is also a writer and a poet of no small merit, reads all the manuscripts of her husband, and sometimes suggests alterations, so M. Daudet told me, to which he always submits cheerfully. This gifted lady does for her younger boy what M. Daudet did for the eldest of the children. Every morning at seven—even when Madame Daudet had been sitting up late the night before by reason of her social duties—the little boy is brought

to her bedroom, and has to recite his lessons before going to college. No consideration, barring sheer impossibility, ever induced this devoted mother to neglect what she regards as one of her most important duties. And yet there are people in England who think there is no such thing as home-life in France!

M. Daudet considers "Numa Roumestan" the best work he ever produced. The character of that impulsive and ambitious child of Nîmes, transplanted, so to speak, from sunny Provence to what, to him, seems but cold and misty Paris, making friends with everybody, and finally entering the Cabinet as Minister of Public Instruction, was so new and foreign to Parisian notions, that it secured an enormous success for its author and soon furnished material for a most popular play. "This subject," remarked M. Daudet, "was so dear to me, and so much after my own heart, that I must confess it is the purest expression of whatever talent of observation and power of exposition I may be credited with. Southern nature, I had often had occasion to notice, was a closed letter to the Parisians; they only knew our defects. I gladly seized the opportunity of lifting the veil, and pointed out to them that, notwithstanding minor faults, we people of the South are a warm-hearted, noble and generous race, and, when needs be, quite as energetic as the people of the colder portions of France."

Balzac is the favorite author of M. Daudet, and Shakespeare his favorite poet. Unfortunately, M. Daudet does not know English; he is, therefore, obliged to depend on the translation by Victor Hugo.

M. Daudet's sense of the beautiful is such that he cannot bear what, to him, seems monstrous associations. Speaking of M. Renan, with whom he is on intimate terms, he said to me: "What a fine intellect, and what a pity it should be imprisoned in such a huge and unwieldy frame! It is so revolting to one's ideal!" * * *

M. Daudet is now engaged on a novel which will be entitled "La Lutte pour la Vie" (Struggle for Life). It will be a sequel to "L'Immortel," inasmuch as the hero will be a member of Asti-Réhu's family. In it M. Daudet will apply himself to convince the skeptic world that French home-life is a reality, and French domestic virtues not a mere word. This novel is based on a play which M. Daudet read a short time ago to M. Koning, proprietor of the *Gymnase* theatre here, where it will be shortly performed under the same title as the novel.

Paris Correspondent of London Bookseller.

BOOKS.

In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their soul into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

MATERIAL OF BOOKS.

If we of this stirring generation were suddenly jolted backward to the time when the art of writing consisted in painting with different kinds of ink, or when events were recorded by planting trees or throwing stones into a pile, we should begin to appreciate our current privileges. Visitors at the British Museum are often entertained by the examination of specimens of the earliest modes of writing on bricks, tables of stone, ivory, the bark of trees and the leaves of trees. In the Sloanian library is a nabob's letter on a piece of bark, about two yards long and richly ornamented with gold. There are also several copies of the Bible written on palm leaves. The ancients appear to have written on any leaves they could find adapted to the purpose. Hence the name leaf, of a book, referring to a tree, was derived. The Babylonians made their contracts of business on tiles or broken pots. The treaties between the Romans, Spartans and the Jews were written on brass. The speech of Claudius, engraved on a plate of bronze, is preserved in the town hall of Lyons, in France. There are wooden manuscripts which must have existed prior to 1423. In the shepherd state people wrote with horns and awls; then they invented an iron bodkin. After that the stylus came into use, made sharp at one end to write with, and blunt and broad at the other for effacing and correcting. But the Romans found these sharp instruments dangerous, as vicious persons used them for daggers. A schoolmaster was killed on one occasion with them in the hands of his own scholars.

Magazine of American History.

MORALS IN LITERATURE.

Elderly people can recall a time when "Jane Eyre" was considered an immoral book, when mothers and governesses would have turned pale at seeing that impassioned love-story in the hands of "the young person." Indeed, Thackeray, in gracious acknowledgment of that splendid dedication, which compared him with Fielding as the eagle with the vulture, writes about little Miss Piminy who has written a naughty novel. It may be agreeable, perhaps, to those who are in favor of rapid movement in literature, as in all other things, to note how far we have traveled on the broad gauge of toleration within the forty years that have gone by since "Jane Eyre" was published; an interval which has brought us to the serious consideration by judge and jury as to whether M. Zola's later novels are or are not advantageous reading for the English people. Only, indeed, by going back upon the past, and recalling the books which ranked highest on a bad eminence, can we appreciate the progress that has been made.

There was a day when a woman opened Byron's "Don Juan" in fear and trembling, feeling that it was a sin to touch that famous poem, glancing nervously

here and there at the pages, lest some evil thing should start out from amongst those eloquent stanzas, like an adder out of the luxuriance of heather and dwarf-furze. Who shudders at "Don Juan," now, or fears to discuss its merits and demerits? But from Byron to Swinburne, from Charlotte Brontë to Mrs. Campbell-Praed, is a short step in comparison with the leap from Fielding to Zola. Women have been brought up in the idea that Fielding means pollution, that to open a volume of "Tom Jones" is to put themselves outside the pale of womanly modesty. Yet, how milk-and-watery is Fielding's profligacy, how meek and mild his coarseness, when measured against the realistic school of modern France! His most hazardous situations are so gently handled that one smiles at the thought of Thackeray's reiterated lament that it was not permitted to a novelist of his day to write like Fielding.

Edmund Yates, in London World.

WHAT A COPYRIGHT PROTECTS.

A title may be entered, but the copyright covers the book and not the title. A title alone can not be copyrighted; it can be protected solely as a trade-mark. What is a copyrighted manuscript? Copyright pertains to a published book only. So long as a book is in manuscript it is protected by a common law of property; no one can print it without authority unless he steals it. It is when a book is published that the copyright law steps in to protect it. Every day we have evidence that authors have wrong notions of copyright; they make a point of having obtained copyright as if it were something difficult—like a patent—and think they have in some way secured their book and their title by entering the latter. They have secured nothing. Nothing whatever is gained by entering a title except a preliminary step to be followed by filing copies of the book. *Critic.*

EDMOND DE GONCOURT AT HOME.

The Goncourt brothers were the pioneers of the æsthetic and literary movement with which the Nineteenth Century will close. They were the first who were bold enough to depict the beauty of a suburban landscape dotted with red-tiled roofs and strewn with oyster shells: for it must not be forgotten that "Germinie Lacerteux" was the book that served as a model for the latter-day exponents of naturalism. It will soon be twenty years since the death of the younger brother interrupted that literary career which stands as a marvelous example of collaboration—two minds moved with homogeneous, or rather identical impressions by contact with men and things, two hearts engaged by as tender a tie as if they had been feminine. It is not the half-dozen novels, nor yet the historical works—"Marie-Antoinette," "La Société Française," "La Femme au XVIII^e Siècle," etc.—

that best set in light this twin authorship, but the "Journal des Goncourt." The luminous activity to which witness is borne by the pages of this diary, written in the spare moments which preceded sleep on returning from evenings of social or other recreation, has been very generally admired by the literary world. The store of delicious impressions, the fascinating undercurrent of intimate confessions, the vivid sketches of contemporaries—portraits of such a quality that it seems as if one of the brothers must have photographed the faces while the other phonographed the voices—all testify to the singular strength and sympathy of that literary alliance.

Since the death of his brother, M. Edmond de Goncourt has lived alone at Auteuil in the charming home they both loved and where the last parting took place. As dainty as that of a *petite-maitresse* is this house, and in its kind one of the marvels of Paris. M. de Goncourt cannot absent himself long from its familiar surroundings and precious souvenirs. He is back from the summer vacation in time to see the leaves in his garden change color, and to watch the first flush of autumn tints spread along the banks of the Seine and over the hills of St. Cloud. Let us enter the house. The staircase, in its sheath of white silk gayly embroidered, suggests some fabled tree whose branches bear treasures. From the vestibule up to the last floor, a series of Japanese miniatures in gilded bamboo frames alternate with the choicest prints of last century's fantasists. Every landing is arranged with quaint tables and settees and rare knick-knacks. We will go at once to the *grenier*, a good room for talking, as the master says. This loft at the top of the house is not the study, though its altitude would make it tempting to many writers. It is rather the arena where famous bouts of conversation have taken place, the reception-room where only favored ones are received. Some very precious souvenirs are stored here. Bookshelves are filled with editions of the moderns printed on wonderful paper, each book containing a sheet of the author's original MS. But the real treasures are in the glazed book-case. These are the chief works written by the two brothers, their interlaced initials stamped upon the gilded edges. One binding is in leather, representing leaves and flowers plucked from their own garden, chiseled in relief and exquisitely tinted, the tender greens, rich purples and pale yellows glowing with life. Another is stamped with a silver medallion portrait of Jules de Goncourt; and "La Femme au XVIII. Siècle" is bound between two enamels of Petitot—nude female figures of delightful workmanship. Some incomparable Gavarni's on the wall complete the artistic impression.

In spite of his sixty-odd years, M. de Goncourt is a stalwart type of manhood, tall and erect. The white hairs denoting age frame a face sadly grave but wholly genial; and the frank laughter is almost boyish, when some amusing recollection is called up. Our

conversation turned on the days of auld-lang-syne, of the brother who had been all in all to him. "Ah, those long years of communion with my brother have spoiled me. We so completed each other, mind and heart. I never hoped I could find that in a woman," said M. de Goncourt pensively. "I hate being alone, and should have married long ago if I could have felt sure of meeting with an intellect that would not prove disappointing. My admiration for women is very restricted, for the reason that usually their intellect has a weak side. My brother and I were indefatigable workers; we were like a pair of horses; when one ceased pulling, the other carried him on. Not that we did not accomplish the same amount of work; for our method required the strict application of both. When a subject was decided upon and talked over, we retired to separate rooms, and each wrote out his interpretation of it. When the chapters were finished—it is curious what I am going to tell you—they were read aloud, and, as if by instinct, both pointed to the copy to be used. The other one was discarded, and seldom, very seldom, did we utilize any of its material. Never did we disagree; both recognized at once the better inspiration of the two." * * *

M. Edmond de Goncourt has laid down the pen of the novelist. His last work will be the completion of the "Journal des Goncourt," the final volumes of which are not to appear until twenty years after his death. It is the privilege of no one to say what surprises they may have in store, nor how much of the story of to-day will be recorded in their pages.

Le Coco de Lautreppe, in The Critic.

POETRY AS A FACTOR IN EDUCATION.

Plato thought that boys are the most untamable of wild beasts; and his opinion has had eminent supporters. Pope probably meant much the same thing when he said that schoolboys have no character. In view of this opinion, the story of Fénelon and the young Duke of Burgundy has a peculiar significance. There is, indeed, no more signal example of the immense importance of well-conceived, well-directed methods of education than the transformation which Fénelon wrought in his royal pupil. A more intractable subject probably never exercised the wits and the patience of his instructor. Before he was placed in the hands of Fénelon, the Duke was in simple truth much more of a wild beast than a rational human being. One of his chief pleasures was in kicking and biting all his attendants who approached him. At times he refused to speak a word for hours. On other occasions he would not eat, though tempted with all the triumphs of the royal cooks. His grandfather, Louis XIV, had been at infinite pains to obtain for him the most judicious attendants and tutors, but all had given up their charge as hopeless. At length Fénelon was called in. Fénelon was not without

REVIEWS.

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.

By James Bryce. In two volumes. Vol. I. The National Government—The State Government—The Party System. Vol. II. The Party System—Public Opinion—Illustrations and Reflections—Social Institutions. 8vo, \$5.40; by mail, \$5.74.

Just as Motley was said to have written of all lands as though he had been born in each of them—of the Dutch Republic as though he were a Dutchman—so at once it impresses us that Prof. James Bryce has written about "The American Commonwealth" like a native. With a spirit of a native, that is to say, not in imitation or emulation of any native writer. There was no model before him. Perhaps there are Americans who could have written a better book about their own country, with a broader knowledge and in a more winning style; but, holding this possible, such a report would be bound to catch as *couleur de rose* the eye of Europe. Foreigners receive the best of native criticism with cold suspicion; but this portly product of Professor Bryce's investigations has already commanded the world's respect and admiration.

It is a great book, not solely because its judgments are fair, although we have not been accorded by English writers such impartial treatment as to render us indifferent to the charms of dispassionate criticism; but it is the only fair and full, intelligent and adequate study of the practical operation of our governmental machinery, our politicians and political methods, the multiform expression of our national character and our social institutions. De Tocqueville did not do this for us fifty years ago in his "Democracy in America." He wrote a delightful philosophical treatise on democracy in general with the American Union for text. But in the Frenchman's day neither the man nor the time was come for such a work as this. The harder task that the professor of civil law at Oxford set for himself was to review for an older and an incredulous civilization the results of a "rule of the multitude;" not so much to discuss the merits of republican institutions as to paint them as they are, tracing what is peculiar in them not merely to the sovereignty of the masses, but also to the history and traditions of our race; to its fundamental ideas and material environment. The result is a masterpiece, a mine of information. No previous work compares with it in scope or treatment. *Philadelphia Press.*

The exhaustiveness of the book, its wealth of knowledge, its conspicuous and sometimes almost harassing impartiality, are marvels; but still in this generation, and among the flood of interests which press on every man competent to study such a work, time has to be considered. With that reserve, however, we have nothing but praise for "The American Commonwealth." We have not found a point of interest which is not thoroughly discussed, or an opinion which

is not supported by full illustrations, or a judgment which is visibly tinctured in the slightest degree either by prejudice or rancour. Occasionally, perhaps, the author avoids a decided judgment a little too carefully; but that, we take it, was part of his plan, which is to describe the framework of American life, the system under which the vast Republic is administered, without so much of either praise or blame as should give the reader any definite bias. He is enabled to see the huge, and, indeed, most cumbrous machine, exactly as it is; and then, if an Englishman, he will compare its working with that of the similar but lighter machine in his own country, without help from any book. *London Spectator.*

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES TO FRANCE; MEMBER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, ETC. Edited by Anne Cary Morris. 2 vols. with portraits, \$5.50; by mail, \$6.00.

Gouverneur Morris was one of the great men of the Revolutionary era, and of the formative period of this nation. By a combination of circumstances, and possibly also by traits of character and disposition, he never became a popular hero to the extent that others associated with him in the great work of nation-making succeeded in doing. Nevertheless, the work which he did was important, while the influence which he exerted, as a man of unusual culture and high ideals, was scarcely less important than his positive performances. Such a man was worthy of a better memorial than has ever yet been given to the public, while many of his experiences were of a kind that could only be properly set forth in his own words. The compilation from his diaries and correspondence which has been made by his granddaughter, with an accompaniment of biographical data that suffices to make the record a fairly complete one, is a very important addition to American biographical literature. A considerable portion of the matter contained in the two handsome volumes, edited by Miss Morris, appeared in the monthly issues of *Scribner's Magazine*, and their value and interest were at once recognized by the entire American public. Gouverneur Morris was not only a close intimate of the great men of his day, who fought the Revolution and who framed the Constitution, but, in his capacity of Minister to France during the last days of the Monarchy and the beginning of the Revolution, he was thrown into intimate associations with the Court of Louis XVI and with the men of all parties during the Revolution, and he has recorded, in his diary and in his letters, his impressions of men and women and events which have, at this time, an interest and a value that can scarcely be overestimated. Morris, in fact, gives an inside view of the conditions in France, at the greatest crisis of French history, which is none the less valuable for the reason that it is necessarily a view from a single

standpoint. The records with regard to men and events are those of a liberal-minded man of the world, of large experience, and large sympathies, who never lost his head at any time during the whirl of events when the monarchical system founded by Hugh Capet was overthrown, and the divinely appointed King of France and his beautiful Queen were forced to pay on the scaffold the penalty of the sins of their forefathers. The two handsome volumes which the Messrs. Scribner have published contain a great deal of matter that did not appear in the magazine.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

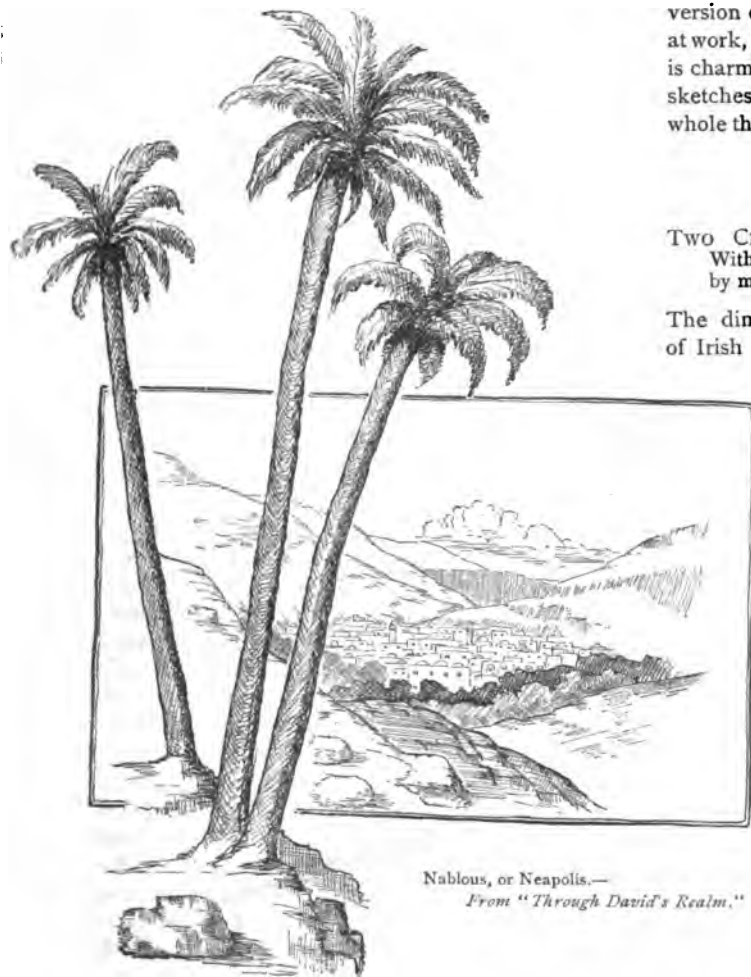
elty. But the author tells us in his preface that he has a secondary object in view in his work, viz., to describe his own experiences and feelings in visiting for the first time the various places of interest in the Holy Land. This mode of relating his impressions, which are not rarely disappointments, has its advantages to the reader, as it invests the scenes with a sort of personal atmosphere, and imbues them with more of vital interest. His descriptions are full of life and are lightened by a genial humor that confers a certain grace even on his little misadventures, as with Cook's guide. He evidently has little faith in effecting the conversion of the Jews through the mission agencies now at work, his main hope being in education. The book is charmingly illustrated throughout by exquisite little sketches, two of which we here reproduce. On the whole the book is worthy of real praise.

IRISH HISTORY.

TWO CENTURIES OF IRISH HISTORY, 1691-1870.
With introduction by James Bryce, M. P. 8vo, \$3.40;
by mail, \$3.62.

The dimensions and editorship of "Two Centuries of Irish History" raise in the reader expectations that are augmented when he finds that Dr. W. K. Sullivan, Dr. Bridges, Mr. J. R. Thursfield, and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice contribute to the volume. The reason for this joint authorship is that "of those whose special knowledge suggested them as qualified to write on Irish history, none could be induced to undertake the whole period since 1691; and it was therefore found expedient to divide the work into five sections,"

allotted among the six writers thus: from the Treaty of Limerick to the Establishment of Legislative Independence, Dr. Sullivan; to the Union, Mr. Sigerson; to Catholic Emancipation, Dr. Bridges; to the Insurrectionary Movement of 1848, Lord E. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Thursfield; to the Land Act of 1870, Mr. G. P. Macdonell. "Each writer," says the editor,



Nablous, or Neapolis.—
From "Through David's Realm."

THROUGH DAVID'S REALM.

BY EDWARD STAATS DE GROTE TOMPKINS. With 200 illustrations by the author. 8vo, \$1.75; by mail, \$1.92.

If the public is not sufficiently posted in regard to the topography of Palestine, the character of the dwellers therein, and its prospects for the future it is not through lack of books to guide it in forming an opinion; and it would almost seem that a book from a Cook's tourist, as the Rev. Edward Staats De Grote Tompkins is, must be superfluous and lacking in nov-



Pool of Siloam.—From "Through David's Realm."

"is solely responsible for the correctness of the facts and the soundness of the views contained in the chapters to which his name is prefixed. The function of the editor has been confined to the planning of the work and allotment of the five periods; he has left the manner of treating them to the several writers, while desiring, as he believes they also have done, that the volume, avoiding disquisition and comment, should present a plain, straightforward, and accurate narrative."

It is unnecessary to say that the book succeeds in this modest aim; it is singularly free from bias, prejudice, and party spirit; its statements are accurate, and the tangled web of the land difficulty is unraveled with considerable success. The four later sections, too, hang together better than the great liberty of action allowed the writers would lead one to expect; and the comparative dryness of the first part is the writer's misfortune, he having been compelled to crowd the history of ninety years into the space allotted to each of his colleagues for the consideration of about twenty. His pages are packed with information, so much so that this section will probably be better appreciated by students than by that wider public which seeks to be interested rather than instructed. * * *

The truth is that the volume is not a continuous history, but a series of five, or rather six (for Mr. Bryce's introduction is too brilliant to be omitted), extremely able and consecutive, but quite disconnected pamphlets on the history of the last two centuries in Ireland: each stands by itself, and is in no sense part of a whole; and this being so, it is a pity that the parts were not issued separately instead of in the imposing but unwieldy form that has been selected. But if the student of history regret the loss of dignity, power, and historic sense inseparable from this piecemeal authorship, and the devotee of style resent such phrases as "pikes were preparing," the lover of justice and truth will find much to respect not only in the statement of fact, but in the spirit which animates all the joint authors. *Athenæum.*

FLORIDA OF TO-DAY.

By James Wood Davidson, A. M. With maps and illustrations. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

This "guide for tourists and settlers" puts a new face on Florida. It is a face which, while it is evidently not meant to be unattractive, dispenses with the *coulour de rose* and the lily white of flattery which the interested correspondent usually lays on quite thick. Professor Davidson, the author, shows that there are in reality three Floridas, which are very

diverse in their productions and their general character; and the confusing of these three divisions, he says, leads to the false notions which people sometime get of the State as a whole. The first Florida is northern Florida, lying north and west of a line drawn from Cedar Keys on the west to Fernandina on the east, or perhaps, better, the tortuous line of the Suwanee, Santa Fé and St. Mary's rivers. This region has a climate which the author calls Southern; it does not produce oranges, but its typical fruit products are the peach and the Leconte pear. The second Florida is semi-tropical Florida, lying south of the line already designated and extending to a line drawn from the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River on the west to Indian River Inlet on the east. This is the frost line; and this semi-tropical Florida is the Florida of the orange and of the ordinary tourist. The third Florida is the part of the State lying south of this last line; it is sub-tropical Florida, and in it frost is never known. Its typical productions are the pineapple and the cocoanut. Professor Davidson disposes of some characteristic illusions about the absence of frost in semi-tropical Florida, and in his chapter on "pests," he includes, along with mosquitoes, fleas, gnats, flies, rattlesnakes, moccasins and adders, the land sharks, against whose whole



Looking Across Indian River.—From "Florida of To-day,"

brood the intending visitor or settler is cautioned. But while the book does not cloak the disadvantages of Florida, it leaves the reader with a very strong impression that the State not only has a delightful climate, but great material promise. Its account of Florida is thorough and painstaking, and it is written in concise form and excellent English.

Boston Transcript.

SIR HENRY VANE.

THE LIFE OF YOUNG SIR HENRY VANE, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, AND LEADER OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT. With a consideration of the English Commonwealth as a forecast of America. By James K. Hosmer. With portrait. 8vo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.27.

The younger Sir Henry Vane certainly is one of the most picturesque figures in the Commonwealth period of English history, and one who especially excites the interest of American students, both by his early connection with the history of this country, and his sound views on religious toleration and popular government. The royalists paid him a deserved compliment, when they singled him out as the only man with regard to whom it was worth their while to break their pledge that nobody except the regicides should suffer for their share in the events of Commonwealth times. No other man, not even Cromwell, had earned their hate more thoroughly. It was he who sent Strafford to the block by his testimony as to what he had found among his father's papers. He represented and presented the demand for the control of the militia, which precipitated war between King and Parliament. He negotiated the "Solemn League and Covenant," which secured from the Scotch that support which turned the scale in the darkest hour of the struggle. His exhausting labors in the House of Commons contributed as much to the success of "the cause," as did the labors of any man except Cromwell in the field. The ability with which he directed the War with Holland put an end to the hopes of a restoration of Charles II. by foreign intervention, and obliged that monarch and his ragged court to cool their heels for ten more years in shabby lodgings on the Continent. His very quarrel with Cromwell made them hate him the more, as it showed him a more logical supporter of the principles of popular government. And worst of all, in the Parliament under the feeble son of the great Protector, at a time when the Restoration was trembling on the knife's edge, it was Vane who led the opposition to any retreat from the Commonwealth principles, and thus imperiled once more the royalist chances. So in defiance of solemn, public pledges they sent him to the block, while several of the regicides—Col. Hutchinson and the Republican Henry Marten for instance—were only imprisoned for life.

Prof. Hosmer has many qualities which fit him for writing a biography of Vane. He shows an extensive and close acquaintance with the original sources for

the history of the times, and with the best writers who have preceded him in the use of these. He has a hearty enthusiasm for popular liberty and religious toleration, which makes Vane to him a heroic figure. He has a clear and vigorous style, which sins only on the side of exuberance. And he has a theory of Vane's significance to Englishmen and Americans of our time, which, whatever its own worth, helps to give unity and spirit to his book. As compared with the works of Sykes (1662). Upham (1836), and Forster (1840) and (1854), it stands out conspicuously as the first adequate biography of one of the most eminent and least understood characters in English history.

R. E. T., in The American.

SIR HENRY VANE.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold;
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd;
Then to advise how War may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have
done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son. *Milton.*

MRS. WISTER'S NEW TRANSLATION.

GOOD FOR NOTHING. By Joseph F. von Eichendorff. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Illustrated. Small 4to, cloth, \$3.75; leather, \$4.25; by mail, 24 cents more.

The story of "A Good-for-Nothing," is one of those rare "finds" in literature which come to us unheralded, and which are encountered perhaps more often than elsewhere in Germany, where, if the general literary level is tame and monotonous, surprises do nevertheless abound. Such an agreeable surprise we had not long ago in Baumbach's "Summer Legends," and now the indefatigable Mrs. Wister brings us yet another from the pen of Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff, who has produced in the fictitious memoirs of a simple-hearted adventurer a book that appeals to all nationalities, and by its gentle but irresistible humor is likely to win an enduring popularity. The Good-for-Nothing is a miller's son, an idle, shiftless fellow, and the tale of his wanderings and experiences is told in his own words. With his violin under his arm he sets out one day to seek his fortune, and by a trick of destiny he is made to figure in many extraordinary parts. He is duped right and left, but he never suffers by the strokes of fortune, and in the end he comes to a great joy. His wanderings take him to Vienna, to

Italy, and the descriptions of life and scenery along the way are admirable. It is needless to say that Mrs. Wister has put the narrative into excellent English.

The illustrations, which call for special comment, are photogravures after the German originals, and they introduce many charming effects in the way of exquisite landscapes and architectural views. The book is printed on heavy plate paper with every page mounted on linen. As a whole it is one of the most thoroughly artistic volumes issued this season.

Dial.

ROMAN MOSAICS;

OR, STUDIES IN ROME AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.
By HUGH MACMILLAN, D. D., LL.D. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

There can be no doubt that this book of Dr. Macmillan's is appropriately named. It is made, as he says, of "old facts gathered from many sources," and put together harmoniously to form a picture,—or, rather, many pictures, for we have seldom met with a small volume containing a greater variety of scenes and subjects. We have Rome, both ancient and modern, in a hundred aspects. We have picturesque description, architecture, natural history, early legend and religion, folk-lore, miracle, geology, art, superstition, literature, history, biography; we have stone and marble in all their kinds and uses, early manuscripts, tombs, volcanoes. The list might be made very much longer; and in the study of these various objects of interest we are very far from being restricted to their history and development in Rome itself, or even in Italy. The chapter on "The Cumæan Sibyl" takes us at once to Mount Carmel and the Jewish prophets. That called "Footprints in Rome," beginning in the Church of Domine quo Vadis, on the Appian Way, where the stone is shown with two footprints upon it, said to be those of Our Lord when he met St. Peter, carries us on to an account of miraculous footprints all over the world—Jerusalem, Mecca, Ceylon, India, Scotland, Ireland, France, Norway, Sweden, Africa, America, the South Sea Islands—and a full discussion of the subject. In the same way, the most interesting chapter on "Obelisks," beginning in Rome, traces these wonderful works up to their origin in Egypt, and gives the history and description—we are not saying too much—of every well-known obelisk in the world. Another study of the same kind, and even more curious, is that on "Holed Stones and Martyr Weights," where the stone of the *Bocca della Verità* and the *Lapides Martyrum* are only the leaders among a world-wide series of such relics, going on to the vexed question of jade, and how it came into Europe. And here we must say, though in ignorance, and without any pretence of having studied the subject, that it is at first

sight easier to believe in Professor Max Müller's theory of the migration of the Aryans than in a system of barter, in those early ages, between the dwellers in Switzerland and the dwellers in China and India. Such a "link of connection between the East and the West," to use Dr. Macmillan's own words against the theory supported by him, "indicates a degree of civilization which we are not accustomed to associate with those primeval times."

If we were to point out our favorite among these "mosaic pictures," it would perhaps be "The Marbles of Ancient Rome." Besides the interest of the subject, this strikes one as being more artistically complete in itself than some of the others, more, in fact, of a *Roman* mosaic. Perhaps the very curious information of which it is full may be partly derived from Corsi's "*Pietre Antiche*," to which Dr. Macmillan refers in his preface; but to any English visitor to Rome, curious for knowledge beyond art or history, such a guide as this to the ancient marbles will be invaluable. Indeed, the same may be said of the whole book, the whole set of "mosaics." It is not a book to read straight through; the effect is confusing; but it is most useful in the study of the separate subjects that must attract one in Rome.

The Church and Convent of St. Onofrio, charmingly described, form the text for a Life of Tasso. Perhaps he was hardly Roman enough to make this quite logical; but his story, whether altogether true or not, is told with much feeling; and in these days, when Tasso is out of fashion, it is pleasant to find himself and his poetry spoken of with genuine admiration. Modern critics who sneer at Tasso are apt to forget that his poetry was the very expression of what was best in the Italy of his day, and also that, as Dr. Macmillan says, "the most beautiful passages of Spenser's 'Faery Queen' were suggested by his pastoral poetry; while his chivalrous epic was to Milton at once the incentive and the model of his own immortal work."

It is impossible to read without enjoyment the descriptions of Rome and its neighborhood, to be found throughout this book. Whether we are walking along Roman streets, with all their many wonders, or making a pilgrimage along the Appian Way, hardly more interested in the tombs and their history than in the flowers and plants that grow about the ruins, gazing across the "immense melancholy plain," so beautiful in color and atmosphere; whether we visit the painted tomb at Veii, with its mysterious antiquity and lovely, sad surroundings, or stand in the library of the Vatican before that wonderful "Codex" which carries us back into the beginning of Christianity—indoors or out, in town or country, street or catacomb, temple or church—we feel very sure that the pictures shown us are drawn from life, and by a hand incapable, however strange and unsympathetic the subjects, of touching any subject irreverently.

London Spectator.

FRITH'S FURTHER REMINISCENCES.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES. By W. P. Frith, R. A.
With portrait. 8vo, \$4.80; by mail, \$5.04.

In the present volume, as might be expected, the good stories are not so numerous, but some of them are highly amusing, and are told with considerable skill. The reader gathers, moreover, some curious information about the world of art, of which the author has had such long experience. He is able to tell from personal knowledge something about nearly all our great artists of the last half century, and in the letters and conversations quoted in the work there are occasional glimpses of the days when Reynolds was busy painting in Leicester Fields, and Romney was so besieged with orders that "he thought he must have planted cannon at his door in Cavendish Square to overawe the eager crowds that pressed upon him for their portraits." * * *

About his own experiences Mr. Frith has much to relate, and they appear to have been as pleasant to himself as the narrative of them will doubtless prove to his readers. From the very first everything has gone well with him, and before he became famous himself he had met many of the famous painters of that time. While still a boy studying to pass into the Academy schools, he was able to write home in triumph that he has exchanged bows with Sir Martin Shee; he has been introduced to Wilkie, "a very tall, gaunt Scotchman, a very surly-looking man, but quite the gentleman in his behavior"; he meets Etty,

"a very curious-looking man; his head is much too large for his body; he is very much marked with the smallpox; in short, he is what is called a regular vulgar-looking, clodhopping Yorkshireman; but as soon as he speaks all the impression that his ugly face has made upon you wears off, and you are at once surprised at his great gentlemanly behavior. *He is a great favorite of mine;*"

he makes acquaintance also with Constable and Eastlake, "both very nice men."

Mr. Frith has been always on the best terms with his friends, his sitters, and his patrons. He has even a good word to say for the models, whose peculiarities he appears to have made the subject of a serious psychological study. There is, in fact, not a really ill-natured story in the whole work. Mr. Frith's opinions of art and society are amusing and often shrewd, but they are decidedly old-fashioned, and he makes no concealment of the fact. He detests photography; he has little sympathy with what is called the æsthetic School of art; he never speaks of his studio, but of his painting-room, a term full of pleasant associations to those who love old ways, but so completely now out of vogue that we doubt if there is another living artist who uses it. But Mr. Frith's chief aversion is for the art critics. He is willing to accord their full meed of praise to the reviewers who praised his first two volumes, because in that case "the critic is dealing with matter of which his own pursuits make

him a competent judge"; but for "the incompetence of art critics" he has no saving clause. With an artist so successful in his profession this prejudice is almost as inexplicable as M. Alphonse Daudet's wrath with the "Immortals." What harm can the critics (whatever their intentions may have been) have done to an artist who tells us himself that in the race for success he outstripped his competitors, who has been decorated by several foreign governments, who obtained a gold medal of honor at the Paris Exhibition, and who has been elected a member of numerous foreign academies? Mr. Frith's ideas on the subject appear to have been formed when he was still a boy in his teens. In a letter to his mother describing the exhibition of pictures at Somerset House in 1835, he writes:

"Landseer has the most splendid picture I ever saw; it is truly magnificent. I dare say you will see the full account in the paper. *Do not pay attention to the opinion of the papers, because they know nothing at all about it.*"

The italics, of course, are our own.

Mr. Frith's want of appreciation of the æsthetic school is amusingly displayed in the following anecdote of a model who called to ask him for employment:

"I remember an instance of a scarecrow of a girl, thin to emaciation, with a long, angular face that recalled the type common to the Grosvenor Gallery, to whom I felt strongly inclined to say, 'Go to the deuce!' (I was in a bad humor, I remember): but for 'deuce' I substituted the name of a well-known worshipper of the attenuated and the angular, and I said, 'Go to ———; he will be sure to employ you.' The girl took my advice; and, if I may judge from the frequent appearance of her face and form in certain pictures, she gets plenty of work from the great man and his satellites."

Mr. Frith, as may be supposed, is no enthusiastic admirer of Ruskin's works, which, he informs us, in rather a carelessly-worded sentence,

"bristle with errors; one of his notable ones was his saying, on the discovery of a bit of what he took for pre-Raphaelitic work in one of the worst pictures I ever painted, that I was 'at last in the right way,' or words to that effect."

For the old masters Mr. Frith entertains a profound reverence, and he has a special admiration for Hogarth, who, he considers, was "*sui generis* unapproachable and inimitable." Among modern artists (not including those still living) Mr. Frith gives the first place to Turner, Wilkie, Leslie the elder, Constable, Collins, and Calcott; but his greatest enthusiasm is for Landseer, with whom he was also on terms of intimacy, and an interesting chapter is devoted to the author's recollections of his friend. One passage particularly struck us, and few who knew Landseer well will fail to recognize the truth of it. "Edwin's genius," writes Mr. Frith,

"elevated him into the society of what is commonly called 'the great,' to a degree equalled only perhaps by Sir Joshua Reynolds. I venture to think that the

advantage of the connexion was entirely on the side of 'the great,' whose scrap-books and albums were enriched by gratuitous sketches, and whose pockets were often replenished by the profits obtained on the sale of pictures for which absurdly small prices had been paid." * * *

We may conclude by expressing sympathy with Mr. Frith in his complaints against the authorities of the South Kensington Museum. "Painted in black letters on the gold frame," he writes,

"in which his picture is enshrined, the artist may read the title of it, with a *memento mori* addition; in my own case, for example, thus: 'Mr. Honeywood introducing the bailiffs to Miss Richland as his friends. W. P. Frith, R. A., born 1819, d. —.' I submit that this little 'd. —' is as ingenious a contrivance to remind us we are mortal, as was the human skull at the feasts of the classic potentate."

We hope that it may be a long time before the second date is filled in. Perhaps ten or a dozen years hence Mr. Frith will have collected materials for some further reminiscences. *Athenæum*.

THE POEMS OF EMMA LAZARUS.

In two volumes. Vol. I. Narrative, Lyric and Dramatic. Vol. II. Jewish Poems. Translations. \$1.90; by mail, \$2.07.

The poems of Miss Lazarus, while not marked by great originality, add a distinctive note to American song. Readers of the sympathetic study of that gifted woman recently published in the *Century Magazine* will be pleased to find it reproduced as a preface to the two volumes in which the verse of Miss Lazarus has been collected. Her work is of various kinds, lyric, dramatic and narrative, and includes also a number of translations, and an extensive series of poems, translated and original, relating to the race of which the writer was the offspring. The work of Miss Lazarus is characterized by spontaneity, spirituality, and a deep and passionate sympathy with the joys and sorrows of mankind. Its range is wide, and betokens that richness and fulness of the inner life of which years form but an imperfect measure. "Epochs," the first poem in the collection, offers in itself sufficient evidence of this. Few subjective poems have so broad a compass as this series of stanzas which depict the progress of the soul through the successive stages that mark the existence of most serious men and women. From youth, whose pulses beat

"With nameless pleasure finding life so sweet," through the period of disillusionment when

"All the teeming world looks void and vain," to the final realization, through patience, sympathy, and devotion, of

"The supreme joy that is not of the flesh." this poem rounds out the emotional cycle of being, and at each stage finds a responsive echo in the listening soul. Of the two long narrative poems, "Admetus"

and "Tannhäuser," it will suffice to say that they are graceful and sympathetic interpretations of the familiar legends, sufficiently suggestive of Morris to make apposite the explanatory note which tells us that both were written before the publication of those parts of "The Earthly Paradise" which deal with the same themes. The sonnets are good but not remarkable, that upon the "Venus of the Louvre" appearing to us about the best. "The Spagnoletto" is a blank-verse tragedy in which Ribera, his daughter, and Don John of Austria are the principal figures. It is smooth, studied, and excellent in much the same way as one of Sir Henry Taylor's minor dramas. Among the lyrics and shorter pieces we come across an occasional gem such as the "Arabesque"—a poem not unworthy of Gautier. Few writers have given truer or more graceful expressions to the emotions inspired by the great musical compositions than may be found in the verses written to accompany Schumann's "Phantasies" and "Symphonic Studies." The translations are mostly from Alfred de Mousset and Petrarch and from certain Hebrew poets of mediæval Spain.

These translations lead us to consider what is in every way the strongest section of the author's work—that devoted to the Hebrew race, and inspired largely by the "Judenhetze" which so disgraced Germany and Prussia a few years ago, and made men wonder whether the claim of our age to the possession of a superior civilization was anything more than hypocrisy. It is nothing less than a crusade in behalf of her race that was undertaken by Miss Lazarus when the news came of the Russian atrocities of 1880, and this crusade occupied her best thoughts and highest energies up to her death in 1885. In her devotion to this cause, she first found her real self. We read in the introductory essay: "All this time she had been seeking heroic ideals in alien stock, soulless and far removed; in pagan mythology and mystic mediæval Christianity, ignoring her very birthright,—the mystic vista of the past, down which, 'high above flood and fire,' had been conveyed the precious scroll of the Moral Law." The strength of the new impulse and the earnestness of the new devotion appear upon every page of the volume of these "Jewish Poems." "The Dance of Death," a noble historical tragedy of persecution, is perhaps the most powerful of them, although it hardly surpasses such a lyric as "The Banner of the Jew," written at the very white heat of emotion. What is most striking about these poems is the evidence they afford that intensity of feeling has in no way deadened the artistic instincts of the writer, Her intellectual power and her sense of form are nowhere else so manifest as in these very songs filled with the passion for justice, and glowing with indignation at the wrongs inflicted upon her race by self-styled Christians. We refrain from quotation because excision is impossible in the case of the best of the poems, and we have not space to quote any one of them as a whole.

NOTES.

=The talented young New York artist, Mr. H. W. McVickar, will hereafter contribute exclusively to the Harper publications.

=Mr. Gladstone recently gave a lot of books to the Chester Free Library, and among them were actually some devoted to the Unionist side of the Irish question.

=We understand that D. Lothrop Company have in press a remarkably strong story by a New York lady which is said to be a refutation of much of "Robert Elsmere."

=The committee formed to collect subscriptions for a memorial to Christopher Marlowe has decided that the best site for such a memorial would be Canterbury, the poet's birthplace. The chairman of the committee is Lord Coleridge.

=Dr. Samuel Smiles, who "discovered" Robert Dick and Thomas Edwards, two Scottish geniuses, and made their merits known to the public, has now found a man of talent and of lowly birth in Germany, whose life he is engaged in writing.

=In the series of illustrated volumes begun by "Tartarin sur les Alpes" (of which book nearly one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold) M. Daudet's "Jack" is soon to appear, and so also is "Uranie," by M. Camille Flammarion.

=The London *Globe* tells of a French book-binder who, being engaged to bind "L'Oncle Tom" ("Uncle Tom's Cabin"), sent home the volumes lettered thus:

L'Oncle.	L'Oncle.
Tome I.	Tome II.

=Mr. Allen, of Orpington, Kent, is about to issue a new edition of Mr. Ruskin's poems—that little volume, privately issued in 1850, which has so long been regarded by the collectors of scarce modern books as one of the most desirable of prizes. The new edition, we believe, will include several pieces not hitherto published.

=Mrs. Oliphant lives for the greater part of the year at Windsor, though she makes frequent visits to Scotland. Mrs. Oliphant's residence in Windsor has favored the formation of friendly relations with the Queen, of whom she is a great favorite. Her Majesty, indeed, has every one of Mrs. Oliphant's books read aloud to her.

=Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. London, have printed "Is Marriage a Failure?" in book form, containing the correspondence to the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject, prefaced by Mrs. Lynn Linton's paper on "The Philosophy of Marriage," and supplemented by an appendix on "The Marriage Laws of the World," by H. A. Smith. Mrs. Mona Caird has just finished a novel dealing indirectly with the question raised in the recent "marriage" correspondence, under the title of "The Wing of Azael."

=At the present moment it is interesting to know that one of M. Emile Zola's short nouvelles, "*L'Attaque du Moulin*," has just been issued as a text-book for use in English schools, with notes, etc. In a letter to the editor, printed in the preface, M. Zola writes: "I am very much touched to learn that my prose, so much criticised in France, can be made useful for something in England."

=Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who is now finishing a tour of twenty lectures in Northern England and Scotland, and has two or three rounds to make in other parts of the Kingdom before April, is receiving earnest invitations to visit the United States to speak on Egypt, Greek Art, Woman in Ancient Egypt, Fiction, etc. It is hoped that she can make the trip next winter.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

G. H.—

"The Book of Christmas," brought out in December last by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, is a new edition. It was first published in 1836, and has long been out of print. Thomas Kibble Hervey, the author, died about thirty years ago. The artist, Seymour, was the illustrator of part of the "Pickwick Papers."

G. C. Y.—

The "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are not translations. They were written by Mrs. Browning before her marriage and were so named in response to Mr. Browning, who once had called her "his Portuguese." Mr. E. C. Stedman says that the title was "a screen behind which the singer poured out her full heart."

M. F.—

Max O'Rell (M. Paul Blouët) is a Frenchman. He resides in London and was for some time French master of St. Paul's school there. He is the author of "Friend MacDonald," which was first written in French. His works which have been published here are, "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull, Junior; or, French as She is Traded," "John Bull and His Daughters," and "Jonathan and His Continent," which is just out.

P. T. K.—

The *Church Magazine* was incorporated with *The Churchman* a little over a year ago.

Mr. S. S. McClure is one of the principal syndicate publishers in America. You can address him at Tribune Building, New York. Mr. William J. Bok, of the Advertising Department of *Scribner's Magazine*, issues during the winter a literary letter by different writers. And Mr. Frank File, of the New York *Sun*, issues the fashion letters signed "Clara Belle." You should send MS. for examination to the syndicate manager just as you would to an editor.

DESCRIPTIVE

PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

TWO CENTURIES OF IRISH HISTORY, 1691-1870. With introduction by James Bryce, M. P. 8vo, \$3.40; by mail, \$3.62.

See review in this number.

THE HOUSEHOLD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE FOR YOUNG AMERICANS. By Edward Eggleston. New edition. Illustrated. 4to, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.14.

Dr. Eggleston's school history of our country, which appeared last summer, has met with so cordial a reception, not only in the schools but also in families, that he has prepared on the basis of it the present handsome volume of four hundred pages. A hundred pages of questions and other teaching apparatus have been omitted, and the text could thus be greatly enlarged, being rearranged and in many parts rewritten to suit it to a general audience. In its present shape, with its heavy paper, its prodigality of maps and illustrations from a great number of sources, and its tasteful binding, it makes an excellent book for a holiday present, and its literary merits are such as to insure it a high and permanent place among popular histories.

Literary World.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA. By Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, \$6.75; by mail, \$7.19.

Is without any doubt the most acceptable life of the great Florentine frate in every way that has yet appeared. In its painstaking accuracy, in its wide research and freedom from bias, in its deeply sympathetic treatment, and in its charm of literary style, it stands without a peer. In the new and revised and enlarged edition that lies before us the translation has been excellently made by Linda Villari, whose English is remarkably fine in its nervous strength. The portraits and illustrations in photogravure are most excellent, and in every respect this handsome two-volume life of Savonarola ought to become the standard.

American Bookseller.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE. By F. C. Montague. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. Seventh series. 4to, paper, 50 cents.

TURGOT. By Leon Say. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. Great French Writers series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

Of this incorruptible statesman and enlightened economist—too enlightened, indeed, for the times in which he lived—the sketch is masterly. M. Say, while regarding him as the greatest mind after Montesquieu in the eighteenth century, goes somewhat beyond Turgot's professed admirers, who look upon him as an unlucky reformer, crushed by the blows of adversaries "who were far from being eager to apply great economic truths, but thoroughly trained to pull all the wires of profitable court intrigue." He denies that Turgot was deficient in the qualities that assure

success, and would draw from his life work the conclusion that he was victorious and not defeated. If he failed in the eighteenth century he has prevailed in the nineteenth, and is the founder of the present school of political economy. This is an admirable résumé of the economical history of France during the period immediately preceding the Revolution, and relates tersely but sufficiently the career of a statesman who was intelligent and upright when men of such qualities were few and far between, and who might have delayed for years the overthrow of the French monarchy.

N. Y. Sun.

THE NUN OF KENMARE. An autobiography. With portrait. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

"The Nun of Kenmare" is the name by which Sister Mary Francis Cusack is generally known. She is an accomplished Englishwoman, who was reared in the faith of the Church of England. Through the advice of Dr. Pusey, she entered an Anglican sisterhood in London. Finally, influences led her from this to the Roman communion, and she was confirmed by Cardinal Wiseman. As a "Sister of the Poor Clares" of Ireland, her efforts in behalf of the poor and starving peasants of Ireland made her name known throughout the Emerald Isle. It was here her first troubles began with her ecclesiastical superiors—the dissensions ending for the time being by her leaving the convent and coming to America in 1880. In America even, she claims, her usefulness has been interfered with by the persecutions and tyranny of the Catholic Church. Her book claims to give an inside view of the workings of the abuse of authority in the Catholic Church.

Publishers' Weekly.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, PHILOSOPHER AND SEER. An estimate of his character and genius. In prose and verse. By A. Bronson Alcott. Illustrated. 16mo, 75 cts.; by mail, 82 cents.

DESCRIPTION.

THROUGH DAVID'S REALM. By Edward Staats De Grote Tompkins. With 200 illustrations by the author. 8vo, \$1.75; by mail, \$1.92.

See review in this number.

IMPERIAL GERMANY. A critical study of fact and character. By Sidney Whitman. 8vo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.02.

THE STOCK EXCHANGES OF LONDON, PARIS AND NEW YORK. A comparison. By George Rutledge Gibson. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

Mr. George Rutledge Gibson has given a lucid account of the origin and management of these institutions. He describes in what respect the buying and selling of securities and the methods of brokers differ in Europe and America, and mentions the men and their systems of operation who have of late years been noteworthy in Wall Street. For information regarding the vocabulary employed by New York stock brokers, and the slang of "the street" in general, we know of no better manual.

N. Y. Sun.

SKETCHES FROM A TOUR THROUGH HOLLAND AND GERMANY. By J. P. Mahaffy and J. E. Rogers. Illustrated. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.40.

THE BRONTË COUNTRY: ITS TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES AND HISTORY. By J. A. Erskine Stewart, L.R.C.S. Illustrated. 8vo, half leather, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.72.

JAPAN AND ITS ART. By Marcus B. Huish, LL.B. Fully illustrated. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.39.

Has been republished by the Fine Art Society, with many additions and some improvements, from the *Art Journal*. It is what it professes to be, a handbook of the history of Japan in relation to the art of the people, and a critical and explanatory account of that art and its leading schools and methods of employment. Mr. Huish writes sympathetically, and with no lack of admiration for the art craft which has lately been rather too much in vogue. His illustrations are numerous and excellent, and, wherever color was not indispensable—colors not being admitted in the cuts—quite satisfactory. From the latest sources he has gathered the cream of our present knowledge of the subject. He is critical, not to say censorious, on recent acquisitions of the British Museum, and appears to desire a great enlargement of the collections there and at South Kensington. We think he overrates the importance of Japanese art, and we can by no means sympathize with his views. His ideas are our own as to the future of Japanese art, and he warns us against the irrepressible German in everything connected with the Island Empire. No doubt the concentrated energy of that great nation must be stronger than the scrambling and irregular efforts of a people like ours, whose will is swayed by every gust of temporary interest, whim, and prejudice. He warns us too that, if we do not look sharp and complete our art collections, the Government of Japan will forbid the export of the treasures we desire. Before long there will be an end to the production of fine things, and the study of Japanese *virtu* will become pure archæology, not without obligations to Mr. Huish. *Athenæum*.

A THOUSAND MILES UP THE NILE. By Amelia B. Edwards. With upwards of seventy illustrations engraved on wood by G. Pearson, after finished drawings executed on the spot by the author. New edition, revised by the author. 8vo, \$1.75; by mail, \$1.96.

To say that it is the narrative of a dahabeeyah voyage up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract, is only to describe a part of the book. Miss Edwards does, indeed, give various incidents of travel, sketches of native life and manners, and other matters, in a pleasant and lively fashion; but she does more. She is an Egyptologist of no small repute, and of acquirements which gave her a good rank among the professors of the science. She has a great deal to say, therefore, about the archæology of Egypt, the tombs, the literature of the papyri, etc. *London Spectator*.

THE LAST JOURNALS OF BISHOP HANNINGTON. Being narratives of a journey through Palestine in 1884, and a journey through Maisai-Land and U-Soga in 1885. Edited by E. C. Dawson, M. A., with illustrations from the Bishop's sketches. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.11.

PEN AND POWDER. By Franc B. Wilkie (Poliuto). 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

As correspondent of the *New York Times* during the late war, Mr. Wilkie had unusual opportunities of penetrating to the inner circles of events, and of meeting the heroes of the day. He was thrown naturally, too, with another class of men to whom scant justice had been done by the writers of the time—the "war correspondents" of all the great newspapers of the

country, who followed the armies and did many deeds of heroism on their own account, and many also of reckless daring which never found a historian. Mr. Wilkie's book is a charming mixture of gossip and fact, about his own fraternity, campaigns and generals, and descriptions of southern and western scenes and events that never before found their way into print.

Publishers' Weekly.

FLORIDA OF TO-DAY. A guide for tourists and settlers. By James Wood Davidson, A.M., with maps and illustrations. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00. See review in this number.

RELIGION.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE. Discourses on St. Paul's Great Resurrection Chapter. By Reuben Thomas, D. D. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10.

The theme of the entire book is the resurrection of the dead, and the argument is based on the memorable passage in Corinthians in which Paul sets forth so plainly the doctrine which has always been recognized as the foundation-stone of the Christian religion. The book is calculated to help inquirers and to comfort mourners. It does not undertake to justify or to controvert any accepted view of the great theme. It pays most respectful regard to what others have said, the author's aim being to interpret St. Paul, believing that thus he will render the most satisfactory service to all who are perplexed and distressed at the thought of being called to pass through "the valley of the shadow of death." *Boston Transcript*.

THE STORY OF GENESIS. Being Part I. of the Story of the Bible. By Frances Younghusband, author of "The Story of Our Lord." 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 67 cents.

JESUS BROUGHT BACK. Meditations on the Problem of Problems. An Attempt to give a Concise Statement of the Results of Modern Scholarship Respecting the Origins of Christianity, together with an Estimate of the Character of Jesus and His Relations to the Life of To-day, from the Standpoint of Appreciative Rationalism. By Joseph Henry Crooker. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

This is a little book that would make a great noise in the world were its message a new one. Substantially the solution Mr. Crooker has to propose is the solution of "Robert Elsmere," which means that it is a combination of Strauss, Renan, Matthew Arnold and (to name one man as authority for an idea which has been suggested by many) of Schenkel. The problem as Mr. Crooker states it is how to preserve the religion while denying the divine history. The Legendary theory, as stated by Strauss, meets all its requirements. It has these two recommendations: that it dissolves the old history which has been received in the Church and it reconstructs it anew on a strictly rationalistic basis from which supernaturalism disappears, though Christianity as a merely ethical system remains. * * Mr. Crooker's book presents, as we have already intimated, no new features. It is, perhaps, in vain to admonish people who wish to reconstruct Christianity that it is quite as important to read the literary controversies and discussions that follow such publications as Strauss's "Leben Jesu," or Renan's "Life of Christ," "Supernatural Religion," etc., as to read the works themselves. Mr. Crooker's book is a repertory of needless illusion and uncriticised authority. His straw has been threshed over, in fact threshed out, and he is hardly aware that a flail has been struck into it.

SOME CHAPTERS ON JUDAISM AND THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION. By Rabbi Louis Grossmann, D. D. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

The author of this book must belong to the extreme left wing of Hebrew Orthodoxy. He bars out the supernatural with a short method and without condescending to reason at all. Religion is for him of the comparative and naturalistic type. "Religion," he asserts, "is no longer simply a theory, but it is a practice. The question is not, What do you believe? but, How about your life?" His standard of morality is purely practical, and we fail to discover what measure is provided for the practice. Prophecy is not for him foretelling, but only the foresight or the insight of the great souls and moral geniuses of the race. Bibles have no inspiration and no authority. Judaism stands on a par with universal history bereft of its claim to a divine leading. Philosophically the author's ground is the same as Mr. Crooker's in the volume noticed above with this difference, that he proffers no critical account of his repudiation of the supernatural in Judaism, but simply drops it off-hand, and without a word, and while Mr. Crooker reconstructs, on his basis, an ethical Christianity, Rabbi Grossmann eulogizes Judaism, but falls back into a kind of humanitarian ethics. *Independent.*

A SHORT LIFE OF CHRIST FOR OLD AND YOUNG. By Cunningham Geikie, D. D. With fifty illustrations. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.77.

This is a new book, not an abridgement, and is written for the multitudes, older or younger, who, while shrinking from a life of Christ in two volumes, would be very glad to read and master the amazing story, if presented vividly, and with adequate knowledge, in a moderate compass. I have spared no pains to make the following pages supply, at least in a measure, this much-felt want. The fullest life of Our Lord must always remain the best for the student, clerical or lay; but while these have their wishes already applied, often both older and younger have hitherto been without a similar presentation of the Gospel narrative, within smaller limits, more suited to their taste and leisure. *Extract from Preface.*

BIBLE STUDIES FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. Covering the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1889. By Geo. F. Pentecost, D. D. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 90 cents.

ESSAYS AND TREATISES.

CONCERNING MEN, AND OTHER PAPERS. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

The publication of Mrs. Craik's last papers is prefaced by a statement that she intended herself to publish them along with others, which were planned, but never written. Essays were not Mrs. Craik's strong point. In them she was always pleasing and hopeful, but commonplace; ideas did not come to her in a striking form; she had no special gift of expressing them; and she was not a powerful reasoner. The essay put at the head of this volume is, in fact, as she confesses in the middle of it, chiefly concerning women, and in it she wavers about giving the palm to women, and eventually arrives at the opinion that both are best, easily fortified by a Tennysonian quotation. The volume contains eight papers on various subjects: two about men and women, two about working women, one about the Crystal Palace, one on "our island sports," and two about the stage. On the first page of the book she wrote truly enough that she was "conscious of having lived, in a sense, out of the world—a quiet, happy domestic existence." That

supplies the whole criticism of her work as an essayist. She chose subjects which were not suited to her train of thought. The ripe experience of an exceedingly kind and warm-hearted disposition, added to considerable gifts, made her an excellent writer of stories of a wholesome and encouraging tone. Her essays attracted attention, but she will be remembered as a story-teller. *Athenæum.*

THE COMING OF THE FRIARS, AND OTHER HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By the Rev. Augustus Jessopp, D. D., author of "Arcady: For Better for Worse," etc. 12mo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

Originally published in the *Nineteenth Century*. They are elegant in style, picturesque in the arrangement of details, and noticeable for exact learning concerning the social and religious life of mediæval times. In addition to the title story we can commend "Village Life in Norfolk Six Hundred Years Ago," "Daily Life in a Mediæval Convent," and "The Black Death in East Anglia," as papers of great interest and value.

N. Y. Sun.

THE SOUL OF THE FAR EAST. By Percival Lowell. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

A thoughtful review of the individuality, family life, language, art, religion, and imagination of the people of Eastern Asia, Japan, and Corea. Mr. Lowell spent several years in the East and is well qualified to write on the subject. He will be remembered as the author of "Chöson." His deductions on the present are summed up in a closing paragraph: "If these people continue in their old course, their earthly career is closed. Just as surely as morning passes into afternoon, so surely are these races of the far east, if unchanged, destined to disappear before the advancing nations of the west." *Publisher's Weekly.*

POETRY.

MAURINE AND OTHER POEMS. By Ella Wheeler. New edition. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. The first six books. Translated into English Rhyme. By Henry Hamilton, 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

Mr. Hamilton ends with the sixth book at the point where the wanderings of the hero end and the epic takes the new turn which has been held to denote on Virgil's part something like a transition from the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad* for a model. Mr. Hamilton does not agree with Dr. Crane that there is still hope for English hexameter, but adopts for his line the English heroic rhymed pentameter, varying, however, into octosyllabic iambs in the translation of verses supposed to be recited or spoken by other actors in the epic. This, we believe, is a novelty in the translation of the *Æneid*, though it has been tried for other poems. Much is to be said for it, especially that it preserves the dramatic impression and is about the only means we have in English of incorporating in the poem the subtle shades which, in the original, mark the change of speaker. Mr. Hamilton's work is musical and scholarly. His lines move on with poetic force and passion, and carry the reader with them. *Independent.*

TANCRED'S DAUGHTER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles G. Blanden. 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 65 cents.

The story of Costanza, the daughter of Salerno's peevish, jealous, cruel king, occupies twenty-eight pages. The remainder is devoted to short poems on many subjects that appeal to lyric poets.

Publisher's Weekly.

GRANDMA'S MEMORIES. By Mary D. Brine, author of "Grandma's Attic Treasures." Illustrated. 4to, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.50; Japanese calf, \$1.85, by mail, \$1.97.

Is an unaffected, tender little poem, replete with pictures of happy domestic life. Some of the illustrations by Walter Paget are charming. *N. Y. Sun.*

BERTRAM, THE PRINCE. An idyl. 16mo, 30 cents; by mail, 33 cents.

Presents a poem of about four hundred lines. Its form is a fluent and musical blank verse, and it details the story of the twin sons of a poor fisherman—

"So like each other were they that no eye,
Not ev'n their mother's, could mark each from each."

And when the king, lacking an heir, sent his messenger to seek out a child for his adoption, destiny placed one of these little lads in the way, and so one brother became a prince while the other remained in the fisher's hut with his mother. Presently came a day when the Prince was swimming and would have been drowned but for the brave buffets of the hardy brother who sprang into the waves and saved him. Then they agreed to change places. Ida, a high-born damsel, was betrothed to one, and Lulu, a barefoot maiden, to the other. But, though loyal in their love and sharing the secret of the exchanged positions, a feeling of discontent sprang up. The pseudo prince longed for the salt spray and freedom; the other, Bertram, yearned for the softness of the Court. And thus we come to the moral, seeing—

"How nature's self takes shape from days and years."

Many a portly volume has been written to convey a lesson of far less moment than that embodied in this poem, and though the author has preferred to remain anonymous, his work shows much of the delicacy and skill of the trained hand, as in such passages as this:

"O, my heart
Starts, like an antelope I once beheld
By mountain lake-side, when the rippling wind
Made terror of its own uncertain form."

American.

THE POEMS OF EMMA LAZARUS. In two volumes. Vol. I, Narrative, Lyric, and Dramatic. Vol. II, Jewish poems; Translations. 12mo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.08.

See review in this number.

VAGROM VERSE. By Charles Henry Webb (John Paul). 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents; parchment, 75 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

The collection as a whole has considerable poetical merit, and now and again we strike a little piece like this, entitled "Wind Bound," which has the right touch:

"Oh, the wind blows north,
And the wind blows south—
Would a man dare kiss
His love on the mouth?

"But the wind now east,
And the wind now west—
She wears a dagger
Under her vest!

"Yes, maids have their moods—
But a man may try;
Blow the wind as it will,
He can only die."

Philadelphia Telegraph.

FROM QUEENS' GARDENS. Selected poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Jean Ingelow, Adelaide A. Procter, Christina Rossetti, and others. Gathered by Rose Porter. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 98 cents.

FORWARD FOREVER! A response to Lord Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," "Heaven on Earth," and other poems. By William J. Shaw. 16mo, paper, 25 cents.

LEAVES OF LIFE. By E. Nesbit, author of "Lays and Legends." 12mo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.29.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Vol. VIII. The Ring and Book, Vol. I. New edition. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.19.

REBEL RHYMES AND OTHER POEMS. By Elizabeth J. Hereford. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents.

No sympathy with the evidently genuine sentiment in the verses should blind the reviewer to their raggedness of edge, suggesting some of the recent specimens of modern-antique presswork. As is common with many Southern writers, a great deal of hero-worship is embodied in her strains. Stonewall Jackson, Gen. A. S. Johnson, Father Ryan, the poet-priest; "Mrs. General Cabell," and others, are sung in poems of varying merit. The author shows feeling for the external beauties of her native land, as well as for the tragedy of a war of which the scars are healed, not hidden yet. *Critic.*

THE LEGEND OF PSYCHE, AND OTHER VERSES. By Carrie Warner Morehouse. 16mo, paper, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents.

Will appeal to many by their easy and graceful style and simplicity of thought. They are gotten up in an exquisitely dainty form by a young publisher who seems determined to set for himself a high standard of artistic excellence. *American Bookseller.*

THE APOSTLE OF BURMA. A missionary epic. In commemoration of the centennial of the birth of Adoniram Judson. By William C. Richards. With portrait. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 82 cents.

This is a poem which contains many lines and passages so strong, sweet and genuine that the volume is raised far above the level of the average memorial poem. It is most beautifully prepared by the publishers. *American Bookseller.*

PROSE FICTION.

AN ERRAND GIRL: A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE. By Evelyn Kimball Johnson. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.13.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. By Walter Besant. Illustrated. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

Mr. Besant is next to nothing if he is not a skillful plot-weaver, and the great merit of this particular story is in the skillful recital of a succession of incidents which have a dramatic relation to each other and which lead up to a logical conclusion. The story relates to the Monmouth rebellion, and what the author has attempted is to give us a glimpse behind the scenes, and, by so doing, offer a pen-picture of an interesting and important period in English history. Mr. Besant is not the greatest of English historical novelists, but, within his limitations, he is not merely an entertaining but is an instructive writer, and there is plenty of good entertainment in "For Faith and Freedom," while the historical features of it may fairly be regarded as sufficient for all reasonable requirements. *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

ONE OF THE "FORTY." (L'IMMORTEL.) By Alphonse Daudet. 12mo, paper, 30 cents; by mail, 35 cents.

See review in September number.

UNDER THE MAGNOLIAS. By Lyman W. Denton, M. D. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

A somewhat rambling narrative of the experience of a northern family who went south to live. The aim of the author is to show up the ignorance and degradation of the southern negro. He finds in the ignorant negro vote south as great an element of danger as in the ignorant foreign vote north. He urges in both cases some sort of suffrage reform.

Publishers' Weekly.

JANE EYRE. An autobiography. By Currer Bell. New edition. 16mo, half cloth, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents; half leather, 75 cents; by mail, 82 cents.

A marvel of small but legible type, admirably suited, from its convenient size, for the top-coat pocket.

London Spectator.

CRYSTAL, JACK & CO., AND DELTA BIXBY. Two stories. By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

A runaway accident deprived the Carys of their father and sadly injured Chrystal, the elder sister, who supplied another's place to her brother Jack and three younger children. They form a firm under the title-name, for the sale of wild flowers, and through the kindness of a little old gentleman and the ladies of the flower mission, the little family at length sees happy days. "Delta Bixby" is the fourth child of a student of Greek, who named his children by the letters of the Greek alphabet. He desires to see the world, and his father allows him to go from home. His adventures on sea and land make the story.

Publishers' Weekly.

THE WORKING TEN OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS. By Elizabeth Greenleaf. 16mo, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE WIGHT. A romance of Carisbrooke Castle in 1488. By Frank Cowper, M. A. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.25.

Describes life in the Isle of Wight during the Renaissance, when there was great danger and discomfort owing to the constantly threatened invasions of the French and their many actual occupations of the island. Sir Edward Woodville, the hero, serves the author as an example of the mediæval knight, and he aims to interest both young and old in a noble life set off against the glammers of those ancient days of chivalry. He has consulted authorities and gives an accurate picture of the times, although inventing some incidents in the career of his hero.

Publishers' Weekly.

LAST CHANCE JUNCTION. A story of the far, far West. By the author of "Cape Cod Folks." 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

BLUE LIGHTS; OR, HOT WORK IN THE SOUDAN. A tale of soldier life in several of its phases. By R. M. Ballantyne. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.15.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. Chiefly from the original sources, by the Rev. Thomas James, M. A. With more than one hundred illustrations. Designed by John Tenniel. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. 32mo, 90 cents; by mail, 95 cents.

A CHRISTMAS POSY. By Mrs. Molesworth. With illustrations by Walter Crane. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 99 cents.

These stories are intended for rather young people, and are conspicuous for their delicacy, their refinement, and a certain absence of moralizing. The great trouble with most juveniles is that they preach too much, that they bring moral pressure to bear, and that they exaggerate duty. An average child is naturally dutiful and quite willing to be led. It is the leader that is usually at fault. Mrs. Molesworth's books are cheery, wholesome, and particularly well adapted to refined life. It is safe to add that Mrs. Molesworth is the best English prose writer for children, just as Mr. Weatherley is probably their best poet. A new volume from Mrs. Molesworth is always a feast.

Boston Beacon.

UNDER FALSE COLOURS. By Sarah Doudney. With 12 full page illustrations by G. G. Kilburne. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.67.

BRYDA. A story of the Indian Mutiny. By Mrs. E. M. Field. Illustrated by A. Forestier. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

THIS WICKED WORLD. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 42 cents. *Lippincott's series of Select Novels.* Paper, 18 cents; by mail, 19 cents.

This story appears to be founded on the assumption that human nature is more painfully weak than absolutely wicked, and it demonstrates how this can be the cause of as much unhappiness and lead as surely to disaster as a more positive form of wickedness. This is the theme of the plot which Mrs. Cameron has developed in her usual skillful manner, and has brought to a conclusion that is at once natural and artistic. But as regards her characters, those that are supposed to illustrate the wickedness of the world are types of some of the most contemptible of the whole human family, vanity being the ruling spirit, and leading to terrible consequences. Far better, and we think, as types truer to nature, are Lady Arthur Millbanke and Vere Sherwood, who redeem the otherwise somewhat monotonously weak natures from rendering the story tedious. As a matter of fact we prefer the villainy of a character like that of Dr. Gabriel Fairgrave to the wretchedly negative weakness manifested by Marcus Cunningham and Mrs. Bertram. The former with his selfishness and overweening ambition, and the latter with her vanity bring trouble on those surrounding them.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITION OF MEN. An impossible story. By Walter Besant. New Edition. Illustrated. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.05.

A FAIR EMIGRANT. By Rosa Mulholland. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents.

The story of a young girl, Bawn Desmond, whose love for a dead father, and her desire to clear his good name of an unmerited suspicion, lead her into many remarkable experiences. Arthur Desmond was an Irish gentleman, who settled in Minnesota in its early days, and made a fortune. "Bawn" was his only child, and he did not hide from her, as she grew to be a woman, that there was a blight upon his life. After his death his papers tell her of a murder he is accused of and of which he swears he is innocent. Under an assumed name and as a poor woman she goes back to Ireland, and lives among her father's people, succeeding finally in proving his innocence.

Publishers' Weekly

THE SON OF A STAR. A romance of the Second Century. By Benjamin Ward Richardson. 12mo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.33.

Dr. Richardson's romance is an essay in a field wherein there are few successes scored—that of writing a story with the scene laid in antique times, necessarily remote from the knowledge and thought of the great majority of readers, and thus requiring the combination of exceptional literary power to overcome this initial difficulty in arousing interest, with considerable scholarship to avoid the many pitfalls awaiting the unwary, and to give correct local color throughout. But Dr. Richardson, in essaying to tell the story of the Jewish rising under Bar-Cochab in Hadrian's time, has not brought the necessary qualifications to the task. Despite several isolated passages which display some descriptive and imaginative power, the story as a whole is crudely conceived and awkwardly planned, having little coherence of plot or regularity of movement. * * *

Even where the main lines of the actual history lend themselves aptly to romance, they have been abandoned for mere inventions, of which the two most extravagant are that a Jewish girl masquerades for a considerable time in male attire as Antinous at the court of Hadrian, and that Bar-Cochab, instead of being slain in the storming of Bether, escapes to Juverna (Ireland), there to marry a lovely Irish lady and to found a new dynasty. In short, the book is a disastrous failure; and it is matter of regret that one whose record is so distinguished in another field of intellectual activity should have set himself to attempt an undertaking alien to his powers and acquisitions.

London Academy.

THE SECRET OF FONTAINE-LA-CROIX. By Margaret Field. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents.

All who have read the book are impressed by a certain resemblance it bears to "Jane Eyre"—not that it is like that novel in treatment, or that it imitates it, or that it equals it in brilliancy, but there is a similarity in some of the main features of the two plots. Anne Heriot, like Jane Eyre, is a governess, not handsome in person, but with winning charm of manner; the master of the house becomes enamored of her, but there is an obstacle to their union; and the story culminates in a startling dramatic situation—a situation that may seem extravagant to some readers, but which really is not more so than the intercepted marriage, the maniac wife, and the burning mansion of "Jane Eyre." The "secret" is intense, and possibly overwrought, but there are very charming pictures of chateau-life in France (in which country most of the action takes place), the characters are drawn with a vividness that makes the reader believe in them, and there are happily introduced intellectual elements—for the story is not wholly apart from the theological controversies now so current in fiction—which are illustrated by the devout Catholicism of the old countess, the scepticism of the young count, and the Anglican convictions of the heroine. "The Secret of Fontaine-la-Croix," if not great, is certainly a notable novel—but who is the unknown author? If this is her first book, she is destined to take a high place among the novelists of the day.

Boston Transcript.

FLORENCE FABLES. By William J. Florence (Comedian). 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

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Book Chat.

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American Bookseller.

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Athenæum.

ALMANACH DE GOTH. Annuaire Généalogique, Diplomatique et Statistique, 1889. 18mo, \$2.50; by mail, \$2.60.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MASTERPIECES OF POPE, ÆSOP, MILTON, GOLDSMITH AND COLERIDGE. Illustrated. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

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GLIMPSES OF GREAT FIELDS. By Rev. J. A. Hall, A.M. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

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Boston Transcript.

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See review in this number.

THE FRAGMENTS OF THE WORK OF HERACLITUS OF EPHESUS ON NATURE. Translated from the Greek Text of Bywater. With an introduction, historical and critical. By G. T. W. Patrick, Ph. D. 8vo, 80 cents; by mail, 89 cents.

The translator is Professor of Philosophy in the State University of Iowa. So much has been written about the great philosopher who defined his system of life at Ephesus about 500 B. C. by such distinguished critics as Schleiermacher, Casselle Zeller, Teichmüller, Schuster, etc., that the translator apologizes for adding still to the many volumes of conflicting opinions. Heraclitus is the Greek thinker most in accord with the thought of our century. Mr. Bywater, an acute English scholar of Oxford, made a complete edition of the Fragments of Heraclitus in 1877, from which the present writer translates. *Publishers' Weekly.*

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—J. O. Halliwell Phillips, F. R. S., died in London January 4th, aged sixty-nine. He was chiefly known as a Shakespearian biographer, and was mainly instrumental in 1863 in the purchase of the poet's estate of New Place for the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, and in the formation of the Shakespeare Museum of that town. His principal works are, "A Life of Shakespeare," "Letters of the Kings of England," "Nursery Rhymes of England," and "Early History of Freemasonry." The crowning labor of his life, completed in 1865, was an edition of Shakespeare in sixteen volumes.

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—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., are about to follow Mr. Besant's "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies" with a volume of Jefferies's uncollected papers under the apt title of "Field and Hedgerow," in which will appear the latest essays of the Englishman who best continued the tradition of White of Selborne.

—Messieurs Erckmann and Chatrian have,—as they richly deserve,—comfortable fortunes made out of their literary work. The two were schoolfellows, and are now each about seventy years old. Erckmann is blue-eyed and pink-cheeked; Chatrian is a little curly-haired, blue-eyed man, with a "bumpy" forehead. They are engaged, the reading world will be glad to know, after a long silence, upon a new novel.

—On January 15th, the J. B. Lippincott Company issued the first number of a new Monthly Magazine of a purely literary character, entitled *Poet-Lore*. It is devoted to the study of Shakespeare, Browning, and the comparative study of Literature, and is conducted by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Dr. Daniel G. Brinton is the main contributor to this number, which contains, besides his paper on "Facettes of Love," from Browning, the music of a new setting of Desdemona's "Willow Song," an account of Irving's "Macbeth," and a full report of the Philadelphia Browning Society.

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BOOK NEWS

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VOLUME 7

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1889.

NUMBER 79.

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BOOK NEWS

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NUMBER 79.

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THE ART OF ILLUMINATION.

BY JOHN V. SEARS.

In 1861 the London Antiquarian Society held an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, to which the British Museum, the Imperial Library of Paris, and many private libraries contributed liberally, making a display unequaled since the competitions instituted by royal munificence in the middle ages, like that patronized by Philip the Good of Burgundy, described by Charles Reade in the "Cloister and the Hearth." This display was a revelation of a lost art. Even scholars and people of culture had but dim ideas concerning the Art of Illumination, and only to librarians, bibliographers, clerical students and specialists in design was it known that this splendid art has given to the world magnificent examples of man's genius, industry and skill, comparable with the great triumphs of the painters, the architects and the sculptors.

Immediately following this exhibition and partly attributable to its influence, a revival of interest took place in England. Naturally it was strongest in high church circles, accompanying a tendency to ritualism and mediæval observances. To copy an illuminated passage from some ancient missal evinced refined taste and culture, and the fashion—for such it became—received the highest sanction, even so severe a censor as John Ruskin fully endorsing it. The fashion spread, and an "Illuminator's Manual," issued by Messrs. Winsor and Henton in 1862, ran through ten editions. The British Museum established a special department for copyists, which in the old days would have been called a *scriptorium*, and the study attained almost popular vogue. The color-printers and lithographers eventually took the art out of the hands of amateurs, and the fashion, like others of this world,

slowly passed away, though texts, legends and mottoes, reproduced from illuminated manuscripts, are still to be found in the print stores.

It is from this revival of interest that most of the information concerning the art, current in England and America, may be dated. This information is confined to the practice of the art in the churches, religious houses and *scriptoria* of the middle ages, and, indeed, most of the known monuments are of mediæval origin and of ecclesiastical character. It is, therefore, not surprising that illumination should be known among us as the art of Missal Painting. This, however, is but one department of the art, and we should recognize to others, as the French authorities do, namely, *La Diplomatique* and *Le Romantique*, which two departments will be referred to later.

The art in all its departments was practiced far earlier than the middle ages, being one of the oldest known to history, if not fairly entitled to claim prehistoric origin. The first records made by man were undoubtedly picture-writings, and traces of color—the use of which distinguishes illumination—are found antedating the earliest manuscripts. It is certain the Egyptians practiced the art and carried it as far as their conventional drawing permitted. Among the most interesting discoveries of the modern Egyptologists are the hieroglyphic papyri, some of them richly and elegantly illuminated. The Greek illuminators were undoubtedly influenced by Egyptian art, and this influence can be seen later in the works of the Romanesque and Byzantine periods. M. Paul Durand, a learned French antiquarian, finds in the manuscripts of the Irish school, another distinct reflex of the same ancient models, derived possibly through Phœnician agencies.

Both Greece and Rome had schools of illumination, not to descant upon those of India and of Persia, these latter being beyond the line of the present study. From the Greeks, after the Christian era, was derived the art of Byzantium, which developed the richest and most gorgeous of the earlier schools of illumination. In Byzantium originated the purple-and-gold scheme of color which, transplanted to Rome, became the symbol of imperial splendor, a symbol still recognized throughout the civilized world.

The books Cicero loved were useful rather than elegant; leather-covered volumes with plain black-and-white text. The great publicist appreciated purple-and-gold, however, and he speaks of luxurious books with the respect accorded by intelligence to fine works of art. He tells us, for example, of his

admiration for a splendid copy of Varro, illuminated with no less than seven hundred "effigies" or portraits. He also says Varro himself was an illuminator and the author of a treatise on miniature painting entitled "*Hebdomadum sive de imaginibus Liber*."

It was in the age succeeding Cicero, the Augustan age—that the art of illumination reached its highest development in Ancient Rome. Augustus Cæsar adopted purple-and-gold books as peculiarly appropriate for imperial presents, and his successors followed the example. Virgil was the favorite poet of the Augustan Age, and to this author must be accorded the honors of the richest and most costly publication ever given to literary work. It is known that many beautiful copies of his poems were made, and an empress of the east, in the fifth century gave a full set of his writings to her son, which tradition said cost a hundred thousand Roman crowns; lavishing upon it the wealth of the orient, and all the resources of Byzantine art. This was probably the most sumptuous book ever made, and it was regarded as one of the treasures of the Eastern Empire.

We moderns pride ourselves on luxurious editions of our best writers, and we consider that a book handsomely printed on fine, heavy paper, with ample margins, illustrated by competent artists and bound to order, say in tree-calf, is a precious possession. This is very well, but for luxury we make a poor showing as compared with the work of the illuminators.

If Munkacsy or Sir John Millais, or two of our greatest artists together, should be commissioned to produce an illuminated book, without regard to cost, they might partially succeed in emulating the ancients, though only partially, as some characteristic features of the art are lost beyond recovery. They would require a fine quality of vellum, not made since the sixteenth century, with a surface like ivory, but of texture as soft and pliable as kid and close-grained enough to last forever. If their ambition reached to the glories of purple-and-gold, they would want the lost Tyrian tint, unknown to our color-makers. But, given these, and given, further, a scribe capable of inditing the golden text, each letter glowing with delicate modeling like a piece of enchased jewelry, and then their work could begin.

Fifty full-page compositions, by each artist, worth surely not less than a hundred guineas per page, would not be too many for a luxurious illumination; and between these pages, a hundred miniatures, each a faithful portrait, of historic as well as of artistic value: these would constitute the strictly pictorial part of the work. The most striking, if not the most important feature, would be the initials or capital letters for the heads of chapters—capital, from *capitula*, a chapter. These initials are the illuminator's most imposing achievement, and on their invention and adornment the mediæval artists expended their most

precious resources. An elaborate letter will occupy the greater part of a page, and in the affluent details of the marvelous design every blazonry of color, burnished surface and sparkling accent of light-and-shade will be freely employed. To produce initials worthy of the work would be the most difficult of our artists' labors. Next in order they would require to consider the borders, every page demanding an appropriate frame, like any other picture. For such setting, half an inch to two inches of each margin would be occupied with delicate and fanciful conceits in arabesques, twining vines, bourgeoning branches and foliage, floral garlands, climbing creatures and trophies of arms, or whatever fanciful theme might be found to consort with the text, all beautifully drawn and exquisitely painted in harmonious hues. Finally would come the planning and execution of the sequels or tail-pieces at the ends of the chapters. Very graceful, very quaint, very significant and very picturesque these need to be to comply with the standard of luxurious illumination. They should correspond with the initials in design, and should especially convey the humorous suggestions of the artists scheme of illustration.

It would require years of labor by the great painters, assisted by others on details, to accomplish a monumental work of this character. When finished it should be bound in amber velvet, bordered with cunning goldsmith's work, set with precious stones. There should be two broad clasps of carved amber, framed in emeralds, and the title should be engraved on a cameo-medallion, fastened with jewels; the owner's cipher being correspondingly set forth on the reverse cover. Such a book was, of old, deemed worthy of a silken case, embroidered with pearls by the hands of a Queen. Should it, finally, be enclosed in a casket of wrought gold, studded with gems, as was the beautiful copy of Homer prized by Alexander the Great, it would be a luxurious illumination comparable with the noble works of the middle ages. At a moderate estimate it would cost, say \$100,000. There are many known illuminations which cost more. Cardinal Ferrara paid Julio Clorio 10,000 sequins per annum during the nine years that eminent artist was engaged on the "*Pontiff's Breviary*," one of the last of the great illuminations, containing twenty-six miniatures and over two hundred capitals and other designs. The "*Great Bedford Missal*" presented to Henry VII, in 1431, produced by the brothers Van Eyck, and their sister, Margaretha, contains one hundred and twenty miniatures. This Missal is of the highest historic and artistic worth, and has been valued in money at 100,000 pounds sterling, though it is now priceless. There are many similar books extant, and many more known to history.

It is not, however, in costly luxury that the art of illumination finds its best expression. From the beginning of the Christian era to the invention of

printing, it reflects the highest accomplishment in art of each successive period, the greatest masters enriching the manuscripts of their day with examples of their genius and skill. It affords pictorial records of many important events, made by competent contemporary observers, religious ceremonials, state occasions, social observances, with illustrations of manners, customs, fashions, dress, arms, and even of trades; preserving, also, numberless portraits of eminent people. It affords a full record of the progress of architecture from the earliest Byzantine to the late Cinquecento order.

Easily injured by the elements and especially subject to destruction in religious wars, the works of the illuminators have been left to decay or have been burned and torn to shreds to an appalling extent, but those that have come down to us furnish a thesaurus of artistic ideas, wrought out with exquisite craft, to which our artists and architects, designers, decorators, carvers, metal-workers, modelers, students, and teachers may resort as to an unfailing source of the most charming, most elaborate, graceful, delicate inventions the imagination of man has evolved since the dawn of time.

Of *La Diplomatique* and *La Romantique* it is enough to say, here, that the former refers to diplomas, charters of cities, codes, treaties, grants, patents and pontifical papers; the latter to romances, tales, legends, chronicles, poems and copies of the classics. The purple-and-gold papal bulls, preserved in the Vatican, afford rich examples of *La Diplomatique*, as do the charters of Ghent and of Bruges, and also the papal rescript establishing the Duchy of Brandenburg, the letters patent of the imperial family of Germany. Of *La Romantique* the most famous example is "*Le Roman de la Rose*," now in the Louvre.

Missal painting may be held to include all illuminations made by or for the church except papal bulls, rescripts, charters and similar papers. Of the ecclesiastic illuminations, the most important are the Missal or Mass book, the Evangelary, giving one or more of the four gospels, the Psalter, the Breviary, the Benedictional and a great variety of chorals and choir-books, hymnals, antiphonals, graduals, etc. Every public library contains examples that will afford a fair idea of missal painting, and there are several private collections in Boston, New York and Baltimore, in which works of great magnificence are preserved.

= Mr. Thomas Hardy is about to republish his first novel, "*Desperate Remedies*," which appeared anonymously many years ago.

= Messrs. Routledge are preparing a new and cheaper edition of a popular Alpine book, which has long been out of print, namely, Miss Amelia B. Edwards' "*Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys*."

FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON.

The reading world of to-day ought to feel deeply grateful to Mr. Frank Stockton for the vein of humor he has brought into our fiction, since this quality we are told by magazine writers of the day (notably by Miss Agnes Repplier in the February *Atlantic Monthly*) is sadly on the decline.

And what a delightful humor he possesses! So quaint and rare, so nimble and intangible, and yet so genuine, and ever veiling a germ of real philosophy.

Mr. Stockton's forte lies in the writing of short "fantastic tales," most of which, especially his earlier stories, were written for children; but they are not appreciated by children alone, for the rare ingenuity of their construction makes them even more grateful to their elders, who beneath the smiling surface see a deeper meaning. C. C. Buel, writing of this author, says of his stories: "Fun is only their color, and not their substance. Their substance is human nature thrown into relief by a glass which imparts a comical hue."

Mr. Stockton was born in Philadelphia, April 5, 1834. He is by descent a New Jerseyman, and comes from one of the best known of the English families who have left their mark on the history of this country. His great-grandfather, Richard Stockton, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His father, William S. Stockton, was a man of great strength of intellect and decision of character, and was one of the most independent and militant of the laity of the Methodist Church, and a fierce controversialist in his character of anti-Jesuit, temperance reformer and abolitionist.

His mother, who was his father's second wife, was a Virginia lady, and possessed great mental vigor and an unusual fineness of temperament and spirit. The name of Francis Richard, Mr. Stockton owes to the historic tastes of one of his half-sisters, who thus named him after Francis I of France, and Richard Cœur de Lion. Similarly, his sister, known to the reading world as Louise Stockton, was named Marie Louise, after Napoleon's second wife.

Mr. Stockton passed his childhood in and near Philadelphia. He attended first a private school in West Philadelphia, and afterwards the public schools, graduating from the Central High School with the degree of Bachelor of Arts when he was eighteen. As a student he was naturally very clever, but not ambitious except in the study of literature, for which he always had a decided bent. Even as a child this bent was strong in him, and when he was ten years old he wrote verses, followed as he grew older by articles and stories.

After completing his scholastic education he took up the profession of wood-engraving and worked at this successfully for many years, devoting his evenings to writing for different magazines. On leaving school he joined a society composed of the older High School students, known as the "Literary and

Forensic Circle," a feature of which was a manuscript magazine, and for it his "Ting-a-Ling" stories were written. These appeared afterwards in the *Riverside Magazine*, and eventually formed his first book. His story "Kate" was also read at the "Circle," and his friends recognizing its merits persuaded him to publish it. It was accepted by the *Southern Messenger*, and on its appearance attracted considerable notice. The publisher, in consequence, asked him to write a serial in three parts and "The Story of Champaigne" was the result.

In 1860 Mr. Stockton married Miss Marian E. Tuttle of Amelia County, Virginia, and to his frequent visits to her southern home are due his fine sketches of negro life.

In 1871 he wrote a Christmas story for *Punchinello*,—a New York follower of *Punch*—to which magazine he had been a frequent contributor, but at that time it failed, so he took the story to Mr. Holland and "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas" appeared in *Scribner's Monthly*, for January, 1872. In 1874, the first part of "Rudder Grange" appeared, which immediately ranked Mr. Stockton among the first of American humorists, and to this success we owe the second part. By many "Rudder Grange" is considered Mr. Stockton's masterpiece, and in it he certainly reached the consummation of that inimitably quaint art of which he is the master. This sketch was the outcome, somewhat exaggerated, of his own and his wife's experiences when in search of a house in the suburbs of New York. They did not in reality take a canal boat, but while house-hunting they came across an old couple who had converted one into a dwelling and Mr. Stockton took his idea from this.

Realizing his power as a writer, Mr. Stockton about this time abandoned wood engraving and devoted himself entirely to literary work, and shortly afterwards he attached himself to the *Morning Post* of Philadelphia. He soon left that journal and took an editorial position on *Hearth and Home*, then edited by Edward Eggleston. On the death of this magazine he joined the staff of *Scribner's Monthly*, on which he remained until *St. Nicholas* was started, when he became associate editor of that magazine. To both of these periodicals he was a constant contributor, as he still is to the latter as well as to the former in its new title of *The Century*. He was connected editorially with *St. Nicholas* until 1880, when the strain of editorial work told upon his health, and he relinquished his position to devote himself entirely to composition.

"The Lady or the Tiger?" was the next work of note, and created a sensation, nearly if not quite as great as "Rudder Grange." It is said that the only thing that tires the author is the question "Was it the Lady or the Tiger?" for it has been asked of him by letters and otherwise, hundreds and it may be, thousands of times. A comic opera, based upon this story, was produced in New York last year.

Mr. Stockton's later productions have been more

lengthy than his earlier, that is, they are more in the form of "works," but their style is in no respect different, indeed, they give one the impression of a succession of short stories rather than of a regular novel. These have almost all appeared serially in *The Century*.

His works published in book form are: "Rudder Grange"; "The Lady, or the Tiger?"; "The Late Mrs. Null"; "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine"; and its sequel, "The Dusantes"; "The Hundredth Man"; "The Christmas Wreck, and other Stories"; "The Bee-Man of Orn, and other Fanciful Tales"; "Amos Kilbright, His Adscititious Experiences, with other Stories"; "Roundabout Rambles"; "What Might Have Been Expected"; "Tales Out of School"; "A Jolly Fellowship"; "The Floating Prince"; "The Story of Viteau"; "The Ting-a-Ling Tales."

In personal appearance Mr. Stockton is small, dark and thin, and in manner shy and retiring. At first glance he would be taken for a sad man, and judging from his portrait one would suspect him of anything but humor; but it is said that when he becomes animated his whole face changes and becomes that of quite another man. "The big dark eyes, full of patient, weary expression, are luminous; the mouth, close and discouraged, expands into smiling curves, sweet and sympathetic; the whole soul is in the face, and from head to foot, Frank Stockton is the genial, responsive man. It is like a brilliant burst of sunshine following a cloud, suddenly and unexpectedly, and therefore more delicious in surprise and beauty." He dictates all his writing to his wife, thinking out much of it in a hammock swung in his library at Madison, N. J. His latest story is "The Great War Syndicate," a satire on the times. It is now running through *Once A Week*.

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

By TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

People want amusement in novels and Mr. W. D. Howells wants to teach. This has led to "Annie Kilburn," in which romance, the least didactic of all literary forms, is used, not to adorn a tale, but to point a moral. There was once an Hebrew prophet whose heart was saddened because he found that the interest of those who said one to another, come and hear the word that cometh forth, was even only because he was unto them "a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument." I do not believe this discovery, good man as he was, improved either the prophet's style or temper. Mr. Howells has made a similar discovery. The opinion on Mr. Howells' temper I have no means of knowing, but to the effect on his style, I can testify as can all his readers.

In his anxiety to deal with the social problem on

the level of uncompromising sincerity and absolute reality, Mr. Howells, has given us very dull and somewhat stupid people struggling, in the most blundering fashion with the hardest of all tasks, the effort to help others. As it is easier for all of us, for ourselves and others, to change the outside of lives than to change men and women, the book is taken, as life itself is, with all sorts of efforts to organize sociables, charities, and personal contact between classes, and it all comes to nothing, as such things do in real life, and Mr. Howells has spoiled his story—as a story—and, being a novelist, has no remedy to offer. But his skill is not less nor his natural strength abated and the book is sure to stir any one to whom life has been hard, fuller of promise than performance, and stirring them, it is quite as likely to lead wrong as right, as is the wonted way in books with a purpose.

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Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge in "Great Captains"—six lectures on Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Frederick and Napoleon—has written a bit of a military Plutarch. How the battle was won interests most people more than what they were fighting about, and Colonel Dodge answers the first question about the battles of six great generals. He has the double gift in telling the story of war of knowing what to leave out in the manoeuvres and what to put in of character, so that both the physical conditions and personal qualities which make up the twin factors of victory are left clear. Read with Creary to give the political bearing of these battles and an historical altar at hand and the result would be a practical view of history most valuable. I am not sure myself that there is an "Aryan race." I rather think the convenient scientific theory will go the way of the other convenient co-ordinating ideas, like a universal matter, a divine State, or Holy Roman Empire. It is too narrow for all the facts to be known and too broad for those to come. But it stands to-day a most convenient abstraction, the centre of a large group of information and assumption about the development of the beginnings of what we plume ourselves in the civilized world and Mr. Charles Morris in the "Aryan Race" has grouped and gathered these facts in a clear and readable fashion.

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Mr. W. T. Stead is a driving English journalist, the editor of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, with Carlyle, believes that the best thing a democracy can do with freedom is to use it to elect a good, able despot. This simple creed, whose first practical fruit would be to wipe out Mr. Stead, makes his book "Truth About Russia," right in fact and wrong in sense. We have here not truth about Russia but truths. The original text is given with fair accuracy; but the gloss is all wrong. Russia has in its some 50,000,000 of people, living in hamlet, as completely self-governing as a New England village, and in which no man holds a house

or acre save as it is voted to him once a year in town-meeting. We all forget these two great facts, the vital foundation of "Holy Russia." It is the resistless brute support these ignorant millions give the Czar and most corrupt office-holders in the world which drives educated men crazy with nihilism and despair. Working with a journalist's instinct for the significant and the personal, Mr. Stead has made one of the clearest pictures of a nation recently drawn; but its perspective is all wrong.

**

Prof. A. S. Hill, of Harvard, has done his fair share in giving Harvard graduates the literary bent they have shown in the last ten years, and in "Our English" he lays bare in a clear, brief way what should be done to get command of our own tongue in speech and script. Pretty much every one who brings up children is puzzled to know what should be done to give this useful power, and the first chapter of Professor Hill's book gives most useful hints. The rest count for less. He seems to forget that from Defoe to Dana journalists have done much to make our great an apt weapon, and in dealing with talk he under-values preparation. I do not believe a man ever was a good talker, by which I mean a man who drew good talk as well as gave it without taking great pains over it.

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"The plays of Shakespeare and the English Bible," says one of the present English critics of to-day, "are and ever will be, the twin monuments, not merely of their own period, but of the perfection of English: the complete expressions of the literary capacity of the language." This renders the editing of the Scriptures for any purpose whatever an incomparably difficult task. The scholar who makes changes in the Authorized Version may satisfy his soul with having got nearer the Hebrew; but the reader must rest his soul in such patience as he can command at seeing him go further with each change from good English. Dr. John P. Peters in his second volume of the "Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian," has not altogether avoided this difficulty. It would have been wiser to make fewer changes in the text, few as are made, but in its chief end the work fills its place well. The arrangement of Hebrew history, of the law and the literature, of its tales, poems and proverbs, the way in which each subject is treated, the very typographical methods are all certain to make clear much that is misty in the customary reading of the Bible, which by accepting as sacred we are apt to forget is also literature of the highest value.

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"The Great Value and Success of Foreign Missions" is not in the individual souls flushed from sin, but in the nations swayed and turned to better things, and the book Mr. John Liggins has compiled

with this title shows this in a scattering way. A much better book might be made in this field, but since none has been, Mr. Liggins' little volume will be useful to all who know that missions are to the Church what works are to the Christian.

* *

Housekeeping is one of the most complicated pursuits in modern life and done with the poorest tools. Miss Catherine Owen has sought to improve them in "Progressive Housekeeping," a book whose chief value lies in a few useful hints, receipts and the like scattered through the book. It has no special systematic value. Dr. M. L. Holbrook, in "Eating for Strength," while pretty loose in her receipts, and loading the book with information of no great value, groups a number of guiding facts about food. The most important of these is that vegetable foods are at once the cheapest and best foods. Americans abuse their privileges in the matter of flesh diet, and lose money and health by it. Dr. Holbrook makes this plain enough by giving the nutritive value of foods in dollars and cents at current market prices. She fails to see, however, that vegetable food needs far more skill to make it palatable and healthy than meat.

* *

Prof. W. R. Harper, of Yale, who has a genius for writing books out of which one can learn to read a language, has used his skill on an "Introductory New Testament Greek Method," prepared with the assistance of Prof. R. F. Weidener. A good many people yearn to read the New Testament in the original. Prof. Harper's book will give any one this privilege as far as the gospels are concerned who can give the work two hours a day for a year. Paul is harder to handle, but six months more would give that. Classic Greek would still be as far off as ever; but New Testament Greek would be enough in hand to make the acquisition worth having.

CHARLES LAMB.

"And gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—
A friend."

Thy fate was one that might have caused to shrink
The boldest warrior on the battle field,
Who saw those horrors, rushing to the fray,
And arms, and life, and honor threw away,
As like a craven in his seat he reeled.
But thou, when reason tottered on its brink,
Couldst look beyond, above, and life could lend,
(Though not its flowers, its sweetest boon of love),
To thy sad hours, a loving, trusting friend.
Misfortune pressed thee like a haunting ghost—
But that true friend could soothe, and bless and cheer;
Thy world all empty—but he at his post remained
Like Roman sentinel, and thy sad heart sustained.

Lydia L. A. Very, in Boston Transcript.

THE BODLEIAN.

The Bodleian Library is one of the five largest, and perhaps it is the most picturesque, home of books in the world. The Report of the condition of the Library which Mr. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian, has lately published, is therefore of considerable interest. Visitors to Oxford are apt to scamper through the place, marching down its galleries, staring at the students in their mediæval niches, glancing at the Aztec and mediæval MSS. in the glass cases, and then escaping with a flutter of feminine raiment and a giggle on the staircase. Perhaps Guy Fawkes's lantern is no longer exhibited; it was once rather a popular show, and of more human interest than all the Douce Collection. "What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public to do with literature?" the author of "Obiter Dicta" once inquired. The general public, when at Oxford on a holiday, certainly does not much concern itself with the Bodleian. But scholars and reading men and women generally have a sentimental regard for this venerable home of all printed and all written matter. There was a library in Oxford, it seems, as early as the end of the Fourteenth Century. The books were kept either in chests or fastened to chains in St. Mary's Church, even as a few examples of old chained books do still survive in the beautiful old library of Merton College. With mediæval alacrity a separate chamber for books was built in 1409; it had been in the building for nearly one hundred years. The Good Duke Humfrey, of Gloucester, was a book collector who made the University rich presents, and in 1444 the University began the building called Duke Humfrey's Library. So rapidly did they labor that this chamber was completed in no more than four and forty years. In spite of the rage for abolishing all that is old and beautiful in Oxford, and substituting all that is new and ugly, Duke Humfrey's Library is still permitted to exist. A fearful blow was dealt to the Library by the Reformation. The Reforming Commissioners of 1550 "destroyed as Popish the illuminated or rubricated MSS. in the Library." So says Mr. Nicholson, and if the Commissioners argued that all illuminated MSS. were "Popish" they may have burned Virgils, Ovids, perhaps Menanders. It seems extraordinary that while France was in the very flower of the Revival of Letters, when Ronsard and Du Bellay were tuning the Gallic lyre to odes in place of ballades, Edward VI. was burning the manuscripts of Oxford. By 1556 the University had sold the very seats of the readers!

Bodley rescued Oxford from this bookless condition. He entered at Magdalen four years after the seats were sold, and he later became a Fellow of Merton. After distinguishing himself rather more than Lord Sackville in diplomacy, he returned to England and restored the University Library. The Bodleian, the gift of Thomas Bodley, was opened in 1602, just before the arrival of the most book-learned James VI. The undergraduates have not yet burned the place

down, though spirited attempts have been made with fireworks in the neighborhood, and by smoking (on one historical occasion) in the picture gallery and on the stairs. Nor has the Professor of Chemistry blown up the Bodleian yet, as some one declared that he had in the days of Sir Benjamin Brodie. By a series of pieces of good fortune the Bodleian now occupies all the beautiful old quadrangle of the schools, except two muniment rooms in the tower, and the books have flooded over into the Radcliffe and the Sheldonian Buildings. In 1885 the number of books was 432,477, of which 26,318 were MSS. The crowd is prodigious, and it is not pleasant to reflect that the Bodleian can hardly be weeded like the library of a private owner. In the multitude of books the very humblest may contain some lore essential to somebody, and if once a big library took to weeding it might logically arrive at the position of the Caliph Omar. In five years 54,700 have been added, most of them by the provisions of the Copyright Act. We fear that the Bodleian cannot get rid of the humblest minor poetry, or the most hopeless novel. What most people consider rubbish is regularly "shot" at the Bodleian, and we can but pity the cataloguers, the librarian, and every one concerned. Gifts, bequests, and exchanges add to the multitude, but purchases are necessarily restricted by the recent poverty of all whose income is unluckily derived, or used to be derived, from land. The "exchanges" are mainly with foreign universities. At these brief special studies of difficult points in learning are produced and published, and extremely valuable many of them are.

The Librarian's Report includes his most interesting purchases and discoveries. The most pleasing of the former are seven autograph poems by Bishop Ken to two little girls, who were hymned by the author of the "Evening Hymn." Perhaps a prouder bargain is the gospel book of Queen Margaret of Scotland in the Eleventh Century. Now this very book (like those of Thomas à Kempis) had a miracle performed in it, a miracle described in the life of the Queen and Saint. Where is Robert Elsmere now, that clerical sceptic who says that miracles never happen? The MS. is not only miraculous, but a miracle of Anglo-Saxon art. The Bodleian bought it for £6, and if the Bodleian had been a private purchaser he ought to be ashamed of himself. The owner who sold it can have had no idea of its value. A library has no conscience, but a private person should keep such a thing, and this was the opinion of M. Paul Lacroix, the famous bibliophile. He bought the "Tartuffe" of Louis XIV. for a couple of francs and gave it to M. Firmin Didot. The luckless vendor clamored to M. Didot for a rise in the price; he got nothing from that collector, and M. Paul Lacroix disapproved. The happiest thing that can be said of the Bodleian is that, while her wealth dwindles, her readers increase. Mr. Nicholson has

done much for their comfort and to aid their researches. He would have done yet more if he could have added a portrait of "Bodley Coxe," the last librarian, to his interesting Report. The mere sight of Mr. Coxe made you fall in love with humane letters, and to know him was a bibliographical education.

The Bookmart.

A COPYRIGHT PLEA.

In England Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth" is printed in three volumes and sold for about \$13. It cannot be had there for less. In the United States it is printed in two volumes and sold for \$6. This shows—does it not?—that in a country where the foreign author's claim to his own books is not admitted, the reader is benefited by the publishers' privilege to rob him. Certainly it would be claimed that this was so, were it not that, owing to the collaboration of Mr. Seth Low and Mr. Frank J. Goodnow, who have written two chapters of the book, Mr. Bryce has secured an American copyright upon it, and is at liberty to charge \$100 a volume if he wishes to, without fear of being undersold by unauthorized reprinters. The fact that the work is sold here for less than one-half the English price is only another proof that the low prices have "come to stay" in the American book market, and that the publisher, whether native or foreign, who puts a fancy price on a book that the people would naturally like to buy, will have the chagrin of seeing it gather dust on his shelves. There was an assured popular demand, even before its publication, for Mr. Bryce's masterly study of American life, and Messrs. Macmillan & Co. showed their good sense in meeting it half-way with an American edition costing only one-third as much as the handsomer one in which they publish the book for the drawing-room and library.

Critic.

DR. JOHNSON'S FAVORITES.

In Johnson's famous circle of friends were two young men whose names come often in the pages of his biographer, of brilliant minds indeed, but who did absolutely nothing of moment in the world, and whom nevertheless the world regards benignantly for the sake of the love they gave and received from the great man. The mild-hearted, portentous old vision of Johnson seems never so complete and gracious as when attended by these two, above all things else Johnsonians. When the doors swing ajar at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street, in shadowy London; when the "unclubable" Hawkins strides over the threshold, and Hogarth goes by the window with his large nod and smile; when Chamier is there reading, Goldsmith posing in purple silk small-clothes, Reynolds fingering his trumpet, stately Burke and little brisk Garrick stirring the punch in their glasses, and Dr. Johnson rolling about in his chair of state, saying

something prodigiously humorous and wise, it is still Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerk who most give the scene its human, genial lustre, standing behind him, arm in arm. Between him and them was deep and long affection, and the little we know of them has a right to be more for his sake.

Born in 1741, of good family, Bennet Langton, as a Lincolnshire lad had read "The Rambler," and conceived the purest enthusiasm for its author. He came to London on the ideal errand of seeking him out, and, thanks to Levett, met the idol of his imagination. Despite the somewhat staggering circumstances of Johnson's attire,—for he had rashly presupposed a stately, fastidious, and well-mannered figure,—he paid his vows of fealty, and endeared himself to his new friend forever. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1757 at the age of sixteen. The Doctor followed his career at the University with kindly interest, writing to Langton's tutor,—“I see your pupil: his mind is as exalted as his stature.” He even went down to Oxford to visit his votary, and there, for the first time, came across a part of his destiny in the shape of that strange bird, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, then a handsome scapegrace of eighteen. Johnson shook his head, and wondered at the odd juxtaposition of this Lord of Misrule with the “evangelical goodness” of his admirable Langton. The knowledge that veneration for himself and ardent perusal of his writings had first brought them together, mollified the sapient Doctor; but something more personal yet set Beauclerk forever in the great man's good graces. Like Langton he was well-bred, urbane, of excellent natural parts, a critic, a student, and a wit. An only son, he was born in 1737, and named after that Topham of Windsor who left a splendid collection of paintings and drawings to his father, Lord Sydney Beauclerk, the third son of the first Duke of St. Alban's. Young Beauclerk, with his aggravating flippancy, his sharp sense, his quiver full of jibes, time-wasting, money-wasting, foreign as Satan and his pomps to his sweet-natured college companion, struck the Doctor in his own political weak spot. The likeness to Charles the Second was enough to disarm Johnson at the very moment when he was calling up his most austere frown; it was enough to turn the vinegar of his wrath to the milk of kindness. No odder or sincerer testimony could he have given to his inexplicable liking for that royal scapegrace, than that he allowed the latter's great grandson to tease him and tyrannize over him during an entire lifetime. It is not so given to every man in the flesh to attest his allegiance. Mr. Topham Beauclerk literally bewitched Dr. Samuel Johnson: the stolid English moralist enraptured with the antics of a Jack-a-lantern! He allowed his pranks and quibbles, rejoiced in his taste and literary learning, admired him indiscreetly, followed his whims meekly, expostulated with him almost against his traitorous impulses, and clung to him to the end in perfect fond-

ness and faith. Bennet Langton was a mild young visionary, humane, tolerant, and generous in the extreme; modest and contemplative, averse to dissipation; a perfect talker, a perfect listener, with a smile, sweet as a child's, which lives yet among his kindred on the canvas of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was six feet six inches tall, slenderly built, and apt to stoop from old habits of bookishness. The ladies sat about him in drawing-rooms, said Edmund Burke, like maids around a Maypole! Beauclerk had more gaiety and grace, and domineered every one he knew by sheer force of high spirits. His faults were all on the surface, and easy to be forgiven for the sake of his genuine worth. It was he who most troubled the good Doctor, he for whom he suffered in silence, with whom he wrangled: he whose insuperable taunting promise, never reaching any special development, vexed and disheartened him; yet, perhaps because of these very things, though Bennet Langton was infinitely more to his mind, it was Absalom, once again, whom the old fatherly heart loved best.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A BOOK AUCTION IN LONDON.

The greatest book-mart of the world is London. Collectors and book-buyers from England, France and America seek prizes there. The English collector, especially, gathers his treasures from the auction sales, and there again after his death are his treasures sold. Hence the book auctions of London are very important in every point of view. The business is almost entirely in the hands of two firms, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, in Wellington Street, Strand, and Puttick & Simpson, in Leicester square, in the house formerly occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The season for sales commences early in the fall and lasts through the winter well into the summer. The chief booksellers of London are generally represented at each sale either by person or by proxy. If the sale is an important one the room will be filled, not only with London booksellers, but with dealers from the continent and large buying amateurs. When the sale is one which will peculiarly interest American buyers, the catalogues will have been published long enough beforehand to have been circulated in this country, and there will be many orders from here.

The number and importance of these sales are surprising, except under the theory we have heard stated by an Englishman, that England is now going through a “selling out” decade. It is said that Quaritch some years ago undertook to purchase all the most important lots, but has been forced to give up the idea under the pressure of his enormous debts to the auctioneers. His liabilities to them are rumored to amount to \$200,000.

Although books, of course, take the prominent place at these sales, the rooms are not exclusively devoted to them, sales of rare prints, autograph

letters, coins, and other articles of antiquarian interest being of frequent occurrence. The order of procedure is generally after the following manner: Soon after one o'clock in the afternoon the auctioneer takes his place in the rostrum and the business commences. The first lot is laid upon the table and examined, and is immediately bid for by one of those present; should it happen to be of value a brisk competition for its possession at once arises, and the bids follow one another in quick succession till it is ultimately knocked down to the highest bidder.

Mr. Hodge, of the above mentioned firm of well-known literary auctioneers, is a brisk and cheerful salesman, and keeps the attention of all the buyers well engaged from first to last (which is an essential point in a successful auctioneer), and consequently invariably gets good prices for the goods he sells. The lots being put up and knocked down extremely rapidly, it is very dangerous for any buyer to have his attention for an instant taken off the sale, as a slight inattention is frequently rewarded by the loss of a desirable book.

It is in the salesroom of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge that so many famous and historical libraries have been dispersed within the last few years. Among the principal may be enumerated the unrivalled Beckford and Hamilton collections, which together realized upward of \$425,000; the Syston Park Library, famous for its rare editions of the classics, its Gutenberg Bible, and Codex Psalter of 1459, the latter volume being remarkable as having realized the highest price of any single book that has ever been sold at auction, \$24,750; the Osterly Park Library, famous for its Caxtons, and many others too numerous for us to notice here.

Book Lover.

MAX O'RELL AT HIS HOME.

On returning from his recent lecturing tour to America, M. Paul Blouët, or to give him the name by which he has become familiar to the public, Max O'Rell, took a house in St. James' Terrace, overlooking Regent's Park. The home of the "intelligent foreigner," who has tickled the toes of John Bull without treading upon them, contains little to suggest that the owner is a Frenchman. Comfort is the prevailing expression of every bit of furniture, the rooms being those of a Frenchman who, at least, admires the ease which is said to be one of John Bull's leading characteristics. It is in the room where Max O'Rell wields his ready pen that his nationality is chiefly to be discovered. Rows of French books run round his study, with here and there a paper-bound volume of some popular English author peeping out from among them.

Having come over from France in 1872, and being now about 40 years of age, Max O'Rell has spent nearly half his life in England. The English character of his home is not, therefore, surprising, but it is, doubtless, owing in a greater degree to his wife being

an English woman. This lady is a partner in a literal as well as in the highest sense. With the exception of "Drat the Boys," Max O'Rell has written all his books in French, and his wife is responsible for their translation into English. As the author of "John Bull and His Island" dashes off his "slips," he submits them to his wife, whose critical powers, he tells us, he values most highly, and she then translates them, one by one, into her own mother tongue.

The attractions of public lecturing induced M. Paul Blouët to resign his position as French master at St. Paul's School. It was at Torquay that he made his first appearance on the platform. Some friends persuaded him to give some readings from his own books, which were so successful that Max O'Rell's thoughts were at once turned to public lecturing on the subjects he has made particularly his own. Since that time he has lectured upon John Bull and his neighbors in nearly every provincial town, and he has nothing but praise for the kindness with which he has always been received. *London Correspondent of Philadelphia Press.*

A PLEA FOR HUMOR.

Some half dozen years have passed since Mr. Andrew Lang, startled for once out of his customary light-heartedness, asked himself, and his readers, and the ghost of Charles Dickens—all three powerless to answer—whether the dismal seriousness of the present day was going to last forever; or whether, when the great wave of earnestness had rippled over our heads, we would pluck up heart to be merry and, if needs be, foolish once again. Not that mirth and folly are in any degree synonymous, as of old; for the merry fool, too scarce, alas, even in the times when Jack of Dover hunted for him in the highways, has since then grown to be rarer than a phoenix. He has carried his cap and bells, and jests and laughter, elsewhere, and has left us to the mercies of the serious fool, who is by no means so seductive a companion. If the Cocquécigrues are in possession of the land, and if they are tenants exceedingly hard to evict, it is because of the connivance and encouragement they receive from those to whom we innocently turn for help: from the poets, and novelists, and men of letters, whose plain duty it is to brighten and make glad our days.

"It is obvious," sighs Mr. Birrell dejectedly, "that many people appear to like a drab-colored world, hung around with dusky shreds of philosophy;" but it is more obvious still that, whether they like it or not, the drapings grow a trifle dingier every year, and that no one seems to have the courage to tack up something gay. What is much worse, even those bits of wanton color which have rested generations of weary eyes are being rapidly obscured by sombre and intricate scroll-work, warranted only to fatigue. The great masterpieces of humor, which have kept men young by laughter, are being tried in the courts of an orthodox morality, and found lamentably wanting; or

else, by way of giving them another chance, they are being subjected to the *peine forte et dure* of modern analysis, and are revealing hideous and melancholy meanings in the process. I have always believed that Hudibras owes its chilly treatment at the hands of critics—with the single and most genial exception of Sainte-Beuve—to the absolute impossibility of twisting it into something serious. Strive as we may, we cannot put a new construction on those vigorous old jokes, and to be simply and barefacedly amusing is no longer considered a sufficient *raison d'être*. It is the most significant token of our ever-increasing "sense of moral responsibility in literature" that we should be always trying to graft our own conscientious purposes upon those authors who; happily for themselves, lived and died before virtue, colliding desperately with cakes and ale, had imposed such depressing obligations.

"Don Quixote," says Mrs. Shorthouse with unctuous gravity, "will come in time to be recognized as one of the saddest books ever written;" and, if the critics keep on expounding it much longer, I truly fear it will. It may be urged that Cervantes himself was low enough to think it exceedingly funny; but then one advantage of our new and keener insight into literature is to prove to us how indifferently great authors understood their own masterpieces. Shakespeare, we are told, knew comparatively little about Hamlet, and he is to be congratulated on his limitations. Defoe would hardly recognize Robinson Crusoe as "a picture of civilization," having innocently supposed it to be quite the reverse; and he would be as amazed as we are to learn from Mr. Frederick Harrison that his book contains "more psychology, more political economy, and more anthropology than are to be found in many elaborate treatises on these especial subjects,"—blighting words which I would not even venture to quote if I thought that any boy would chance to read them, and so have one of the pleasures of his young life destroyed. As for Don Quixote, which its author persisted in regarding with such misplaced levity, it has passed through many bewildering vicissitudes. It has figured bravely as a satire on the Duke of Lerma, on Charles V., on Philip II., on Ignatius Loyola,—Cervantes was the most devout of Catholics,—and on the Inquisition, which, fortunately, did not think so. In fact, there is little or nothing which it has not meant in its time; and now, having attained that deep spiritual inwardness which we have been recently told is lacking in poor Goldsmith, we are requested by Mr. Shorthouse to refrain from all brutal laughter, but with a shadowy smile and a profound seriousness to attune ourselves to the proper state of receptivity. Old-fashioned, coarse-minded people may perhaps ask, "But if we are not to laugh at Don Quixote, at whom are we, please, to laugh?"—a question which I, for one, would hardly dare to answer. Only, after reading the following curious sentence, extracted from a lately pub-

lished volume of criticism I confess to finding myself in a state of mental perplexity, utterly alien to mirth. "How much happier," its author sternly reminds us, "was poor Don Quixote in his energetic career, in his earnest redress of wrong, and in his ultimate triumph over self than he could have been in the gnawing reproach and spiritual stigma which a yielding weakness never failingly entails!" Beyond this point it would be hard to go. Were these things really spoken of the "ingenious gentleman" of La Mancha, or of John Howard, or George Peabody, or perhaps Elizabeth Fry,—or is there no longer such a thing as a recognized absurdity in the world?

Agnes Repplier in the Atlantic Monthly.

EARLY ITALIAN BOOKS.

Many of the early Italian books of the finer sort have most exquisitely gauffered edges, worked, of course, after the gilding had been done. And it is a wonder how fresh and beautiful these stampings appear after the lapse of several hundred years. Some of the patterns simulate lace work, others reproduce a motive from the cover. Nor is it uncommon to meet with maxims, mottoes or devices gauffered on the edges of these *post incunabula*, if the term be allowed. Now-a-days the bibliophile is content with rough edges; but in those days the collector insisted that the exterior of his books should be ornamented wherever they were visible when the book rested on its side.

The Bookworm.

WHAT AND HOW TO READ.

The number of books already published is so great, and the increase is so constant that it is not surprising young students of literature seek advice on the subject of how and what to read. In round numbers I suppose there are about twenty-five thousand new books published in the world each year. A single library in Paris is said to represent about 150,000 acres of printed paper; the British Museum has nearly the same amount, and its book-shelves would stretch a distance of nearly forty miles. De Quincey, in his day, said it would take one over two thousand years to read through either of these two libraries should he do nothing but read. In the midst of this literary superabundance most readers will be glad to learn, on the authority of Emerson that not more than six of the twenty-five thousand books published each year are really worth reading. Readers will also draw consolation from the thought that the more books there are published the greater is the need for condensations and epitomes, and that excellent books of that class are from time to time being published in science, history and biography.

I cannot hope to offer any new suggestions on this important and interesting subject. Some valuable

guide-books to courses of study and general knowledge have been written by very competent men, and I can do but little more than emphasize some of the wise suggestions they have made. The best books that have been written on this subject are, in my opinion, the Rev. Dr. Noah Porter's, Perkin's, Wheatley's, and Carlyle's address before the students at the Edinburgh University. Pycroft's "Course of English Reading," published in 1850, was one of the first books of this kind, and is still one of the best. Potter's "Hand-book for Readers and Students," published by the Harpers in 1858, is another guide to good reading, which was very popular in its day.

There are certain famous books which all well-informed persons are presumed to have read. Lists of such books have been given by the different writers on the subject of reading: it will be interesting to reproduce some of them. Emerson classes as favorites: Froissart's "Chronicles," Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid," Cervantes, Sully's "Memoirs," Rabalais, Montaigne, Izaak Walton, Evelyn, Sir Thomas Browne, Aubrey, Sterne, Horace Walpole, Lord Clarendon, Doctor Johnson, Burke, Lamb, Landor and De Quincey. Among the best books he names certain autobiographies, as, St. Augustine's "Confessions," Benvenuto Cellini's "Life," Lord Herbert's "Memoirs," "Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz," Rousseau's "Confessions," Linnæus's "Diary," Gibbon's, Hume's, Franklin's, Burns's, Alfieri's, Goethe's, and Haydon's autobiographies.

Pycroft's list includes "Æsop's Fables," "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," most of the Waverley novels and plays of Shakespeare; "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Gray's "Elegy," the voyages of Captain Cook and Parry, Basil Hall's travels, Southey's "Life of Nelson," "Gulliver's Travels," Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," Johnson's "Rasselas," and Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

James Baldwin, the author of "The Book-Lover," a guide to the best reading, published about three years ago, gives this list of books, which he properly observes "every person who aspires to the rank of teacher or scholar should regard as his inheritance from the master-minds of the ages:" Plato's "Dialogues" (Jowett's translation), the "Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown," Bacon's "Essays," Burke's orations and political essays, Macaulay's "Essays," Carlyle's "Essays," Webster's "Select Speeches," Emerson's "Essays," Lamb's "Essays," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Dickens's "David Copperfield," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Kingsley's "Hypatia," George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," Hugo's "Les Misérables," Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," "Don Quixote," Homer's "Iliad" (Derby's or Chapman's translation), Homer's "Odyssey" (Bryant's translation), Dante's "Divina Commedia"

(Longfellow's translation), Milton's "Paradise Lost," Shakespeare's Works, Mrs. Browning's Poems, Longfellow's Poetical Works, Goethe's "Faust" (Bayard Taylor's translation.)

Some months ago the editor of the New York *Sun* suggested the following list of books to meet the wants of a correspondent who desired a course of instructive general reading: Tennyson's Poems, Shakespeare, Lamb's Selections from English dramatists, Bryant's "Homer," Chaucer, Spenser, Longfellow, Lowell, the English Bible, "as a history, as a theological work, as a study in English"; Sir Roger de Coverley, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" and plays, Emerson's "Essays," Bancroft's or Higginson's "History of the United States," Green's "Short History of England," Prescott's "Conquest of Peru and of Mexico," Motley's Histories, Laing's "English Literature"; the novels of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne and Cooper.

Nearly all the books that have been named by these advisers are masterpieces and young readers cannot be urged too often to read only the best books.

Reading according to a mere mechanical rule of hours and pages can never be of much advantage. The student should be systematic in his method of acquiring knowledge, but, above all things, he should be interested in what he reads, as Shakespeare says:

"No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

Old Doctor Johnson's advice was to read the books you honestly felt a wish and a curiosity to read. The fact that you desire to read a certain book indicates that you are likely to get good out of it. "Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities."

We must not only read with an appetite, but we must read with attention. Nothing is so intellectually weakening as a habit of extensive reading without reflecting on what we read. In fact, this rule would seem to comprehend all rules on the subject of reading. Edmund Burke read a book as if he were never to see it a second time, and mastered it. Daniel Webster read few books, but read them thoroughly, He says:

"We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing; we thought they were all to be got by heart."

It will occur to any reader that one of the first things he should do would be to master the books which relate directly or indirectly to his business or profession in life.

Said Lord Bolingbroke:

"Let every man read according to his profession or walk in life. Suppose that a man shuts himself up in his study twenty years, and then comes forth profoundly learned in Arabic, he gains a great name; but where is the good of it?"

Most experienced readers read according to subject. Old Dr. Johnson, in his day, must have pursued this method; for he tells us that he never made it a habit to read a "book straight through," but gleaned from the volume what he wanted. Buckle's method of studying history will indicate what I mean. In reading the history of England he would not read a single history through but read an important period in one work, and the same period in another author, then read the dispatches of the ambassadors, then the lives of the great men of that age in various biographical dictionaries, until being "saturated" as he called it, with that period he would go on to the next. It is said of him, also, that he had the power of plucking out, as it were, the heart of a book by doing little more than turn over the pages with here and there an occasional halt.

Perhaps the best (as it is the latest) work on general history is Professor Fisher's (of Yale) "Outlines of Universal History." For "lists" of books on history I would refer the reader to Adams's "Manual of Historical Literature."

History should be studied topically, after the method of Buckle, to which I alluded a moment ago. Adams in his "Methods of Historical Study," says that, for beginners, "the most natural entrance to a knowledge of the history of the world is from a local environment through widening circles of interest, until, from the rising ground of the present, the broad horizon of the past comes clearly into view." Mr. Adams illustrates the topical method of studying history at the Johns Hopkins University. In studying the history of Egypt, for example, the following books were read: "Unity of History" (Freeman), "Geography" (Herodotus), "Gods of Egypt" (the Rev. J. Freeman Clarke), "Manners and Customs" (Wilkinson), "Upper Egypt" (Klunzinger), "Art of Egypt" (Lübke), "Hypatia" (Kingsley), "Egyptian Princess" (Ebers).

Among the "appetizing" books calculated to create a love of good reading, I should name among modern books the epitomes of literature and history which are easily found. Books like Charles Knight's "Half Hours with the Best Authors," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Luther's "Table-Talk," Selden's "Table-Talk," Coleridge's "Table-Talk," and Eckerman's "Conversations with Goethe" would also come under this head.

Commonplace books for annotation and extracts, in reading and study, are valuable aids to assist the memory. Todd's is, perhaps, the best commonplace book in the market. Of the artificial systems of mnemonics, Granville's, "The Secret of a Good Memory," published at Boston, 1881, is, I think, the best. How far such systems help students to remember what they read it would be pretty difficult to determine, but we have strong testimony that they have been beneficial in some cases. However, the person, who reads systematically, according to subject, and is

thoroughly *interested* in what he reads will soon have his memory in good training through natural processes, which, of course, are always to be preferred to artificial methods.

Frederick Saunders, in the Independent.

. LINES FOR THE BEGINNING OF A BOOK.

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store;
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently,
Think seriously, return duly,
With the corners of the leaves not turned down.

The Bookworm.

Through the courtesy of the Century Company we here present a portrait of the late Miss Emma Lazarus, one of the most gifted literary representatives of the Jewish race. Last month's BOOK NEWS contained a review of her lately published volume of poems.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. W. W.

REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF MEXICO.

By Susan Hale. Story of the Nations series. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27.

The volume devoted to Mexico in the Story of the Nations series was a particularly hard book to write, and perhaps on that account we should not be too exacting. Yet, after making due allowances for the difficulties inherent in a part of her task, we are bound to say that the author, Miss Susan Hale, might with more pains have made a better use of the legendary materials with which she deals in the first third of her

lower Mississippi among the Natchez Indians, or by the Dutch and English pioneers in the Mohawk valley among the villages of the Six Nations. That is the conclusion to which the exploration and the criticism of the last twenty years unquestionably point; and no one technically qualified to discuss the subject would now think of regarding Prescott's description of the peoples attacked by Cortes in any other light than that of a well-ordered fairy tale. The most fatal objection to Miss Hale's method of handling the same mythical data is that her narrative of the events preceding and attending the conquest is not, viewed merely as the reproduction of the Castilian romance, well ordered and self-consistent. *N. Y. Sun.*



G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Viga.

From "The Story of Mexico."

narrative. It is true that a history of the races or tribes which occupied the region which we now call Mexico before the arrival of Cortes cannot yet be undertaken, if it be not, indeed, essentially incapable of execution. It is even too early to attempt an estimate of the grade of civilization reached by the so-called Mayas in Yucatan and Central America, or by the Toltecs and Aztecs in the table land of Anahuac. This is one of the results to which the investigators of the extant monuments and, above all, of the manners and customs of the Pueblo Indians are slowly working. Enough, however, has already been accomplished to convince the great majority of Americanists that the records of the Spanish conquerors are utterly untrustworthy, and that the state of things encountered by these Munchausens could not have greatly differed from that observed by French explorers of the

OUR ENGLISH.

By Adams Sherman Hill, 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

The first thing which will strike the reader of "Our English" is the beauty of the English in which it is written. The style is plain, direct and forcible, and the matter is as direct and forcible as the style. Take, for instance, the following paragraph from the first chapter, "English in Schools": "I am no believer in the doctrine that a good book or a good essay can be written by one who has nothing to say, or that, in English composition, form is one thing and substance another. Even if it were true that words are the clothing of thought, it would follow that words without thought, however skillfully knit together, however richly embroidered with figures of speech, must still

bear the same relation to words with thought that an ingeniously constructed scarecrow bears to the farmer who made it. In the best writers, however, words are not the clothing of thought; they are thought incarnate; the language and the idea are united, like soul and body, in a mysterious way which nobody fully understands. More than this. In a great writer the style is the man—the man as made by his ancestors, his education, his career, his circumstances, and his genius."

It is not often, even in the best examples of our English, that graceful manly thought is so becomingly clad. Professor Hill is the creator in this instance, and in many other instances, of figures of speech so well dressed that the critical observer forgets entirely to look at the clothes they wear, while he is never unconscious of the harmony of the garments, or of the perfection of their fit. Miss Edgeworth, speaking once of the author of "Sandford and Merton," said, "Mr. Day always talked like a book—and I do believe he always thought in the same full-dress style." Professor Hill never talks like a book, even in his books; and concerning the man who is always in evening-dress—conversationally—he says that almost every circle would look askance at a speaker "who never used *who* for *whom*, never mixed singulars and plurals, never began a sentence in one way and ended it in another, never broke off in the middle of what he was saying, never fell into slang, never threw the accent on a wrong syllable or expressed his meaning inaccurately. He who commits no offence against the conventional rules of the language excites a suspicion that he has taken special precautions against a possible violation of them." Professor Hill might have gone a step further and compared his colloquial prig with the man who is always in his shirt sleeves and his slippers, the man who goes to the other extreme of dress—or the want of it—and who is much more eloquent when he says, "I seen him when he done it," and "You oughtn't to have went," than are the purists themselves, who are so correct in their speech that they never seem to be sure that they really saw anybody when he did anything whatever, or appear to know positively whether it was *your* duty to have gone or not.

Harper's Magazine.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES ON THE GOLDEN TEXT OF THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS OF 1889. By Edward E. Hale. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

Two years ago it was suggested to Dr. Hale that he should write a volume of stories to illustrate the "International Sunday-school Lessons." Last summer he organized one of his famous Lend-a-Hand Club Tens, and started on the work. The collection of admirable stories for young people before us is the result of this undertaking. There are twenty-six stories, eight of which Dr. Hale has himself written,

while the other eighteen are the work of his sisters, his children and Mrs. Bernard Whitman. All the stories illustrate the selected texts, though some in an exceedingly unconventional and unorthodox way. Among the best of the stories are "Christ Risen from the Dead," "He Went Into the Synagogue," "Emerson Waring," "Love is the Fulfilling of the Law," "They Went and Preached." "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me" is one of the most original, and "Let Him Deny Himself and Follow Me" one of the least original. But all the stories have caught the true spirit of Dr. Hale's gospel, which is the gospel of the New Testament, an earnest desire to bring the kingdom of peace and love on earth. It would be hard to say which of these stories are the children of Dr. Hale's own pen and which are his spiritual children. All owe their inspiration to him. It is probable that he did not write the missionary story, the last one in the book, "Suffer Little Children," "As a Little Child," "Let Him Deny Himself," or "The Leprosy Departed." We say it is probable, because with such a universal genius as Mr. Hale "all things are possible." But these are less striking than the others. There are so few healthy children's stories in these days that all mothers and fathers should gladly welcome the volume.

Boston Transcript.

A CHILD OF JAPAN.

YONE SANTO; A CHILD OF JAPAN. By Edward H. House. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

It is well for the good name of Western civilization—to say nothing of Christianity—that the lady missionaries who leave its shores for the Isle of the Rising Sun are not all the prim-faced uncharitable spinsters depicted by the author of "Yone Santo." In striking contrast stands the "child of Japan." Her gentle humility and quaint fancies arouse our sympathies at once. The little maiden's brave resolve to stifle her longings for a higher education and obey the grim, prejudiced tyrant, her grandmother, becoming first a household drudge and later the patient wife of a coarse and ignorant artisan—immeasurably her inferior in rank and character—still more attract us.

As a whole, the book dwells on the darker side of what we call the "dawn of civilization" and the "opening up" of a new country to travel and traffic. With the exception of Yone's true friend and self-constituted guardian, Dr. Charwell, and the newly arrived American missionary, Miss Gibson, the foreigners one and all regard the Japanese as utterly sunk in depravity and in dire need of reclamation. In the glimpses of native life afforded us the falseness of these notions is clearly shown. The innocent and confiding nature of the women in general is brought into high light when contrasted with the shadows too often surrounding their home life—liable at any moment, upon the whim of their lords and masters, to

misery and suffering. We are shown how necessary it is to divest ourselves of Western ideas before judging those trained in a completely different school; how, in order to reach and lend a hand to those who have fallen, we must enter into their feelings and trials. This may seem an obvious truth, but in the work before us it is too often forgotten and disregarded by those who are specially bound to remember and act upon it.

The noble traditions of the heroic deeds of their ancestors, carefully preserved by the present generation, show the chivalrous spirit, though often sorely crushed by hardships, is not yet extinct. The book closes with a description of the cholera epidemic of 1879, when a hundred thousand are stated to have fallen—the disease indiscriminately attacking natives and Europeans. Among the victims the gentle Yone stands pre-eminent in her self-sacrifice and whole-hearted devotion to the sick and suffering; the good of others, then, as ever, her first and last thought.

This novel gives an interesting picture of Japanese life in its various phases, from childhood to the married state, in the city and among the hills and villages. Its chief fault, but one which begins on the first page, and only ends with the book, seems to be that, having lighted on one or two narrow-minded, prejudiced and thoroughly unchristian persons calling themselves missionaries, the author has assumed them to be a fair type of the class, and has thus branded a hard-working, self-denying body of men and women in what appears to us a most unjust and cruel way. He thus pains and irritates many who would otherwise be deeply interested in his very readable work.

Boston Transcript.

STEADFAST.

THE STORY OF A SAINT AND A SINNER. By Rose Terry Cooke, 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

No writer has ever excelled Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke in depicting with picturesque realism the characteristics of New England life during the period of dominant Puritanism which is so fast vanishing even from the remoter rural settlements. We are almost inclined to say that no one has understood so well as she the complex attributes of the Puritan character with its undercurrent of strong and elemental passion and its outward show of placid content or grim austerity. It is this firm grasp of motives that gives Mrs. Cooke her power, not, as some people seem to think, her command of dialect, her spontaneous humor, her keen sense of woman's aspirations and woman's wrongs. All these latter qualities are no doubt essential to the author's art, but they are not the basis of her success. Her fiction has an intellectual range not often met with among writers of her sex. She does not indulge in sentiment: she cares only to be true. And the force of truth it is that stamps her novel "Steadfast" the first extended work of fiction

to come from her pen. "The Story of a Saint and a Sinner," she calls it; but there is more than one saint in the book, and more than one sinner—and yet they are all men and women and not mere creations of the author's fancy. The theological bearing of the narrative is in one sense necessary and in another sense superfluous. The conflict between the Rev. Philemon Hall and the Consociation throws light upon the times and yet it makes no clearer the nobility of the minister's character. It is to Mrs. Cooke's credit that she is not obliged to depend on a crisis to show what stuff her men and women are made of. We know what they are when they are first brought into view, and their actions are always inevitable. So the gentle, patient Rachel, the proud, high-spirited Sybil, the impulsive, undisciplined Esthers work out their separate destinies with no need of interposition on the part of the reader's sympathy. They are genuine women and each is individualized in a definite and unmistakable manner. As for Philemon, he holds to the higher ideal with unswerving tenacity. His very struggles with temptation are a source of strength. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Cooke's novel will make a deep impression on thoughtful minds and lead to not unfavorable comparison with other recent attempts to introduce theological motives into fiction. The author of "Steadfast" is better equipped mentally for the task she has undertaken than some of her predecessors have been, nor is her touch as an artist less firm and gracious. Her command of humor is also a significant element, and in this story it has ample expression. Delia, Miss Tempy, Hiram and Deacon Hopkins are never-failing sources of delight and their quaint sayings and doings form, to the more sober and even tragic scenes, a most effective and luminous contrast.

Boston Beacon.

COMMODORE JUNK.

By G. Manville Fenn. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail 85 cents. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents,

Mr. Fenn's "Commodore Junk" recalls DeQuincey's famous romance, though, indeed, it was not wholly a romance, of "The Spanish Nun" as well as some other curious stories that are recorded as facts in the records of our soldiers' and sailors' exploits. Mary and Abel Dell are twins, he a fisherman who joins a little bit of smuggling to his occupation, she a brave, handsome Devonshire lass. She has been wooed by a man above her in station, a certain Captain James Armstrong. (It would have been well, perhaps, if Mr. Fenn had made the nature of the relation between these two quite clear at the beginning of his story, and not given his readers any reason for thinking worse than the truth). He leaves her, to marry a rich wife; and her brother, with the help of a lover whom she has always scorned, thrashes him to "within an inch of his life." They are transported for the offence,

having other misdemeanours scored up against them, and she determines to set them free. To do this she determines to be Mary Dell no longer. She will be "Jack Dell" hereafter. She finds them in the place to which they have been sent; and an admirable picture it is that we have of the tropical plantation, with its horrible system of convict labor, the sullen slaves who work, and the brutal, suspicious men who watch and guard them. The escape is planned and carried out in a series of striking adventures. The party is increased by the addition of one of the convicts' guard, a merry, careless Irish soldier, Dennis Kelly by name, commonly called "Dinny," whose unfailing humour and cheerfulness relieve the more sombre hues of the story. Then comes an interval of two years. When the tale begins again, Abel is "Commodore Junk," the terror of the Eastern Seas. Abel comes to the end that awaits the pirate sooner or later, being captured in a foolhardy exploit, and hung in chains; but there is another Commodore to succeed him, for "Jack" takes his place, vowing undying vengeance against those whom she calls his murderers,—for it was they, she thinks, who made him a convict, and so potentially a pirate. The buccaneer's plundering becomes intolerable, and a ship of war is sent out from England specially to capture him, and it is commanded by Humphry Armstrong, cousin of the faithless James. The story that follows is, on the whole, told excellently well. We have but one or two criticisms to make on it. The first is, that it is too much crowded with details,—so crowded, that not only is it difficult to follow, but that the broad effect is impaired. Sometimes, too, there is a superfluity of horror about these details. An instance may be found in the ghastly scene where Bart (the old lover) and Dinny carry off Abel's corpse, and begin to think that it is

alive. And then we cannot understand how the love between the unsexed Mary Dell and Humphry Armstrong came about. Even had it been likely under any circumstances, where was the opportunity for it to spring up and come to maturity, at least on Humphry's part? But there are many good things in the book, among them the patient, much-enduring love that Bart cherishes for the woman who scorns him.
London Spectator.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON:

PHILOSOPHER AND SEER. An estimate of his character and genius. In prose and verse. By A. Bronson Alcott. Illustrated. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 82 cents.

The advantages which Mr. Alcott had for knowing the inner personality of Emerson would alone seem to promise great value for this essay. Then Emerson himself, who had certainly a keen and penetrating critical eye, if not a perfectly-balanced critical judgment, looked on Alcott as possessed of fine insight and great ability, and was heard to express a wish that he (Emerson) might survive him, as he alone could make plain to the world what manner of man Alcott was. And Alcott himself, towards the close of his life showed a feverish desire to publish his essay to the world, evidently feeling that it supplied helps to a true knowledge of Emerson not to be obtained elsewhere. But thus grandly heralded, Mr. Alcott's performance is somewhat disappointing. We think its merits are handsomely allowed when we say that it is a good, intelligent, appreciative estimate of certain characteristics of Emerson's works. But we are disappointed of our expectation that the writer would show a close knowledge of his personal traits, such as is to be obtained from the intimacy of friendship, and is not to

be obtained by reading his books. The materials which he uses are only such as are accessible to any one, and Mr. Alcott is not the ablest of those who have made use of them.

Two poems, besides an introductory sonnet, complete the volume; "Ion: a Monody," by Mr. Alcott, and "The Poet's Countersign," by Frank B. Sanborn. "Ion" is a pastoral elegy, and hence an anachronism. It is impossible in this age of the world, we fear, to say anything of real importance through the mouth of Colin Clout. Mr. Sanborn's ode is a stronger performance, but its main idea,—that naming the name of Emerson is to constitute a countersign by which poets may know each other,—has been overworked already. The second generation of Transcendentalists, who are addicted to the use of this countersign, no doubt recognize



Emerson's House. From "Ralph Waldo Emerson."

each other as poets easily enough, but their need is to find some "open sesame" by which the world in general will so recognize them. To the uninitiated, spite of his "naming the name" of Emerson, such passages of Mr. Sanborn's ode as this:

"Herbert and Spenser dead

Have left their names alone to him whose scheme

Stiffly endeavors to supplant the dream

Of seer and poet with mechanic rule

Learned from the chemist's closet, from the surgeon's tool,"—

seem mere charade-stuff. We are glad to be able to say that this is not the general tone of his poem, though pastoralism *à la mode* does crop out over-frequently. It has much of the bold and free movement and clear ring of the real ode; and could be pruned into an excellent piece of work. *American.*

JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT.

(RAMBLES THROUGH AMERICAN SOCIETY.) By Max O'Rell and Jack Allyn. Translated by Madame Paul Blouët. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

"Max O'Rell" has a genuine gift for social observation, or he could never have written "John Bull and His Island." So much we knew before, and now no candid American reader will deny that in this study of the manners and customs of the United States he has made a decided hit. It is not that the book is very deep or very wise, or contains much that is new and important; but it is the work of an observer of a certain originality of style, who has occasionally the gift of insight, and who has the art of telling disagreeable truths without giving offence. This is the art which the English observer of American institutions and manners finds it so hard to acquire. He forms judgments which when expressed leave a sting behind, partly because they are produced as judgments, and not as impressions, and partly because they are produced with an air of authority only to be explained by the assumption that the observer is, by the fact of his nationality, placed above those he criticises. Mrs. Trollope and Dickens told the truth about the America of their day, as any one will see who takes the trouble to look into their books—and very amusing reading they are, by the way—but they lashed the provincialism of the country into a fury. Max O'Rell is full of things displeasing to our vanity, and it is by no means simply because we are grown too large and powerful to care that we are not irritated by them. It is also because what he says neither expresses nor implies superiority—he does not seek to establish that galling relation of critic and victim which sets at naught the rights of man and the Declaration of Independence, and tramples under foot the axiom that one man is as good as another.

Max O'Rell would not for a moment deny that American civilization is as high as any in the world (though he thinks that the French are perhaps a little

happier), but he notes here and there little peculiarities, more or less important, such as lack of manners, devotion to money-making, laxity of the marriage tie, bad cooking, etc., etc., which are features of American life—all with a pleasant, cheery, sympathetic smile which disarms antagonism. We all have our weaknesses, he seems to say; in examining and reporting upon what they are we are engaged in an improving occupation, which may make us wiser, and need not leave us any sadder than we were before. It is not necessary to be profound, nor even painfully accurate. * * *

It is difficult to make extracts; but one or two good points we must notice, on account of the pleasure they have given us. Every one is familiar with that pest of railroad travel in the United States, the man who appears from time to time, now with books, now with prize-candy packages, now with pop-corn balls—and with his habit of depositing his wares upon the lap of the unfortunate passengers. Of the patience with which this abuse is tolerated, Max O'Rell says: "The Americans have the patience of angels. I have seen them for five or six hours refuse, with the politest signs of the head, the different articles of these ambulant bazaars. They seem to say, That creature is very annoying, a terrible nuisance; *but I suppose we must all get a living somehow.*" Is not this correct, and shrewd, too? The best part of this criticism, however, is the sequel. The author became so much interested in this "ambulant bazaar" that he tracked him to his lair, his depot of supplies in the baggage-car, where he found him at his toilet. The stranger watched him with interest. "When his toilet was completed he turned round, and, seeing that I was looking at him, he threw me a patronizing glance, eyeing me from head to foot. I thought he was about to say, 'What is it you want?' 'Well, business is looking up, eh?' I hazarded. 'Mind your own d——d business,' he replied; turning on his heels he departed." * * *

Everybody who observes men and cities has a theory about them, more or less preconceived, into which facts must be made to fit. De Tocqueville explained everything he saw as an effect of democracy and equality. These were the efficient causes of all the phenomena of American life. Max O'Rell's cause is what the late John Stuart-Mill, in his scorn, called "dollar-hunting." It is as a dollar-hunting animal that he studies the American. When he notices anything novel or peculiar, the first question he asks himself is, "How is this trait connected with the pursuit of money?" Of course, pushed to an extreme, this method of analysis would reduce everything to an absurdity; but part of the author's cleverness consists in not pushing anything to an extreme. We feel the influence of his theory without being shocked by it. We do not arise in our wrath and exclaim: "What! would you attribute to this young and vigorous democracy, glowing with hop and

manly pride, a single motive—and that the lowest of all? Do you really think that money and money-making furnish the universal standards of life in the United States?" On the contrary, we smile and reflect that, after all, there is a good deal to be said for the theory now, as a generation ago our fathers thought there was a good deal to be said for De Tocqueville's.

Nation.

A JOURNEY IN ASIA.

THROUGH THE HEART OF ASIA, OVER THE PAMIR TO INDIA. By Gabriel Bonvalot. With 250 illustrations, by Albert Pepin. Translated from the French by C. B. Pitman. 2 vols 8vo, \$7.75; by mail, \$8.15.

In the years 1880-1882 Messrs. Bonvalot and Capus travelled extensively in Central Asia. Starting from Moscow they entered Turkestan from the Siberian frontier, traversed part of Bokhara, explored the mountains of Konistan, and the Tchatral, and on their return, starting from Tashkend, visited Samarcand, Bokhara, and Tchardjui, descended the Amm' stopped at Khiva, and finally crossed the desert of Ust-Urt, in the middle of winter. The narrative of these travels was subsequently published in two volumes, and the public showed so much interest in the work that the travellers, incited doubtless by their own inclinations likewise, determined to make another expedition, in which the region south of the Oxus should be explored. Their original purpose was to cross Afghanistan into India, but in this they reckoned without the Afghans, who took it upon themselves to alter the itinerary. The travellers started from Batoum, crossed the Caucasus by rail, then took horse and skirted the Caspian, gradually from Reshd, striking further inland, but keeping between the coast and the great salt desert after leaving Teheran. Thence they made their way to Meshed, Sarakha and Mew, coming in contact with the Russians, who treated them hospitably, and with whose progress in pacifying and civilizing the region so recently harried by the Tekke Turcomans—now the most peaceable and industrious of people—they were much impressed.

An attempt to enter Afghanistan encountered a check on the threshold. They were stopped at once and detained until orders could be obtained from Ishak Khan, the chief who subsequently revolted against Abdur-Rahman Khan. After a tedious detention, which the Frenchmen endeavored to lighten in all possible ways, orders arrived for the expulsion of the party. This was done courteously, but peremptorily, and then, after considerable discussion with their Russian friends, the travelers determined to attempt the crossing of the Pamir, though many persons declared the journey impracticable on account of the snow. They were not to be deterred, however, and having obtained guides who were familiar with

the great plateau and the difficult approaches to it and provided an amount of warm clothing, provisions, etc., sufficient apparently for an Arctic voyage, they proceeded to the further end of Ferghana, and made the small foot-hill town of Osch their point of departure. Thenceforward difficulties accumulated. The crossing of the Alai Mountains and the Alai Plateau was enough to have taken the heart out of less resolute adventurers. They had to struggle day after day through snow often more than six feet deep in the shallowest places; where horses and men were continually plunging into fathomless drifts, from which they had to be hauled or dug out; where the cold was so intense that more than once the mercury froze; where, because of the low temperature, it was hard to get food cooked properly, and where the least exposure of cheeks, nose, lips or hands to the air was followed by frost-bite, or blisters, or peeling away of the skin.

Pamir was at last reached, and while this was really only the beginning of the journey, it was regarded as assuring success to the expedition. Of course there was the usual trouble with guides and natives of all sorts. The Pamir is a desolate region generally, but it is doubtful whether its loneliest parts are not preferable to those which are inhabited; for, according to M. Bonvalot, it is a kind of Asiatic Alsatia, or No-Man's Land, where all the desperadoes and fugitive criminals from Afghanistan, Bokhara, Kashgaria, China, the Taldik and elsewhere, are in the habit of resorting, as to a country where no sheriff's writ or king's or emir's mandate runs. These tough characters have a regular scale of treatment for travellers. If the latter are weak, they are murdered. If they are strong, they are (if possible) blackmailed. The staple recourse is to pretend that some neighboring ruler puts a veto upon the advance of the travellers; or that they must halt until instructions are received from the said ruler. M. Bonvalot usually adopted the practical course of paying as little attention as possible to their demands. If it was convenient for him to halt a day or two, he halted. If he did not find it desirable to halt, he went on. * * *

M. Bonvalot and his party suffered much from cold and fatigue, but they were never in danger of starvation, nor did their supplies of protective clothing fail them. On the whole, it must be considered that they made the journey under the most favorable conditions possible, and if, therefore, they found it so trying an undertaking, it may fairly be concluded that for less thoroughly equipped travellers it would be quite impracticable—at least, at the time of year chosen by these explorers. The askal, or mountain sheep, a slender animal more resembling the gazelle family than the sheep of our Western territories, and very timid and agile, rarely afforded the party a meal of fresh meat. The sheep driven up into the Pamir during the summer must be a peculiarly puny breed, for M. Bonvalot states that one of them weighed—

when flayed, we presume, though he does not say so—no more than seven or eight pounds; that is, the weight of a moderate sized leg of American mutton. As to the yaks, they appear to be of little utility, unless they are regarded, in our travellers' phrase, as "tinned beef on legs." They are too weak in winter to carry burdens, and the best that can be said of them is that they endure severe cold well, as with their enormous shaggy coats they certainly ought to. There are also hares on one of the Pamirs (for the plateau is divided by comparatively low ranges of hills into several parts), but it does not appear that this party caught any of them, though one was seen. Beyond this scanty fauna, the whole elevated region is barren of life, save when the Kirghiz shepherd cut-throats enliven it with their unsavory, if picturesque, shouts.

An attempt was made to stop and turn back the expedition by some Chinese, who, as usual, pretended orders from their authorities, but M. Bonvalot and his companions had learned by this time that their only hope of success lay in pushing forward, and, despite several involuntary halts, they finally got across the Pamir and began to descend on the side of India. The extreme difficulties of the travel had so exhausted both men and animals, and the time consumed had so exceeded all estimates that on approaching the British possessions the travellers found themselves not far from destitution. This temporary poverty was against them in their intercourse with the people moreover, for these latter appeared to gauge the importance of all "Feringhes" by the supply of rupees they could muster. Fortunately a letter sent on by M. Bonvalot to the Governor-General received a prompt and cordial response, and with the answer to it came a timely bag of rupees, which removed the most serious difficulties. Once in India, hardship was at an end, and generous hospitality smoothed the path of the tired voyagers down to the sea, where they took passage for home, well satisfied, as indeed they had reason to be, with their bold and successful adventure. They did not encounter any very thrilling experiences; they were not called upon to fight for their lives, either against wild men or beasts; but certainly the climatic perils and vicissitudes through which they passed were such as to try the strongest constitution, and probably they owed their escape from all overt acts of violence only to the vigilance with which they observed their frequently untrustworthy neighbors. M. Bouvalot's narrative is sprightly and interesting, and contains much new information about a part of the Central Asian region, which, though plentifully written about, cannot as yet be said to be at all thoroughly known. The volumes are illustrated profusely, and a considerable proportion of the engravings are spirited and carefully executed. The translation appears to be faithful, and is certainly in good English. An index adds to the permanent value of the work, and it is also furnished with a good route-map.

N. Y. Tribune.

BRET HARTE'S LATEST STORY.

CESSY, by Bret Harte. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

To have written more than twenty volumes of stories, long and short, with a handful of similar characters for the figure pieces, and the Pacific slope and the Sierras for a background, is the creditable achievement of Bret Harte. The unusual phase of it is that the last of the series, "Cressy," has almost the charm of novelty for the reader who has been long familiar with the author's manner. You sit down to it knowing by heart the tricks of dialect, description and character which will fill the pages; perhaps you are conscious of them for a chapter, and a little weary, but you turn a page or two, and the spell is woven. Like Uncle Ben in the story, you are attracted by the open door of the school-house "and the restfulness and the quiet and the gen'ral air o' study." The Filgee boys amuse you—Rupert, handsome and impatient of his girl-admirers, and the inquisitive Johnny. And when Cressy enters, with "a flutter of skirts like the sound of alighting birds," you are already an inhabitant of Tuolumne County, California, and for two or three hours the world for you centres around Indian Spring school, on the edge of the pine woods, and the schoolmaster's romance.

That is the test of success for a teller of stories; there are other tests which the critics apply, but around the fireside they don't count. The critic might say that Cressy was an ignorant and silly rustic beauty, and that Ford was a weak man of sentiment; but the fireside group would laugh him out of court:

"You horrid critic! Don't you know that Cressy was beautiful and true, and deeply in love with Ford; that she was so full of delicate feeling that she would not marry him, because she knew that he would find her a burden upon his ambition? Cannot you admire the great sacrifice she made when she married another man to save Ford?"

If the critic says that this is very bad morals, and certainly rather "tough" on the other man, the fireside group will frown upon him, with their hands upon their hearts, while they chant the praises of Self-Denial.

It will probably take another generation to rid women of the idea that self-denial is a supreme virtue, to be practised indiscriminately. Meantime, if the novelist would please them, he must allow his heroines to wade through rivers of needless sacrifice.

One's pity should not be for these martyrs to a delusion, for they have the ecstasy of martyrdom to console them; but the men who are the victims of this caprice have only their sense of humor as a compensation.

It is not quite fair to say that this delusion is only feminine. In one of the best of Henry James's short stories, "The Path of Duty," there is a male victim

of the hallucination. He is drawn with such delicate satire that you almost pity him, and are suddenly conscious of the weak spot in your own armor.

Droch, in Life.

NOTES.

=Wilkie Collins has nearly finished a novel entitled "The Lord Harry."

=It is reported that 1,000 copies of Prof. James Bryce's "American Commonwealth" has already been sold in England and 3,000 here.

=Robert Browning has been at a retired mountain village in the Austrian Tyrol. He has now recovered his health and strength. Mr. Browning has his sister with him, his son and daughter-in-law. He will henceforth make Venice his headquarters.

=Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, critic and editor, has been almost totally blind for the past four months. Since last June he has been afflicted with cataract on both eyes. He recently had one of the cataracts removed and happily the result promises to be successful.

=A subscription has been opened in Paris, having for its object the erection on the summit of P^{er} la Chaise of a statue to Balzac. It will consist of a column surmounted by a bust, with no other inscription than the single word, "Balzac." Quite enough for those who know his wonderful books.

=Sir Charles Dilke has been traveling in India and will present the results of his observations in the March and April numbers of the *Fortnightly Review*. The articles will be of a military character, dealing with the strategical defenses of the empire. This review is now issued from New York by the Leonard Scott Publication Company.

=Mr. Charles A. B. Shepard, of the Boston publishing firm of Lee & Shepard, died on the 26th of January. Mr. Shepard was born in Salem, Mass., in 1829. Throughout his life Mr. Shepard was noted for his remarkable business zeal and enterprise, which have done so much to make this house what it is. His death will be greatly felt in the trade.

=Mrs. Chanler, *née* Amélie Rives, announces through her publishers a new novel, "The Witness of the Sun," which will appear in the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. Its scenes are laid among the people of Italy and Russia. It was this piece of literary work which kept the young authoress from accompanying her husband to Europe. She could not finish it in time, and work amid any other surroundings but those of her own room she pronounces to be impossible with her.

=Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued a classified catalogue of their books by Western writers, from which it appears that nearly fifty of the authors whose works they publish "hail from" at least as far West

as Ohio and Illinois. Among the authors represented are Gen. Lew Wallace, Joseph Kirkland, Rufus King, John Hay, the late Alice and Phœbe Cary, the Piatts, the late E. R. Sill, Edith M. Thomas, Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) Bret Harte, Wm. D. Howells and "Octave Thanet."

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

A Reader.—

Georg Ebers is a German novelist. He was born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. His works have been translated into nearly every language of Europe. George Meredith is an Englishman. You can see a sketch of his life in the January number of BOOK NEWS.

E. W.—

(1) The name of Stephanie is pronounced with the accent on Steph, and the last syllable as ee.

(2) "A Winter with the Swallows" is by Miss M. Betham Edwards, a cousin of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the author of "A Thousand Miles up the Nile."

M. C. W.—

There are a great many Shakespeare concordances published. Bartlett's "Shakespeare Phrase Book" is possibly the best. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

F. P.—

Augusta Evans Wilson's works are: "Beulah," "Macaria," "Inez," "St. Elmo," "Vashti," "Infelice," "At the Mercy of Tiberius."

M. A.—

"The Lady of La Garaye" is a narrative poem by the Hon. Mrs. Norton. You can get it in book form from the publisher, A. D. F. Randolph, New York.

W. P. R.—

The quotation "The conscious water saw its God and blushed," is a translation from a Latin epigram by Richard Crashaw. The line in Latin is "*Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et, erubuit.*" In its English form it may be found in one of Heber's poems.

F. P.—

(1) If your query refers to England, Holland House, the residence of Lord Holland, nephew of the celebrated statesman, Charles J. Fox, was the most famous literary resort early in this century. Macaulay often refers to it.

(2) Arthur Hallam, the son of the great historian of the Middle Ages, was the subject of the greatest eulogy of the age "In Memoriam."

I. E. K.

For the French pronunciation of *Édition de Luxe* look up a French pronouncing dictionary, such as Spiers and Surenne's. In the trade we hear it called both *édition de "looks,"* and *de "lux."*

DESCRIPTIVE

PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND, by George G. Perry, M. A. 16mo, 80 cents; by mail, 88 cents.

THE STORY OF MEXICO, By Susan Hale. Story of the Nations series. Illustrated, 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27. See review in this number.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. Abridged from the History by Professor Mommsen. By C. Bryans, and F. J. R. Hendy. 12mo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

A task of no small difficulty has been admirably performed in this abridgment. The four capacious volumes, in which Mommsen's work is comprised, are by reason of their very bulk, more often consulted by the mature student than by the schoolboy or undergraduate, and teachers must have long desired to see the conclusions and opinions of the foremost interpreter of Roman history presented in a compact form. There are, indeed, certain features of the original book, such as the discussions of Roman literature, art, religion, and political economy, which had to be excluded or, at most, only outlined in this compendium, but the political and military history of the Roman republic is fully and clearly set forth. We should point out also that the editors have been careful to reproduce the views of Mommsen, no matter how strenuously these may have been controverted by other authorities, the two or three departures from the rule being marked in foot notes. So faithfully and effectively has the process of condensation been carried out that even those who are familiar with the larger work will find this synopsis extremely useful. *N. Y. Sun.*

THE ENGLISH RESTORATION AND LOUIS XIV. From the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of Minwegen. By Osmund Airy, M. A. With three maps. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

The events described are the struggle between Charles II. and the Parliament; the wars of the English and French with the Dutch; the Parliamentary and the New Fronde, and the great figures of the time, the French King, Mazarin, Cardinal de Retz, and the Prince of Condé. The work is concise and graphic, and in many parts brilliant. This is particularly the case in the analysis of the character and reign of Louis XIV. *Publishers' Weekly.*

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES LAMB. By Alfred Ainger. New edition. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

This memoir was originally published in the "Men of Letters Series," edited by Mr. John Morley. In revising it for the present edition, I have not materially altered its form and scale, but in six years that have elapsed since its first appearance new facts have come to light, especially affecting the earlier and more obscure years of Charles Lamb's life. The archives of the Inner Temple, and Burial Registers of various churches, the Will of Samuel Salt, the more careful arrangement of Lamb's Letters, besides information from private sources, have enabled me to

make additions to the second and third chapters of this book, whereby the early career of Lamb is now told more fully and accurately than before. Some footnotes have also been added. *Preface.*

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. Autobiography and Memorials. Edited by his son, Wendell Prime. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.56.

Two-thirds of the matter which composes this volume was published in *The New York Observer* in the year 1886, on the basis of an autobiographical note-book left unfinished by Dr. Prime at his death. These autobiographic memoirs though full as to the earlier years when he was comparatively unknown, give hardly more than a glance at the portions of his life subsequent to his connection with the *Observer*. For this period subsequent to 1840, in which "Irenæus" became a household word in a multitude of Christian families, we have only a rapid summary review in five chapters with an appendix. The whole is bound in a handsome volume with an excellent engraving of the shrewd, genial and successful divine who from the time of his connection with the *Observer* exercised so wide and so strong an influence on the religious and political life of the country. The richness of the volume is contributed to by Dr. Prime himself, not only as the interesting actor in it, but as the author of the autobiographic memoirs. * * The style in which they are written cannot be mistaken by any reader of the *Observer* for the last forty years. They bear everywhere the imprint of Dr. Prime's conservative feeling united with his genial, insinuating sweetness and shrewd good sense. *Independent.*

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON. By Colonel Sir William F. Butler. English Men of Action Series. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents; flexible cloth, 45 cents; by mail, 53 cents.

LIFE OF VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE. By Arthur Hassall, M. A. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents.

The clearness and brevity of this little book commends it to those whose reading hours are limited. Especially interesting are Mr. Hassall's quotations of John Morley's opinions. "Bolingbroke" is uniform with the rest of the series. *Philadelphia Ledger.*

AUTHORS AT HOME. Personal and biographical sketches of well-known American writers. Edited by J. L. and J. B. Gilder. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24; Editon de Luxe, 8vo, \$4.00; by mail, \$4.27.

Contains sketches of T. B. Aldrich, George Bancroft, George H. Boker, John Burroughs, George W. Cable, S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), George William Curtis, Dr. Edward Eggleston, Edward Everett Hale, Joel Chandler Harris, Prof. J. A. Harrison, Col. John Hay, Col. T. W. Higginson, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, W. D. Howells, George Godfrey Leland, James Russell Lowell, Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), Francis Parkman, Prof. Goldwin Smith, E. C. Stedman, Richard Henry Stoddard, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, Walt Whitman, J. G. Whittier.

These papers were all gathered from recent numbers of *The Critic*, for which magazine they were written with the approval of the authors whom they portray.

DESCRIPTION.

TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA. By W. T. Stead. 8vo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.07.

Much of the matter of this volume has appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (London), of which Mr. Stead is editor. The work arose from the widespread

uneasiness that existed in London in the spring of 1888, as to the possible outbreak of war in Europe. Mr. Stead made a journey to the continent to collect opinions from authentic sources on the subject. Before leaving London, he interviewed Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Balfour and other prominent men on the situation. In Paris he saw Boulanger, and in Berlin Bismarck. In Russia he was equally successful in reaching first sources in collecting his information. The result is a work of unusual freshness, and unconventionality on the European questions of the hour. The personality of the Tzar, the real condition of Russia—its connection with the Bulgarian question and other questions, "the shadow on the throne"—Tolstoi, and other things Russian are graphically discussed.

Publishers' Weekly.

THE LAST VOYAGE, TO INDIA AND AUSTRALIA, IN THE "SUNBEAM." By the late Lady Brassey. Illustrated by R. T. Pritchett and from Photographs. 8vo, \$4.50; by mail, \$4.78.

RELIGION.

CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS; OR, THE LIFE OF OUR LORD IN THE WORDS OF THE EVANGELISTS. American revision, A. D. 1881. With self-interpreting Scriptures, maps of Jesus' travels, and a dictionary of proper names. By Jas. P. Cadman, A. M., with an introduction by Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D. New edition, 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.26.

BIBLE CHARACTERS. By Charles Reade, D. C. L. 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 66 cents.

Is a little book of notes on Old Testament history, the Minor Prophets, and on the characters of Scriptures considered as "aids to faith." They are mere jottings, probably not intended for publication as now presented, though characteristic enough. "Search the Scriptures" appears to be the old injunction that the author had found profitable, and was moved to witness afresh. "This is mere preliminary discourse," he says in one place, "so an example or two must serve. Many more will follow, if God should enable a broken old man to complete the work he has had the hardihood to begin." His sketch of Nehemiah, as "Singleheart," is eminently characteristic; so also is his criticism of the narrative force of the Book of Jonah, "the most beautiful story ever written in so small a compass." This is one of the "hot-pressed narratives that live forever." How far, he asks, would "one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight words" carry you in our current narratives? "Why, ten to one, you get nothing but chatter, chatter, chatter." From a reference (p. 101) to the possibility of a Patriarchal Church in pre-Mosaic times, it would seem that Charles Reade was not a student of M. Renan. Fragmentary though it is, "Bible Characters" repays a perusal.

Saturday Review.

SERMON STUFF. By S. D. McConnell, D.D., 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

Is the most remarkable collection of "skeletons" we have ever seen. There are fifty-five in all, besides two complete discourses delivered on special occasions, and they are arranged according to the order of the Church year, each of the greater seasons having three or four separate outlines. We could wish some statements were clearer or more guarded, and here and there we have noted some obvious misprints, but we doubt if any better or more suggestive homiletical

"stuff" is within reach of sermon builders. We hope to see a second and improved edition before long.

Standard of the Cross.

SERMONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1889. By the Monday Club. Fourteenth series. 8vo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

PRACTICAL RELIGION: A HELP FOR THE COMMON DAYS. By J. R. Miller, D.D. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

A religion which is not confined to Sundays, but spread throughout the week, is the subject of this thoughtful cluster of essays. It is practical, and, for that reason, practicable. The author elevates no standard of ideal holiness in praying and church-going for the day of rest, but rather refuses to bisect the days of the week into sacred and secular. By taking up the common places of the common life and teaching loyalty in every-day duties, Dr. Miller shows how well he has understood the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. The chapter, "Shall We Worry?" is particularly applicable to this generation of nervous Americans. Dr. Miller's style is simple and suggestive. "Practical Religion" will prove an instrument of comfort, strength and encouragement to many tired workers in dusty ways.

Philadelphia Ledger.

THE BIBLE VIEW OF THE JEWISH CHURCH. In thirteen lectures, delivered during January—April, 1888, in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. By Howard Crosby. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

They embody a clear outline of Jewish history, as recorded in the Old Testament, from the time of Abraham to the birth of Christ, and are imbued with orthodox views, both as regards the substance of the narrative and the ideas suggested to the writer by a careful study of the Scriptural text.

N. Y. Sun.

SCIENTIFIC RELIGION; OR, HIGHER POSSIBILITIES OF LIFE AND PRACTICE THROUGH THE OPERATION OF THE NATURAL FORCES. By Laurence Oliphant. With an appendix by a clergyman of the Church of England. American edition. 8vo, \$2.00; by mail, \$2.18.

See review in October number.

WHAT ARE WE TO BELIEVE? OR, THE TESTIMONY OF FULFILLED PROPHECY. By John Urquhart. New edition. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents.

CO-OPERATION IN CHRISTIAN WORK. Common ground for united interdenominational effort. By Bishop Harris; Rev. Drs. Storrs, Gladden, Strong, Russell, Schauffler, Gordon, King, and Hatcher; President Gilman, Prof. Geo. E. Post, and others. 12mo, 45 cents; by mail, 53 cents.

The very general interest called forth by the publication, under the title of "National Perils and Opportunities," of the discussions of the general Christian conference, held at Washington, Dec. 7, 8, 9, '87, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, and the great value of these contributions to the study of important current questions, have induced the publishers, in the hope of finding a still wider circle of readers for these papers, to issue certain of them, grouped under the divisions into which the work of the conference naturally fell, in two uniform cheap volumes, entitled "Problems of American Civilization," and "Co-operation in Christian Work."

Publishers' Weekly.

WHAT JESUS SAYS. An arrangement of the words of Our Saviour, under appropriate headings. With a practical index. By Rev. Frank Russell. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

PROLEGOMENA TO THE HISTORY OF ISRAEL. With a reprint of the article *Israel*, from the "Encyclopedia Britannica." By Julius Wellhausen. Translated from the German, under the author's supervision, by J. Sutherland Black, M. A., and Allan Menzies, B. D. With preface by Prof. W. Robertson Smith. 8vo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.30.

SCRIPTURES, HEBREW AND CHRISTIAN. Arranged and edited as an introduction to the study of the Bible. By Edward T. Bartlett, D. D., and John P. Peters, Ph. D. Vol. II, Hebrew Literature. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.25.

THE GREAT VALUE AND SUCCESS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, PROVED BY DISTINGUISHED WITNESSES. Being the testimony of diplomatic ministers, consuls, naval officers, and scientific and other travelers in heathen and Mohammedan countries, together with that of English viceroys, governors and military officers in India and in the British colonies. Also, leading facts and late statistics of the missions. By Rev. John Liggins. With an introduction by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents; paper, 30 cents; by mail, 36 cents.

This is a valuable compilation of telling testimony for modern Christian missions by an English minister. The breadth and character of the work is truthfully described in the sub-title. We assume that this book has been called out as a reply to the rash publications of Canon Taylor, whose echoes are still reverberating through the less religious publications of the secular press. It is a mass of evidence which it will be hard to meet, and which without being in all respects what it might be or is to be desired is still a just and effective presentation. *Independent.*

ESSAYS AND TREATISES.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By M. J. Guest. With maps. 12mo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.49.

ARM-CHAIR ESSAYS. By the author of "Three-Cornered Essays," "Robertson, of Brighton," etc. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

Is a series of not very deep outpourings by an accomplished Englishman, who has done a good deal of traveling and a good deal of reading, and has let his memory and experience dispense their treasures in a gentlemanlike and lively way. His experience makes much better material than his reading. The latter is anything but recondite, and, in the essay on Dining, show itself peculiarly hackneyed, whereas the essay on the Pyrenees and their watering-places will be a real addition to the knowledge as well as the amusement of most readers. The paper on the "Ethics of a Postage Stamp" has some excellent rebukes to those who fancy that the mere fact of writing and sending a letter entitles one to an answer. There is a singular blunder in describing the purchase of Belgravia—an event referred to more than once. The author says Lord Grenville refused George the Third the money to protect his palace from being overlooked, by buying up a few fields. It was George Grenville, as may be seen from the second essay on Chatham by Macaulay—an author whom the Arm-Chair essayist loves to quote. The mistake is equal to saying that John Quincy Adams appointed Marshall. *Nation.*

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. By Ap Richard, M. A., Professor David Swing, and others. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

GREAT CAPTAINS. A course of six lectures, showing the influence on the art of war of the campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick and Napoleon. By Theodore Ayrauld Dodge. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.64.

OUR ENGLISH. By Adams Sherman Hill. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

See review in this number.

FIELD AND HEDGEROW. Being the last essays of Richard Jefferies. Collected by his widow. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.49.

NATURE AND MAN. Essays Scientific and Philosophical. By William B. Carpenter, C. B. M. D., L. L. D. With an introduction by J. Eastlin Carpenter, M. A. 8vo, \$1.70; by mail, \$1.86.

POETRY.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT-WATCHES. From voices old and new. Compiled by Helen H. Strong Thompson. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 97 cents.

This is a collection of religious verse designed, in the words of the compiler, "To pierce with a joyous note the darkness of the night." The songs are classified under 1, Darkness; 2, Heaviness; 3, Temptation; 4, Humiliation; 5, Poverty; 6, Captivity; 7, Fear; 8, "The House of My Pilgrimage;" 9, Remembrance; 10, Sickness; 11, Bereavement; 12, Death; 13, "The Song of Songs," and "The New Songs." *Publishers' Weekly.*

A READING OF EARTH. By George Meredith. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.17.

Another new and interesting volume of poems that appears this week is George Meredith's "A Reading of Earth." One uses the term interesting advisedly for the reader will find not only something of abandon to the poet's mood, something of enjoyment that comes of itself, but also problems of thought and life, treated from the point of the philosopher as well as of the poet. His early German education makes itself felt in these poems. . . "The Appeasement of Demeter" is a long poem which, perhaps more than any other, reveals Meredith in his rugged strength, his splendor of intellect, and the truth to which tune, if need be, is sacrificed. But vital, vigorous thought in modern poetry is not so common that we can afford to undervalue it, and "The Reading of Earth" is a collection of poetic thought to be studied and prized. *Boston Traveller.*

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. New edition. Vol. X. The Ring and the Book. Vol. IIL 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

They are printed in the same admirable style as their predecessors, and on a hasty examination they seem to be free from the typographical corruptions to which we have referred as marring some of the earlier poems. The edition is to be completed in sixteen volumes. *Literary World.*

IDYLS OF THE GOLDEN SHORE. By H. Maxwell. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, 98 cents.

MASTOR. A poem. By John Rose Larus. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail 99 cents. *Digitized by Google*

CHAUCEER. The minor poems. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt. D. Clarendon Press series, \$2.35; by mail, \$2.50.

PIPES O' PAN AT ZEKESBURY. By James Whitcomb Riley. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

Has the same marvelous fidelity to the real life of the Western farmer in the dialect poems and shows in the other lyrics considerably more of the hitherto unrecognized side of the poet's genius. It is a volume to be seized and devoured, which is an indication of value few books of poems possess, and which is due in Riley's case to the human blood which everywhere circulates through his poems. They live and throb with emotion. They are simply everyday facts of life, caught up and idealized by a consummate artist's expression. *Boston Transcript.*

THE EPIC OF HADES. In three books. By Lewis Morris. New edition. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 99 cents.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. New edition. Vol. IX. The Ring and the Book. Vol. II. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS. Historical and Romantic. Translated with notes by J. G. Lockhart. Illustrated. New edition. Knickerbocker Nuggets series. 18mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.19.

This little book, like the preceding issues of the series to which it belongs, is beautifully printed and tastefully bound. Lockhart's translations of the romantic Spanish ballads bear about the same relation to true poetry that Macaulay's ballads do. The verse runs smoothly, however, while the substance of it is of much interest and value, and is not available for the uses of every day readers in any other shape. *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

THE RECLUSE. By William Wordsworth. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 63 cents.

POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. New edition. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.46.

PROSE FICTION.

ANNIE KILBURN. By William Dean Howells. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

Judge Kilburn and his daughter Annie had lived eleven years in Rome, when the Judge died, and Annie felt it her duty to return to the old homestead in Massachusetts, and look life seriously in the face, and do her duty to her neighbor. Annie's return to the narrow village life and primitive ways of her countrywomen, after the larger, broader life she had lived in Italy, is well depicted, and her disappointment and *ennui* admirably described. A little plot, in which a love affair is involved and some excellent character sketches introduced, gives a most excellent picture of New England life in a manufacturing town. *Publishers' Weekly.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES ON THE GOLDEN TEXT OF THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS OF 1889. By Edward E. Hale. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

See review in this number.

THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT. By William Minto. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 25 cents; by mail, 26 cents.

THE APOSTATE. A romance. By Ernest Daudet. Translated from the French by Elizabeth Phipps Train. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents. Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

Is not altogether a savory story, but it is told with a dramatic intensity that is not easy to resist and it undoubtedly has a definite bearing on contemporary French civilization, although the events described are supposed to have taken place under the last empire. Jacques Aurégan, at the beginning of the tale, is a member of the Dominican order of monks and a favorite preacher at the fashionable chapel of the Tuileries. To him after service one day comes a veiled penitent who turns out to be the Countess of Vallauris, and who in the confessional reveals the fact that she was herself the slayer of her husband, of whose death another woman Aurélie Chéraine, is falsely accused. Aurélie is on the eve of conviction when the priest appears and the eloquence of his plea turns the verdict in her favor. A little later he comes under the displeasure of the superior of his order for some slight fault and the sudden inheritance of a fortune turns the tide of his ambition in a worldly direction. He renounces his priestly vows and becomes a suitor for the hand of the countess, who loves another, and who, because of Aurégan's apostasy, is filled with abhorrence. The plot from this point on is worked out with no little skill, the change in the character of the ex-priest being carefully analyzed. *Boston Beacon.*

THE SOUL OF LADY AGNES. By Marie Virginie Harding. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

A FRIEND TO THE WIDOW. By Mary Spencer. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

THE LAND OF DARKNESS. Along with some further chapters in the experiences of The Little Pilgrim. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

Is a purely speculative conception of after death experiences. If only for its simple earnestness it would be remarkable; but it has other qualities as well. The picture it presents is strange and discomfiting enough, and shows in places exceptional vividness of imagination, and in places uncommon vivacity and breadth of sympathy. The progress of a soul through a latter-day Purgatory is painted with much and varied detail, yet with force and poignancy too. The circles of fresh and subtle torture, mental and physical, through which the stranger passes are often strikingly suggestive and significant, and whatever the changes there is always gnawing at his heart a growing certainty that alleviation is impossible. Perhaps the quietest, but not the least powerful touch is that of the blank and unguarded cell in which the tenant is driven to self-knowledge by an unseen, relentless force; but most readers will find selection difficult. The author has succeeded in suggesting an ever-varied and infinite despair, relieved at last, when the mind refuses to proceed, with a shadow of hope; for it appears the hunted soul may unwittingly contain a spark of the Divine unrest, and be impelled thereby to stumble blindly on the backward path to the Eternal Light. The reverse of the picture—the Paradise—is given in "Further Experiences of the Little Pilgrim." It contains many simple, beautiful, and pitiful touches; but—like another and more famous picture—it has a certain monotony of rapture, an insistence and depth of radiance that exhaust and dim rather than stimulate the imagination.

A LATIN-QUARTER COURTSHIP AND OTHER STORIES. By Sidney Lusk. (Henry Harland.) 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents; Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

SAM LOVELL'S CAMPS: UNCLE LISHA'S FRIENDS UNDER BANK AND CANVAS. A sequel to "Uncle Lisha's Shop." By Rowland E. Robinson. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

The present collection of sketches has the same entertaining qualities, and carries most of the odd characters of its predecessor into interesting fishing and camping excursions on river and lake. As before, also, the Vermont and French Canadian dialects are faithfully, though sometimes a trifle too minutely, reproduced. There is a decidedly wholesome, outdoor air, and a kindly, hearty fun about these tales which makes them eminently entertaining reading.

Christian Union.

RUTH, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST; OR, THE NEW HYGEIA. By John Chester, M. D., D. D., author of "Earthly Watchers at the Heavenly Gates." 8vo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.34.

The title of this book is a misnomer. We have been taught to believe that such men as Faraday, Dawson, Henry and Guyot deserve to be called Christian scientists. To so far authenticate such a name for a semi-medical sect is as inappropriate as it is presumptuous. The same is true as to the name New Hygeia. In the last thirty years such men as Parks, Sir Joseph Lister, Sir Wm. Jenner, Sir John Simon, Dr. H. R. Bowditch and Dr. A. Flint have given to hygiene a definiteness that ought not to be parodied. The book is an example of the evil of credulity and superstition invading the clerical profession as serious as when materialism invades the medical profession. To substitute nature for nature's God is no worse than to obscure the grand Christian faith by a credulous leaning to destructive "isms" under beguiling names. The author no doubt intended to avoid the extremes of panegyric and ridicule, but makes as his heroine and hero successful faith and mind healers, and in many other ways gives to such sects aid and comfort. He seems quite to lose sight of the fact that it is one thing to have faith as an element of trust as to our physical natures and to exercise power over the mind as one of the means of restoring the body, and quite another thing to make these the *nidus* for a sect or an "ism." * * * Let it be remembered that Christian faith is a very definite thing and that faith when loosely spoken of is too often a belief, a trust, a credulity, a superstition having in it no element of Christian faith. Yet it is most convenient for it to wrap itself in this latter garment and so help to authenticate its special vocation before the world. There are many good things in the general plot of the novel; but after a careful and studied perusal of it we regard it as pernicious in its teachings and as giving carriage and support to that which is good neither for the body or the soul. If the author had closely studied the excellent articles of Dr. Buckley in *The Century*, he never would have written the book.

Independent.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CLEMENT KER. Being an account of some curious circumstances connected with the life and death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Peeblesshire. Told by his second cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London. By George Fleming, author of "Kismet," etc. 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 67 cents.

THEO. A Novel. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

THE DESMOND HUNDRED. By Jane G. Austin, author of "A Nameless Nobleman." New edition. Ticknor's Paper series. 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

Is a religious study, with the scenes laid in the Bahamas and New England. The chief characters are ritualist priests, and the marked individuality of some of them shows the descriptive power of the author.

Philadelphia North American.

KADY. By Patience Stapleton. 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

Is the story of life in an isolated settlement in the Sierras—a story by an untrained author, who has yet much to learn, but who is endowed with not a little genuine talent. Crude as the author's fancies sometimes are, she gives us real persons and has the dramatic instinct which is capable of making the most of a situation. With time and patience she may yet produce a novel that cultivated people will be glad to read. As it is her faults are serious enough to detract very decidedly from the interest of what we take to be her first essay in fiction.

Boston Beacon.

YONE SANTO. A Child of Japan. By Edward H. House. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

See review in this number.

A NINE MEN'S MORRICE. Stories collected and re-collected by Walter Herries Pollock. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.04.

STEADFAST. THE STORY OF A SAINT AND A SINNER. By Rose Terry Cooke. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

See review in this number.

THE PARADOX CLUB. By Edward Garnett. 12mo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.29.

Is one of those books which some people call dainty; that is, its paper is heavy, its page small, its margin wide, its type choice, its binding tastefully æsthetic. It is, in short, a pretty book, and the matter and style are pretty too. There are two lovers, whose love is of an old-fashioned kind, while their surroundings are quite modern. The Paradox Club, an eminently *Londonian* institution, talks about women, socialism, Zola, and a variety of the fashionable problems with no little heartiness, no little humbug, some wit, a good deal of tedium, and quite enough descriptive writing of the cross between those of the novelist just named and William Black. There is no harm in the book at all, nor is it goody-goody. It cannot show any very strong reason for its existence; as we judge from the dedication, its writing was the only way of giving utterance to emotions which those who felt them "could ne'er express, yet could not all conceal." It makes, however, pleasant reading for a lazy afternoon, and may set some to thinking.

Nation.

THE STORY OF REALMAH. By Sir Arthur Helps. New edition. 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 67 cents.

It is always a matter of congratulation when a celebrated novel like this is included in the ranks of inexpensive literature. The Story of Realmah is quite unique and leads its readers to the pursuit of further information upon the subject, an influence observable in Helps' writings. This admirable tale is supposed to take place in one of the antique cities of the lake dwellers.

Philadelphia Ledger.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE. By Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," etc. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

THOU SHALT NOT. A novel. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

WILL. By Georges Ohnet. Translated from the French by Professor William Thiese. American series. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

JOE. A Remarkable Case. By Col. E. R. Roe. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 19 cents.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. By Walter Besant. Illustrated. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

Is an example of Mr. Besant at his best. The story deals with the middle part of the seventeenth century in England, that stormy period when Independents gave place to the wearers of the surplice in all the benefices, and when the Duke of Monmouth came to set men at each other's throats in the name of religion. The great duke himself comes into the narrative, but the interest chiefly centres about the beautiful Grace Eykin, one of those bewitching paragons of womanhood such as Mr. Besant knows so well how to portray. Indeed, the tale is told largely in Grace Eykin's own words—a tale all about her three lovers, and their rivalries, and the capture of herself and her relatives as rebels, of exile to Barbadoes and cruel suffering under the brutal convict system, and of final escape and happiness. The story abounds in striking episodes and many passages of delightful humor. It is one of the few novels of the day which will bear more than one reading. *Boston Beacon.*

ANDERSONVILLE VIOLETS. A Story of Northern and Southern Life. By Herbert W. Collingwood. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

"Andersonville" and "Violets" seem, at first thought, strangely out of place together. Yet "out of the strong came forth sweetness;" and many a time since Samson put forth his puzzling riddle have the brightest flowers of human hope and joy been found growing on the very edges of what seemed the pit of despair. This book opens with Andersonville—that dismal little place among the sand hills of Southwestern Georgia, with its war memories of disease and the dead line. The point that gives a name to the story is where, late in the war, a prisoner in that terrible pen risks his life to get a bunch of violets, growing just beyond the dead-line, for the dying brother of his sweetheart, and the guard refrains from shooting him because dreaming of the motive of this desperate action. How the prisoner escapes and returns to his home in Maine; how the sentinel is dishonorably discharged from the Confederate service and goes back to his home in Mississippi; how his "dear little girl" (and all the community) scorned the soldier who had refused to "shoot a Yankee;" how this Yankee moved down into Mississippi years after the war, and what he saw, thought, and did there; and how, finally, this bunch of faded flowers, that had caused such misery, brought about reconciliation and happiness—all this, and more, is well told. And the telling of it gives occasion for a remarkably vivid sketch of some phases of Southern life. *Public Opinion.*

SOUGHT AND FOUND. Translated from the German of Golo Raimund. By Adelaide S. Buckley. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

A very charming story of modern life in Germany. The character of Veronica Elbing, the heroine, is drawn with exceeding skill, and forms a striking contrast to her fascinating rival, Hortense von Märzdorf. The translation is not very felicitously executed.

N. Y. Sun.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE. A Love Story. By Charles Dickens. Routledge's Pocket Library. Illustrated. 32mo, 30 cents; by mail, 34 cents; gilt top, uncut edges, 45 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

A SHOCKING EXAMPLE AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

"A Shocking Example," will be read with pleasure by admirers of that native note known as "American humor." Miss Baylor is a most amusing and individualized member of the class of Southern writers who have come into literary prominence during the last decade. The collection of short stories ranges from grave to gay, from the dignified sketch of the quondam régime in the Old Dominion to modern English or American peculiarities. Readers of the monthly magazines will recognize acquaintances in "Craddock's Heldest" and "Aunt Sukey." "Our Organist" is a burlesque of the first water, which might successfully endure the test of actual exhibition and performance. Compressed fun seems to be the motor of "A Shocking Example."

Philadelphia Ledger.

RALEIGH WESTGATE; OR EPIMENIDES IN MAINE. A romance. By Helen Kendrick Johnson. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents.

RALEIGH RIVERS; A TALE OF THE NEW SOUTH. By O. O'B. Strayer. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 19 cents.

WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. A tale of literary life. By J. M. Barrie. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 30 cents; by mail, 31 cents.

The career of a young Scotchman "Rob Angus," is the subject of this novel. He is unusually gifted and clever, though born among the working people of a little Scotch village. His literary career is interfered with for a while from his having to assume the care of his sister's little child, but the little thing meets with a sad death, while attempting to carry him the letter which offers him a position on an English newspaper. The child's death sets him free, and he goes to Silchester and becomes a reporter on the *Daily Mirror*. His experience as a reporter and reviewer is quite amusing, and his love affair is full of interest. *Publishers' Weekly.*

A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION. By L. B. Walford. Leisure Hour series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents; paper, 25 cents; by mail, 26 cents.

The author of "Mr. Smith" and "The baby's grandmother" is always interesting. In "A stiff-necked generation" she delineates a typical family of the nobility—an earl and his two daughters. One marries plain "Mr. Liscaid" and raises a large family of children. To settle her daughters advantageously in life is the chief aim of Lady Caroline's existence. When her father, the earl, dies the title descends to a distant cousin, who becomes Lord Hartland of Hartland Abbey, but without any revenues to support his position—the earl's fortune having been divided between Lady Caroline and her maiden sister, Lady Julia. Lady Julia shares her income with Hartland, and a plan is concocted to marry him to Rosamond, Lady Caroline's eldest daughter, so as to unite money and position. Rosamond's perverse way of acting, bringing misery to many hearts, shows her a legitimate descendant of "a stiff-necked generation."

Publishers' Weekly.

MY COUSIN, MISS CINDERELLA. From the French of Leon de Vinseau. The Gainsborough series. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

Mr. Naylor, the author of the charming "Neuvaine de Colette," which appeared in Appletons' "Gainsborough Series," has added to the library this English version of "*Ma Cousine, Pot-au-Feu*." The stories bear a certain family resemblance to one another, in traits of naïveté and gentle humor. The events occur in the ancient family chateau of the Vaudelnays, who held to the traditions of pre-revolutionary France. The story is domestic in character and affords delightful pictures of old-time formalities of life in a French chateau. *Philadelphia Ledger.*

COMMODORE JUNK. By G. Manville Fenn. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents; Cassell's Sunshine Series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

See review in this number.

CRESSY. By Bret Harte. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

See review in this number.

REFERENCE.

A COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS; OR, SYNONYMS AND WORDS OF OPPOSITE MEANING. With an appendix. By the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, A. M., D. D. 8vo, 75 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

STAR ATLAS. Containing Maps of all the Stars, from 1 to 6.5 magnitude, between the North Pole and 34° South Declination, and of all Nebulae and Star Clusters in the same region which are visible in telescopes of moderate powers. With explanatory text. By Dr. Hermann J. Klein. Translated and adapted for English readers by Edmund McClure, M. A., M. R. I. A. With eighteen maps. 4to, \$2.00; by mail, \$2.19.

A LATIN DICTIONARY FOR SCHOOLS. By Charlton T. Lewis, Ph. D. 4to, sheep, \$5.40; by mail, \$5.80.

It was the first intention of the author and publisher to make this an abridgement of the well-known "Harper's Latin Dictionary," but, in accordance with the advice of many eminent scholars and successful teachers, it was decided to carry out a different plan. This was to treat fully, and with copiousness of references to passage, every word or phrase in the Latin books commonly read in schools, and to omit the additional words necessary to complete the vocabulary of such authors as Plautus, Lucretius, Seneca, Lucan, and others rarely read except in an advanced course. While this plan may compel a special student to seek information in the larger lexicons, it enabled the author of this book to make his treatment of the words included exceedingly full and satisfactory. He has been aided in his task by Professor G. M. Lane, of Harvard, and in a lesser degree by many other eminent Latinists. In all respects this work is the product of the ripest and most accurate scholarship. In typographical form, arrangement and all externals it is a model of book-making.

Christian Union.

KING'S HANDBOOK OF NOTABLE EPISCOPAL CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES. By the Rev. George Wolfe Shinn, D.D., with one hundred illustrations. 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL FOR 1889. A cyclopædic record of men and topics of the day. Containing above 3,500 concise and explanatory articles on every topic of current political, social, biographical and general interest referred to by the press and in daily conversation. Revised to December 6, 1888. Edited by E. D. Price, F.G.S. 8vo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.36.

Has grown in size, while its title has been shortened. The volume forms an extremely useful repository of information on a vast variety of subjects. It is compiled with conspicuous intelligence, and, considering the multiplicity of topics, with great accuracy. In fact Mr. Price has approved himself a diligent and quick-witted compiler. Of course there are flaws to be found. We doubt whether Prof. Freeman is rightly classed as a "representative of philosophical Radicalism." It is certainly a mistake to say that King's College, Strand, was ever in any sense "a branch from University College, Gower Street." Mr. Lowell, it should have been stated, was American minister at Madrid before he came to London. The article on the "Barlow Lectures" is surely too long for the importance of the lectureship. Sir Philip Francis has very distinctly not "the strongest claim to be considered" Junius. The desire to give popular information leads occasionally to comical results, as may be seen by the space given to the color of hoods in the articles on the universities. But these are matters of minor importance, and do not appreciably detract from the utility of the volume, which, it should be added, is very correctly printed. *Athenæum.*

THE POCKET GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. A dictionary of general geography. Edited by J. G. Bartholomew. 32mo, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents.

Into its nearly 700 small pages are packed in highly condensed form, skeleton statistics of about 35,000 different places; together with several colored plates showing the height of mountains and the depth of of seas, the distribution of the races of mankind, density of population in different parts of the world, and location of the scattered members of the British Empire, etc. "Of course, the importance of places has been judged from a British point of view"; but, overlooking this drawback, we do not see how more information than is here alphabetically arranged could be packed into so portable, not to say pocketable, a volume. *Critic.*

POOLE'S INDEX TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE. The first supplement, from January 1, 1882, to January 1, 1887. By William Frederick Poole, LL.D., and William J. Fletcher, A.M., with the coöperation of the American Library Association. 4to. \$7.20; by mail, \$7.60.

The new volume is the first supplement to this great work, covering five years from 1882-1886 inclusive. It is notable because it is the first step actually made in the important direction of making the great Index continuous. The work of the quarterly "Coöperative Index" issued from this office is in its measure supplementary of the great Index, and the issues of the last year and of the current year already furnish a supplement to the present supplement. In this way the reading public are now supplied, by consulting first the great Index, then this new five-yearly supplement and then the few alphabets covering from January, 1887, to date, with a key to periodical literature reading in English which is most comprehensive.

Publishers' Weekly.

THE NURSE'S COMPANION IN THE SICK ROOM. By Mary Davies. 16mo, 50 cents; by mail, 55 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MIND OF THE CHILD, PART II. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTELLECT. Observations concerning the mental development of the human being in the first years of life. By W. Freyer. Translated from the original German. By H. W. Brown. International Education series. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

AN INTRODUCTORY NEW TESTAMENT GREEK METHOD. Together with a manual, containing text and vocabulary of Gospel of John and lists of words and the elements of the New Testament Greek Grammar. By William Rainey Harper, Ph. D., and Revere Franklin Weidner, D. D. 8vo, \$2.50; by mail, \$2.64.

INTERNATIONAL LAW. A series of lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge, 1887. By Henry Sumner Maine, K. C. S. I. 8vo, \$2.10; by mail, \$2.29.

Contents: International Law; Its Origin and Sources; Its Authority and Sanction; State Sovereignty; Territorial Rights of Sovereignty; Naval or Maritime Belligerency; The Declaration of Paris; The Mitigation of War; The Modern Laws of War; Rules as to Prisoners and Quarter; Relations of Belligerents on land; Rights of Capture by land; Proposals to Abate War.

STAFF AND SCRIP. Gems of Religious Thought. Selected by J. H. Gilbert. 16mo, 90 cents; by mail, 97 cents.

AN ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF ART. Architecture—Sculpture—Painting. By N. D'Anvers. New edition. Illustrated. 8vo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.25.

This book has long since been recognized as a convenient and reliable handbook of the history of architecture, sculpture, and painting, suited for students, for private reference libraries, and for general use. It is profusely illustrated, the value of the pictures lying not in their artistic execution but in the completeness and clearness with which they illustrate the sketch. There is a useful biographical index, but a more thorough indexing of the three divisions of the work would add greatly to its convenience. This handbook has recently been adopted as a text-book for the examinations by the Civil Service Commissioners, in England, of candidates on questions of art.

Christian Union.

DREAMS AND DREAM STORIES. By Anna Bonus Kingsford. Edited by Edward Maitland. 12mo, \$1.75; by mail, \$1.88.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. By W. J. Cocker, A.M. 12mo, 65 cents; by mail, 74 cents.

Presents in a clear, concise way, the influences and conditions that rendered our present Constitution a necessity, and describes, as fully as the limited character of a text-book of this kind will permit, the powers and limitations of our form of government. After briefly referring to the principles of government, the relations of the early colonies to the mother country and to each other are described, and the causes which led to occasional leagues for defence, and afterwards to a union of all the colonies in the War of Independence. The defects of the Confederation are pointed out and the causes which necessitated a firmer union of the States, together with the difficulties encountered in forming a constitution that would be acceptable to the several States. The adoption of the Constitution naturally follows. The provisions of the Constitution are then commented upon.

Publishers' Weekly.

EATING FOR STRENGTH; OR, FOOD AND DIET IN THEIR RELATION TO HEALTH AND WORK, TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL HUNDRED RECIPES FOR WHOLESOME FOOD AND DRINKS. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 90 cents.

RELIGIO MEDICI. A letter to a friend; Christian Morals, Urn-Burial, and other papers. By Sir Thomas Browne, K.T., M. D. New edition. 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents.

THE POPULATION OF AN OLD PEAR TREE; OR STORIES OF INSECT LIFE. From the French of E. Van Bruyssel. New edition. Edited by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." With numerous illustrations by Becker. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 82 cents.

The book supplies an extremely readable account of some of the smaller denizens of zoological life, such as ants, plant lice, cockchafer, caterpillars, wood lice, bees, centipedes, etc., written in such a clear, pleasant conversational fashion that the reader is bound to be charmed by it. The attractions of the volume are further increased by some excellent illustrations from designs by Becker.

London Publishers' Circular.

MODERN SCIENCE IN BIBLE LANDS. By Sir J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F. R. S., F. G. S. With maps and illustrations, 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

The motive of this work is the desire of the author to share with others the pleasure and profit of a tour in Italy, Egypt, and Syria, in which it was his special aim to study such points in the geology and physical features of those countries as might throw light on their ancient history, and especially on the history of the sacred Scriptures.

Preface.

BUSINESS. By James Platt, F. S. S. New edition, 12mo, 60 cents; by mail 68 cents.

Is a little volume designed to give an account of the conditions of success in life, and more particularly in commercial life. The book has reached its seventy-fifth edition in England, and in some respects this success is well deserved. The author is firmly convinced that business success depends on a man's own qualities and efforts, and not upon luck, and that failures are due to mistakes in the use of means. What the necessary qualifications are, it is the author's object to show; and he enumerates education, industry, perseverance, tact, truthfulness, and other qualities of a similar sort, as the leading ones. He rejects with scorn the imputation that it is necessary or even prudent to cheat in order to make money: "truthfulness is one of the finest gems in the business character," and "there can be no more erroneous notion than that success is ever founded on humbug." In spite, however, of his insistence on these moral qualities as conditions of success, Mr. Platt seems to look upon business of every kind too much as a mere struggle between men and too little as a service to mankind. Another defect in his book is his want of sympathy with the laboring classes. Not only does he look with dislike on the trades unions, but he is also opposed to educating the laboring people, because it will "unfit them for their station." The work has also serious defects from a literary point of view. The style is often careless and is full of repetitions, and even the English is frequently at fault—a fault inexcusable in an author who has published several volumes.

Critic.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? An original correspondence. With forty studies from nature. Oblong 12mo, paper, 10 cents; by mail, 11 cents.

A MANUAL OF PAROCHIAL WORK. For the use of the younger clergy. By various writers. Edited by the Rev. John Ellerton. 8vo, \$2.00; by mail, \$2.17.

WRIGHT'S BOOK-KEEPING SIMPLIFIED; OR, JOURNALIZING MADE EASY. A key to double entry. Revised, enlarged and improved. Also comprising Wright's Business Methods. By Priace Albert Wright. New edition. 8vo, \$2.00; by mail, \$2.15.

LETTERS FROM DOROTHY OSBORNE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, 1652-54. Edited by Edward Abbott Parry. New and cheaper edition. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.49.

See review in October number.

JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT. (Rambles through American Society.) By Max O'Rell, author of "John Bull and His Island," etc., and Jack Allyn. Translated by Madame Paul Blouët. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

See review in this number.

PROGRESSIVE HOUSEKEEPING. Keeping House without Knowing How, and Knowing How to Keep House Well. By Catherine Owen, author of "Ten Dollars Enough," etc. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

Is not a cook-book, but a genuine "counsellor and friend," which will help many young housekeepers over difficult places, and enable them to reduce the daily routine work of the kitchen and chamber to a system, and a very easily managed system at that.

Boston Transcript.

HOW TO PLAY WHIST, with the laws and etiquette of Whist, Whist-Whittlings, and forty fully annotated games By "Five of Clubs" (Richard A. Proctor). 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

HUME'S TREATISE OF HUMAN NATURE. By David Hume. Reprinted from the original edition in three volumes, and edited, with an analytical index, by L. A. Selby-Bigge, M.A. 8vo, \$2.00; by mail, \$2.18.

A TEXT BOOK OF PHYSIOLOGY. By M. Foster, M.A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. With Illustrations. New edition, largely revised. Part I, comprising Book I. Blood. The Tissues of Movement. The Vascular Mechanism. 8vo, \$2.35; by mail, \$2.51.

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CASELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY.

- 157 Plutarch's Lives of Numa, Sertorius, and Eumenes. 9 cents; by mail, 10 cents.
158 Holy Living. Vol. II. Jeremy Taylor, D.D. 9 cents; by mail, 10 cents.

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Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte.

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HENRY HOIT AND COMPANY.

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—The first volume of *American Notes and Queries*, published at 619 Walnut Street, Philadelphia is now out in book form, and we find it to be a perfect mine of information for the student of almost any branch of literature, especially of archæology, history, philology or mythology. Its notes on folk-lore, origin of customs and sayings, genealogy and kindred subjects are especially interesting. The vast variety of its topics may be estimated from the fact that its index takes up thirteen and-a-half double-column, closely printed pages. Under the editorship of Messrs. Walsh and Garrison it maintains the high standard it proposed to itself at the outset. It is a valuable means of intercommunication between persons of literary tastes.

—It is proposed to undertake a series of *facsimiles* of the choicest treasures of the Bodleian Library, if adequate support is forthcoming. The works will be selected for their special rarity or for some unusual importance or interest attaching to them. Subscribers will secure lowest rates. The first three reproductions will be the Caedmon MS. (10s. 6d. per part of twelve); "Ars Moriendi: that is to saye the craft for to deye for the helthe of mannes sowle" (a supposed unique Caxton, 1491, 2s. 6d.); a rare and perhaps unique description of the procession ordered by the Pope in thanksgiving for the St. Bartholomew massacre (1s. 6d). Prepayment is required. Subscribers should address Mr. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, Amen Corner, London. Specimens of the *facsimiles* have been sent out, with descriptions of the above documents.

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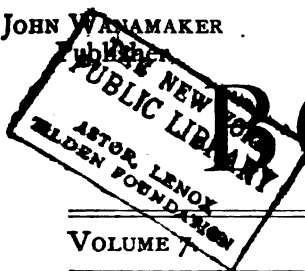
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—Olive Thorne Miller, the delightful writer on ornithology, is a most systematic student of her pets. She keeps a very big pile of large note-books, each one bearing the name of some bird, and anything peculiar or interesting, any unusual habit or unaccustomed sound, is at once recorded. If a bird is shy, she often turns her chair around so that her back is toward it, and with a hand-glass still watches it. Of course, not much work gets done in these mornings of study; but in the summer, when one after another of her feathered family has flown, she collects her notes and "writes up" her little friends and their quaint and interesting doings. She most prides herself on accuracy, both of observation and of statement—and very justly. She is tall and somewhat stout in figure, of perfect health, and rather jolly manners. She is a born book lover, and is rarely seen without a volume, if not in her hands, very near by. Numerous shelves about her are filled, tables and desk are loaded, and even sofas and chairs have often to be cleared before they can be used.

Independent.



BOOK NEWS

VOLUME 7

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1889.

NUMBER 80.

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Published Semi-monthly. 12mo, paper covers. Price, 50 cents each.

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PLATE MATTER FOR NEWSPAPERS.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

The New York *Sun* not long ago contained a complimentary notice of a newspaper published on the Isthmus of Panama. Its digest of the news of the United States was remarkably accurate, said the *Sun*. Undoubtedly the man who wrote that paragraph would have been surprised to learn that the matter to which he referred had been prepared by New York journalists, set up by New York printers, stereotyped within rifle-shot of the *Sun* office, and shipped in plates to the Panama paper, which put it on the press a very short time after the arrival of the steamer which brought it. Such is the fact, however. The "plate" business, as it is called, has grown out to the Isthmus, and even to the Sandwich Islands. It is a young industry to have spread so far.

The earliest manufacturer of stereotype matter for newspapers was the Chicago Stereotype Works, which began business in 1878. This company furnished serial stories, taking them principally from the works of old English authors. Its plan of sale was peculiar. It had a list of customers who received the stories in turn, each passing the plates on to the next, till they finally found their way back to the company's office, where they were melted and recast to carry another story round the circle.

In those early days the plates were made "type high," that is, they were in such form as would be a column of type were in the bodies of the letters and spaces that compose it made into a solid mass. Such plates were bulky and could not be sawn into lengths to suit the "make-up," as can the thin plates resting on a base which are used now-a-days. To overcome this difficulty the Chicago Stereotype Works did some of the necessary sawing in its own office, and furnished

a part of each story in small pieces so that the lengths of various columns could be fitted. As they went the rounds some of these little bits would be lost; and the papers that printed the stories last were obliged to supply the deficiencies with lines of stars or type set up at random. This sometimes interfered with the continuity of events to such an extent that it was impossible to tell whether the villain alone had been sacrificed to literary justice, or hero, heroine and all had gone down in promiscuous ruin.

The company went on successfully, however, and developed better methods in the course of time. A news summary was added to its original feature, and the plates were sold as far east as New York State. Almost simultaneously with the Chicago Stereotype Works a small company began business with an office in an interior town in New York, but it was not successful.

The A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company came into the field somewhat later. It now has offices in Chicago, New York, Cleveland, St. Louis, Memphis, Kansas City and St. Paul, and has business dealings with a vast number of papers. Its attention is not confined to plates, but fully half its business is in "patent insides." That industry consists simply in printing half a newspaper and selling as many hundred sheets as the local editor can dispose of after he has printed the news of his town upon the other side.

The International Press was started in Chicago in 1886, and is still running. The Mail Plate Company, of Cleveland, was organized about the same time. It now furnishes plates in German only. The Central Press of Columbus, O., and the Continental Press, of New York, were established last year.

The American Press Association, organized in Chicago, in 1882, was the first to send out news matter in plates. Its first efforts were in this direction; and, later, miscellany and serial stories were added. In 1884 the American Press opened an office in New York. It had already one in Cincinnati. It has also offices in Boston, Buffalo, St. Paul, Omaha, Atlanta, Dallas, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. The last two were opened in March of this year. The American Press had a hard fight for telegraph matter in its youth. Neither of the news associations would furnish it, and so the plate men were obliged to depend upon the early editions of the morning papers. These they fell upon, backed them up, made out a page, stereotyped it, sawed it up, and had the plates on their way to the afternoon papers before daylight. Now the United Press wires run to all offices but that in Dallas, and

afternoon news in plates for morning papers and night news for evening papers is sent out from each of the centres.

The total number of papers using plate matter is about 7,500. The largest of the companies furnishes plates to 5,000 papers, but this does not mean that the others have but 2,500 among them, for some papers take matter from several plate houses.

The price of this matter is next to nothing; it is about equal to the value of the metal in the plates. Of course these have to be returned after they are used. The most common method of plate houses is to set up a page of matter, take a proof of it, and offer it for sale. Suppose the page has six columns, twenty inches long, the price of it will be between \$1.20 and \$2—a cent to a cent and two-thirds an inch.

The work of good writers well illustrated has been sold at these figures. This doesn't mean foreign writers, whose labors are gratuitous in such cases, owing to the lack of international copyright, but journalists and "magazine men" on this side of the water. Among the men whose work has been sawed up into "plate" are Bret Harte, Frank Stockton, Robert J. Burdette, the late Philip Welch, Moses P. Handy, E. J. Edwards, Prentiss Mulford, Frank G. Carpenter, the Washington and Oriental correspondent and famous inquirer into the "home life" of everybody from the Emperor of China to a Western congressman, and Walter Wellman, also a Washington correspondent and noted interviewer.

The Kellogg Company and the American Press Association have quite a line of correspondence, and frequently send men on special missions, such as the investigation of affairs in Manitoba, the Isthmian Canals, etc. Joaquin Miller traveled from New York to San Francisco as a correspondent for one of these houses.

There is a tendency towards the using of copyrighted stories by American authors in place of pirated productions from abroad. The best plate houses appear to think that success lies in that direction, and after all it will cost very little more, for when a story is sold to a thousand papers its first price is so divided as to melt insensibly into the value of type-metal. Arrangements are often made with the publishers of stories whereby a small payment to the author and a somewhat larger one to the publisher secures the use of a story for plate while it is being sold in book form.

For such special matter as they need—Christmas, Valentine's Day, Easter or Fourth of July stories—the plate houses pay well, at least the writers think so, being as a rule newspaper men of good ability and bad prospects, living precariously on eight dollars a column. On occasions such as those named the plate houses get out special pages, often handsomely illustrated, as such work goes. Such matter is usually shipped to the newspapers several weeks in advance, under a guarantee that it will be held till the proper date.

The plate men have high hopes. Although they have been mocked and reviled, and their offices have been called saw-mills they say that they are all the time gaining the appreciation of a higher grade of newspaper publishers. The little papers are their customers, though many that they are now serving have from 10,000 to 30,000 circulation. These may be the publisher's figures.

The news matter that goes into plate is handled with great dexterity. It is used by some really good papers in New York and in Pennsylvania who have also the Associated Press dispatches. Sometimes quick work is done with it. There is a paper in a Michigan town which receives its news plates by the 4.15 train in the afternoon. The train waits at that station twenty minutes, and when it goes on its way it carries newspapers printed from the plates it brought. Sometimes there is a fragment upside down but it's a "beat" on the other paper just the same.

Plate houses have spent "barrels" of money in perfecting the stereotype processes and numberless attempts have been made to find a plate that is light enough to go by mail and yet strong enough to stand the work it must do. Many experiments have been made with celluloid and with electrotype shells, but they cost too much. All the best houses now use a thin stereotype plate fitted upon an arched base by means of a groove. This is locked into the form just as if it were so much type.

"Saw me off four inches of that plate," says the editor of the *Wayback Sentinel*, when one of his columns won't justify at press-time.

"What about?" asks the rustic foreman.

"I don't care so long as it doesn't touch the yellow dog question," replies the editor.

Then the foreman saws off the plate without reading it, and ninety-nine times in a hundred it is better than the local passionate poetry which the *Sentinel* used to fill up with in the old days.

AMELIA EDITH BARR.

Although an Englishwoman by birth and early education Mrs. Barr can justly be called an American author, as in this country she has spent the greater part of her life, and here her vocation as a writer came to her, and here on the banks of the Hudson is her home.

Mrs. Barr was born at Ulverstone, Lancashire, England, March 29, 1831. Her father was the Rev. William Huddleston, an accomplished scholar and eloquent preacher. As a child she was devoted to books, and when she was nine years old she became her father's reader, and books came to be a more important factor in her education than schools.

At the age of seventeen she entered the Glasgow Free Church High School, but in less than a year left it to marry Mr. Robert Barr, the son of the Rev. Dr.

John Barr, of Dovehill Church, Glasgow. About four years later Mr. and Mrs. Barr came to the United States and spent some months in traveling through the West and South, finally settling in Austin, Texas, where Mr. Barr received an appointment in the Comptroller's office. Here they remained until the close of the Civil War, removing then to Galveston. In 1867 a fatal fever epidemic swept over the country and bereaved Mrs. Barr at once of her husband and three sons. In 1869 she came with her three daughters to New York, where she occupied herself for some time in teaching. Soon afterward she began her literary work, producing chiefly sketches and miscellaneous articles for the magazines, especially the *Christian Union*, for which periodical she still writes, many of her stories appearing in its columns before they come out in book form.

Mrs. Barr has entered the field of fiction so unassumingly, and her works have been comparatively so short a time before the public, that her place as a novelist has not yet been fully recognized, nor her merits adequately appreciated. She has produced as many as twelve novels in five years, and these all show careful study, close thinking, and not a little patient research. She is a writer of spirit and real force, and yet her stories are natural in tone and genuine in feeling. A moral purpose is at the root of all her work and it is pervaded by a spirit of religion, but this is never obtrusive or made to over-balance the artistic effect of the story. Mrs. Barr never forgets that the pre-eminent object of a romance is to please.

One of Mrs. Barr's most admirable qualities is her versatility and faculty for making herself at home in any country, thus investing her stories with the local atmosphere of the various places in which her scenes are laid.

In her stories of the Shetland Islands, "Jan Vedder's Wife" and "Paul and Christina," she enters with perfect sympathy into the manners and customs of the seafaring natives, depicting with fine insight the characteristics due to their Norse origin. With equal ease and accuracy she presents the vigorous North of England character in her Yorkshire stories, and gives us a delightful picture in "The Squire of Sandal Side" of life in the Cumberland dales of England fifty years ago. Next, in "The Bow of Orange Ribbon" she transplants us to the New York of the latter part of the last century; and anon she takes us to Texas, the scene of "Remember the Alamo" being laid in San Antonio in the time of the war with Mexico.

Mrs. Barr now leads an almost ideal life at her pleasant and hospitable home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, along with her daughters, one of whom is also an author. She does her work entirely in the early morning, in summer from four until noon. She stands at her desk and her Bible is never far from her hand. One interesting memento in her study is the

letter from her publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., accepting the MS. of her first novel, which she was moved by a dream to send to them. It is framed and hangs on the wall. Mrs. Barr has written so much of English and Scotch life that her stories have a very large transatlantic circulation and she has published a good many of them in England. One of her recent novels, "The Household of McNeil," was published in London last summer, and another, "Feet of Clay," which has its scene laid in the Isle of Man, is now running through an English paper, and is highly praised by critics, as is also "The Beads of Tasmer," by those who have seen it; and we hear of another story, "Woven of Love and Glory," soon to appear in the English *Sunday Magazine*. The following are the works of Mrs. Barr issued in book form: "Christopher and Other Stories," "The Last of the McAllisters," "The Hallam Succession," "Lost Silver of Briffault," "Between Two Loves," "Cluny MacPherson," "Scottish Sketches," "Jan Vedder's Wife," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "The Squire of Sandal Side," "Paul and Christina," "A Border Shepherdess," "Master of His Fate," "Remember the Alamo."

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

By TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

It would have broken John Lothrop Motley's heart if he had thought that his letters would outlive his histories. Yet it would not be surprising if they did. The world outgrows histories, and one need not be keen in the trend of the day to see that the "Dutch Republic" and all that fleet of stately Dutch galleons lie lower along the horizon on which they first began to tower thirty years ago. But the world never outgrows the familiar story of an interesting life, which these letters give. They are a little dryer than should be with letters, and make one feel what tremendous pains Motley must have taken with his style, as he did with all about his history. But these letters live and are full of the undying details of daily life among those best worth knowing on all counts. This land did all it could in his honor, but he chose a strange sky for his last days, and died an exile with a grievance.

"French Traits," by Mr. W. C. Brownell, is, take it all in all, the first book on the French in English. We have shown, as England has not, the capacity to know France and learn of her. This has come first in art and has spread to other sides of life. Mr. Brownell, with the subtlety, the insight, the penetration and the sympathy needed of a man who sketches a nation, has put into a single small volume the secret of French life. It runs across our preconceptions, and it quarrels with our manifold English prejudices, which we retain, as is the way of the world,

after giving up the principle out of which they grew; but the book is just, true and teaching. What he has to say of French limitation has been so much said before that it will be overlooked by those who are struck with what is new to them; and this is a book which must be read in the whole and taken in the large. It is true of few books that they clear a little way in the mist of modern problems, but this is one of them. No serious reader can neglect this remarkable book, and few serious readers who have not mastered more than the surface of our modern world, will agree with it; But this, I count its chief worth, that it challenges what we dreamily accept.

I could wish that Mr. Brownell were more open to the modern method. "France" for instance is not as homogeneous as he would make it. Its lacks are none of them accidents but the fruit of the invincible design of time. It is not the faith a land wears but the nature and nativity it bears which make it what it is. His style needs now and then, I may add, an invincible patience, but it never fails to yield his exact and subtle meaning and the kingdom of the modern spirit is not one to be taken by simplicity.

"If the people who write for my autograph," said a distinguished authoress lecturing in this country to me, "would come to my lectures, I would not lack for audiences." But it is much easier for most people to be interested in gossip about authors than in their books. The *Critic* from week to week shows itself acutely sensible of this, and its editors have just issued under "Author's at Home," a series of sketches of intellectual interiors. By which I do not mean that this series of twenty-eight short articles sheds any light on the inner working of writers' minds, but lets you, for a price, inside their homes. As these sketches are all done by consent of the subject, I conclude that the American author—perhaps with an eye to the sale of his books—likes to have his house, his wife, his maid-servant and everything that is his set out as a public show at so much a column. You can learn here what Mr. Hale has for breakfast, and what Mr. Aldrich's dinner looks like; all about Mr. Stedman's bric-à-brac and what color are the steps of Mr. Leland's house, in which he does not live by the way. Mr. Twain's cigar it seems lasts him for forty minutes, and Mr. Hay has "bronze portraits" in his house. It is a common practice, but a bad one, and I fancy no man or woman who wrote these sketches but came to the work with some repugnance at the job.

Mr. J. H. Shorthouse has the best mechanical music-box of an imagination in current letters. The stop was first pulled in the "Little Pilgrim" and the music-box gives us the same air, with variations, in "The Land of Darkness." For I like greatly the clear tinkling notes of these allegories. They will not last.

They do not go deep. They do not grip the lasting verities of life; they make them all too simple. This book deals with the deepest problem of all, how the bad grow good, for this is a world in which it is but too plain how the good grow bad and stay so. Yet each of these books leaves on one the clear, sharp sense that it is well to give life to the better side and to seek high things,—much as in a far-off land your soul thrills as some music-box tinkles an air of the land you love.

"Pro Shakespeare" is a book to read if the Bacon nonsense has got hold of you. Still, a more excellent way is to read Shakespeare.

Mr. George Meredith, in his novels goes his own way. In his poem, "A Reading of Earth," just published, he takes Emerson's track, octaves lower in his optimism; but with a like view of nature as better worth having and knowing than man. The resemblance runs through the form of these poems as well as their substance. There is the same loose structure, the same lack of a metrical ear and the same elusive harmony between expression and accent. If one is to read poetry to be touched and strengthened to a higher interpretation of life and nature, this slender volume holds more than one likes to think of all of recent verse which does this. For this man, too, is of the school of the prophets, but minor rather than major.

The hardest of lives and the saddest of deaths fell to Richard Jefferies, whose stricken wife, left lonely and poor, has got together as his last volume, "Field and Hedge-Row." I know naught which shows how skin-deep our modern cultivation is than the death of this man, White of Selborne, and Thoreau of Walden, part of each and more his own, rolled into one, as good as starved out of life for lack of a seeing eye in the reader of the day. If the newspapers had not paid him fairly for what are called "specials," in the newspaper offices—little articles on some special subject out of the common, the man's pen would not have bought him bread to eat. Yet here in this book, and the rest of his, is packed the best and clearest talk on English fields as they are, and English field-life as it is, yet done by any man in English speech. It will not be much more read now that all agree it should be, than it was when that clear-headed practical critic the daily editor saw the good in Jefferies' "copy;" but it has as good chance of being salable a century off as any book in this year or last. Nor if one wishes to know how deep a gulf is set between Old England and New, could more be learned than from Jefferies and Thoreau.

Charles Gordon was one more man of whom one can say in all reverence that he came unto his own,

and his own knew him not. He was all the world's talk when he fell at Khartoum, but few know of his life before, which is told by Col. Sir W. Butler in the fent of "English Men of Action." I have met a number of men who knew Gordon well, and all but one thought him a bit queer and a little out of his head. That one was, like Gordon, a God-fearing Puritan. His life, told in this thin, red-covered volume, is like a moral tonic, so full is it of duty and yet full of despair. Can it be, after all, that our way of getting things done by count of vote is the wrong one, and proves it by missing the right man?

**

Mr. M. J. Guest has once more—the fifth or fourth time—reprinted his single volume history of England, for this his "Lectures on the History of England" are. The facts are there, well put and knit. If it were done with some touch of style, it would give what one wants, for the march of men, age by age, is a thing of state and needs some pomp of words. There is lack of this; but the book is up with the last view of this and that, not the right one in all cases, as is the way of last views, but still the last. A good book for swift review or to take to group the fruit of reading spread through other books. Well-mapped and beginning, as all history should, with the geology of the land.

**

Yet if one wishes to know the span of English history which comes from Charles I. to Charles II., there is no better guide than the "Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple," just issued on this side in a second edition. Old-fashioned people will remember the twinge of regret with which they learned that the "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell" was but the best fiction of a novel-writer; but here, in these charming letters, is the reality, the life, the love and the light play of a fair young woman of two centuries past. English literature is rich in letters, but there are none better than these and—with doffed hat to greatness be it said—better by far than "Woodstock" to give us the core and centre of an English household in the days of Cromwell and Milton, of Herricks and of Butler. Read these letters now, if you can, and if you cannot take the book away instead of the last new novel next summer.

**

The "Aspern Papers" is Henry James at his best in workmanship and his worst in design. It is a sad pity to see this polish put on rubbish.

**

If you must know all of Wordsworth, and it is a high ambition to be at home in that

—haunt

Of pure affections, shedding upon joy

A brighter joy,

read the "Recluse," a poem of his left by him in manuscript and just published, but if you are wise and

busy, your time will go to the better poems of lesser men.

**

A good history of Mexico is needed. Miss Susan Hale has added to the "Story of Nations" series a fair one. It groups what is known on the surface in a continuous narrative of events. This is not history but something less. Yet it is useful and we have nothing in the same space much better and there is nothing more scandalous than the ordinary ignorance of Americans of their Northern and Southern neighbors. How many who read this know who Hidalgo was?

**

Archdeacon Farrar has been more than once twitted with being more pretty than precise in his historical work. This may be the reason that his last work, the "Lives of the Fathers," is more like a compilation than a history. I despair of any American being interested in these two volumes. In our Protestantism we have thrown back so wholly to the Bible that we do not come near the 600 years of religious growth, which lie between the last of the Apostles and the beginning of our common law. If one wants to fill this gap, and some clergymen do, here are the ready means to take a rapid view. Still, if you want to know the field, Dr. Farrar's book must be used as a guide-book only, to the great library of the Christian Fathers, ante and post Nicene.

**

No day-dream hits the heart like that of some craft whose going should spread the earth like a map at one's feet. This Lady Brassey had, and it gives a touch and tinge of the dark that lies on all of earth, that the map which tells her last trip in it is marked by a cross at the point in mid-sea, where she died and was laid to rest in the sea she loved. "The Last Voyage of the 'Sunbeam,'" as her steam-yacht was named, tells in her brisk, bright, bird's-eye way of a sea jaunt which ran around Africa, India, and Australia. It is done with the light touch which made her work liked, for Lady Brassey, though she wrote for fun, had readers by the thousand. Her mind took impressions like a sensitive plate, and her pen wrote them as shaply as an etching needle. For those who have the old-fashioned taste for books of travel there are few better, for she tells what all see and the cuts are printed and drawn with equal skill and taste.

**

"Through the Heart of Asia" is a trip which twenty years ago was impossible save in disguise, ten years ago difficult even with one, and last year most dangerous. M. Bonvalot has told it simply, directly, and with no great addition to one's knowledge of the land through which he goes. But one gains from him a vivid idea of the varying characters of the races through which he passes, sharper than an Englishman would have given, because an Englishman

abroad is all observation and no sympathy, which makes his books full of facts and bare of men, while M. Bonvalot's is the reverse. Full of humanity and its huts, and with but little of the hills and heights.

**

Mr. Edmund Gosse is a patient, laborious, literary annalist, who in his "History of Eighteenth Century Literature" says the staple things in the staple way. His book is useful, just as dictionaries are useful, and he seems to have read the books he writes about. He is strong in men who appeal to the literary sense, as when he says of Samuel Johnson that "he talked superb literature fully for thirty years, and all England listened," and weak when men appeal to another view, as with Fox and Bunyan or Swift and Defoe. He is felicitously right with Pope, and with Dryden misses the great mark set high by the strongest arm but one which has bent the bow of English tragedy:

BOOKS IN CHINA.

In the time of Confucius, B. C. 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo, upon which they wrote with the point of a style. About 150 B. C. paper was invented, when the Chinese wrote on rolls, and formed volumes. About A. D. 745 books were first bound up into leaves, and 200 years after they were multiplied by printing. The Chinese furnish books to each other for next to nothing. The works of Confucius, with the commentary of Choo-foo-tsze, comprising six volumes and amounting to 400 leaves, octavo, can be purchased for 18 cents, and the historical novel of the "Three Kingdoms," amounting to 1500 leaves, in twenty volumes, may be had for about 60 cents. *Bookworm.*

THE AUTHOR OF "THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC."

The following description of Motley is taken from an article in *Harper's Magazine*, by George William Curtis, on the recently published volumes of Motley's letters: There was doubtless a certain Oriental cast in his temperament. The brilliant youth of Harvard was noted for Byronic beauty, which, as the letters show, was often remarked afterward in London. He impressed all who saw him with a sensitive, high-bred elegance of aspect and bearing, so that Bismarck said of him that "he never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies." When he was minister in England, Dickens wrote to a friend in this country, "Last week I was at your minister's, and it was a mixture of the Alhambra and the *Arabian Nights*." He had been impressed not only with the fine house and its decorations and its dazzling company, but with the air of the host—an air superb and graceful, which seemed naïve to elaborate splendor. But this disposition was suggested and implied only. There were the utmost simplicity

and affectionate New England domesticity in the master of the house, and no unseemly pretence or haughtiness. For a young man who could dispense with the necessities of life but not with the luxuries, the half-eastern glamour of the Russian imperial court and the gilded indolence of "high society" might have seemed a fitting sphere. But when he was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg the stately ceremonial touched only his sense of humor, until impatient of the magnificent monotony, and bent upon serious aims, he resigned and retired.

During all the long years of European absence and study, whenever he was separated from his family, and especially when his wife was not with him, Motley wrote, constantly and fully, letters which are delightful chapters of autobiography. Dr. Holmes's memoir tells the simple story of the historian's life, and the long and intimate friendship of the two men, with Holmes's acute perception and exquisite skill and grace of expression, enabled him to produce a beautiful and characteristic portrait. No further memorial was necessary. The letters happily supplement the picture drawn by his friend, and with subtle and unconscious self-delineation reveal the very man. * * *

From a long account of Macaulay we take a few passages:

"His general appearance is singularly commonplace. I cannot describe him better than by saying he has exactly that kind of face and figure which by no possibility would be selected out of even a very small number of persons as those of a remarkable personage. He is of the middle height, neither above nor below it. The outline of his face in profile is rather good. The nose, very slightly aquiline, is well cut, and the expression of the mouth and chin agreeable. His hair is thin and silvery, and he looks a good deal older than many men of his years—for, if I am not mistaken, he is just as old as his century, like Cromwell, Balzac, Charles V., and other notorious individuals. Now those two impostors, so far as appearances go, Prescott and Mignet, who are sixty-two, look young enough, in comparison, to be Macaulay's sons. The face, to resume my description, seen in front, is blank, and, as it were, badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is scooped entirely away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness, and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps. The under eyelids are so swollen as almost to close the eyes, and it would be quite impossible to tell the color of those orbs, and equally so, from the neutral tint of his hair and face, to say of what complexion he had originally been. His voice is agreeable, and its intonations delightful, although that is so common a gift with Englishmen as to be almost a national characteristic. As usual, he took up the ribands of the conversation, and kept them in his own hand, driving wherever it suited him. I believe he is thought by many people a bore, and you remember that Sydney Smith spoke of him as 'our Tom, the greatest engine of social oppression in England.' I should think he might be to those who wanted to talk also, for it would take S—to talk him down thoroughly. I can imagine no better fun than to have Carlyle and himself meet accidentally at the same dinner-table with a small company. It would be like two locomotives, each with a

long train, coming against each other at express speed. Both, I have no doubt, could be smashed into silence at the first collision. Macaulay, however, is not so dogmatic or so outrageously absurd as Carlyle often is, neither is he half so grotesque or amusing. His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within. His style of talk is more like that of Frank Gray, or as his would have been had he possessed the enormous and well-won reputation of Macaulay. I do not know that I can repeat any of his conversation, for there was nothing to excite very particular attention in its even flow. As a talker, to judge him by this one occasion, he is not to be compared for a moment with Holmes. There was not a touch of the doctor's ever-bubbling wit, imagination, enthusiasm, and arabesqueness. It is the perfection of the commonplace, without sparkle or flash, but at the same time always interesting and agreeable. I could listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thence grow wiser every day, for his brain is full, as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent."

MODERN MASTERS OF STYLE.

Let us consider the request of an applicant for literary information.

"SIR:—Please state who among modern authors is considered a master of terse and lucid English; also name six works of contemporary interest that would serve as models to a student of style."

By common consent Cardinal Newman is the great living master of a pure, idiomatic, luminous, elegant English style. Mr. Matthew Arnold is also worthy to be classed in the same category. Mr. Thackeray wrote a style of inimitable beauty, terse, lucid, witty. Nathaniel Hawthorne had command of a wonderful vocabulary and a most suggestive and surprising style. He was also of excellent taste and felicity in the construction of his sentences. The late Dr. Ripley, so long the literary critic of the *Tribune*, wrote in a full, round, and informing style. Mr. George Bancroft, the historian of the United States, employs an animated, picturesque, original, yet never redundant style. A beautiful style, simple, classic, unaffected, is that of the great Dr. Channing, who played so important a part in this country fifty years ago. His writing was replete with a high and unaffected moral sentiment, the very reverse of the phariseism so often displayed by some modern writers. The noble style of John Fiske will repay study, and it is seen in its best estate in the "Excursions of an Evolutionist." Andrew Lang is master of an enviable style, as every one will declare who know his "Letters to the Dead." The style of Henry James is subtle, natural, and engaging. Robert Louis Stevenson employs a style that is sometimes uneven, but is often great. * * *

As for the six works of contemporaneous interest which our correspondent inquires for, and which must also be models for a student of style, we will name the Bible in King James' version, a book of eternal and therefore of contemporaneous interest; Cardinal Newman's "Apologia"; Matthew Arnold's "Literature

and Dogma"; William Ellery Channing's essay on Napoleon Bonaparte; Daniel Webster's speech in reply to Hayne, and Abraham Lincoln's speech on the Gettysburg battle-field. We do not mention these six productions as all comparable in importance, but as similar in elevation, grandeur, originality, and beauty of expression, and as alike indispensable to every English-writing student who would seek to cultivate that last and most delightful perfection of literary art—a chastened, elegant, pregnant, fresh, imaginative, and fascinating style. *N. Y. Sun.*

A FEW ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIAS.

The first work that bore the name of cyclopædia in England was the famous "Cyclopædia, or Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences," by Ephraim Chambers, published in 1728. The remarkable success which this work attained soon led to its imitation and expansion in other countries. In 1829-32 there appeared the "Encyclopædia Americana," published in the United States, being a translation from the German "Conversations-Lexicon," by Francis Lieber. It was reprinted at Glasgow in 1841 and 1862, under the title of the "Popular Cyclopædia." It has since been published at London and Edinburgh under the name of "Chambers' Cyclopædia"—not the Ephraim Chambers before mentioned, but the Robert Chambers whose name will be memorable as having originated so many valuable literary enterprises in the nineteenth century.

The most extensive Cyclopædia in our language is that which goes by the name of "Rees," in forty-five volumes, but which is only a new edition of that of E. Chambers. The "Britannica" stood first in public estimation till the appearance of the "Penny Cyclopædia" in 1832. The "Edinburgh Cyclopædia" of Brewster, the *Encyclopædia Perthensis*, the "London Encyclopædia," the "Encyclopædia Londinensis," and the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," failed to reach the same level. The literary expenditure was upward of \$200,000, but the circumstances that it was first issued in penny numbers led to its receiving a title that refers to cheapness only, and thus seems at first sight to imply that it is of an inferior class, while, in reality, it has long taken rank with the best cyclopædias of any age or country. *Bookworm.*

SOCIETY VERSE.

To treat of trifles in a style not trivial—this is the art of the society poet. It may be taken as an axiom, that the more trifling is the subject of a poem the more exquisite should be the workmanship. Writers of *vers de société* exist by legions; but as fine workmen must in every art be rare, the names which attain to the first rank are few. None but a master of style can write a ballad to his mistress's eyebrow that will live but for a master-hand there is no theme too slight. DeMusset never excelled in finish and felicity the

immortal lines on Mimi Pinson's bonnet. Pope on Belinda's ravished lock is at his highest point of sparkle. Gray left no choicer stanzas than the Lines on a Favorite Cat.—

'Twas on a lofty vase's side
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purred applause.

Such is the style which turns trifles into gems,—
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever.

The *curiosa felicitas* of Horace is not finer. * * *

Charles Stewart Calverley—the brilliant C. S. C.—was a writer of quite different qualities. His song had more the note of a trained bird's; there is art in every turn of it. Take a stanza of Calverley's Ode to Tobacco:—

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidd'st them avaunt, and black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet, when the morn is gray;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest!

Just thus might Horatius Flaccus have conceived an ode Ad Tobacconem. * * *

Could anything be better, of their kind, than these stanzas from Mr. Frederick Locker's poem To my Mistress's Boots?—

They nearly strike me dumb,
And I tremble when they come
Pit-a-pat :
This palpitation means
That the boots are Geraldine's—
Think of that!

O, where did hunter win
So delectable a skin
For her feet?
You lucky little kid,
You perished, so you did,
For my sweet!

The fairy stitching gleams
On the toes and in the seams,
And reveals
That Pixies were the wags
Who tipped these funny tags
And the heels.

The simpletons who squeeze
Their extremities to please
Mandarins.
Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.

Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty Fuss-in-boots
These to don,
Set your little hand awhile
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on.

Mr. Locker has a natural love for what is old and of the past—an old muff, an old oak-tree, an old letter, an old cradle—these are among his themes of song. The lines on An Old Cradle, we must not quote in full as we should like to do; but here are two stanzas:—

And this was your cradle? why surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were a delightfully small Pic-a-ninny,
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

To hint at an infantine frailty were scandal;
Let bygones be bygones—and somebody knows
It was bliss such a baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet—so rosy your toes.

And here is the delightful termination:—

Ay, here is your cradle! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But hark! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking,
It is time Jenny's baby should be in its bed. * * *

Here is a charming rondeau by Mr. Ashby Sterry.

A Diving Belle! pray who is she?
For swimming thus armed *cap-à-pie*,
(The sea is like a sea of Brett's)
A graceful girl in trouserettes,
And tunic reaching to the knee.

Her voice is in the sweetest key,
Her laugh is full of gladsome glee;
Her eyes are blue as violets—
A Diving Belle!

I wonder what her name can be?
Her sunny tresses flutter free;
Now with the ripples she coquets,
First one white foot, then two, she wets,
A splash! she's vanished in the sea—
A Diving Belle!

This is admirable; yet we confess that we are not greatly enamored of these highly artificial forms of verse. To write a good example—as good as that above—is certainly a very clever trick of words; but the result, after all, is but a step or two removed from the old conceits of verses in the shape of hearts, butterflies, or true-love garlands. Poetry, even the poetry of wit, is a bird which, if pent in these close cages,

sometimes sings, but often droops and dies. The best rondeau in the language, to our thinking, is Leigh Hunt's:—

Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put *that* in!
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I'm growing old—but add,
 Jenny kissed me!

The form of this, indeed, is far from the correct rondeau form. But what a dainty little piece it is! how graceful, light, and witching! *Temple Bar.*

A BALLAD OF OLDE BOOKES.

They sing in the shadow lands far away,
 The meads and the valleys of Arcadie;
 Of haunts where the satyr and wood-nymph play,
 And of Pillars and Gates of Ivorie;
 But none of these pleasaunces seem to me
 A heaven of joy, for I'm growing old,
 And crave of Dame Fortune that I may be
 Where the second-hand books are bought and sold.
 My pulses beat high and my heart is gay
 At finding a date that begins MD—,
 On a sweet old 12mo whose leaves are gray
 With booky patina of ancientrie;
 And I kneel to the sage come o'er the sea
 That vandals may sell him for Yankee gold,
 And gladly I part with my hard-earned V,
 Where the second-hand books are bought and sold.

ENVOI.

Ah, Princess! these glories shall live when we
 Are dead, and our lifeblood has long run cold;
 For they are immortal, as you may see
 Where the second-hand books are bought and sold.
Edward Heron Allen.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S ASCETICISM.

During my week's sojourn at Yasnala Poliana Count Tolstoi did no manual toil. He had not made any shoes for some time, and although he proposed plowing the field of a peasant woman whose husband was in jail for bone stealing, he did not actually get between the stils. He really did not seem to have sufficient physical strength to do a long hard day's work. He was ailing, and, as he said, rejoicing in the consciousness that every day brought him near to death. We were all much concerned at the evident frailty of his constitution. The previous year, when he had hurt his foot against a cart-wheel, he had been laid up for months. This year he was far from well, but he refused to have any advice from a doctor. . . . The vegetarian regimen which he has adopted has done him no good. He was steadily

pressing forward along the ascetic path. Until last year he enjoyed the cigarette; now tobacco, like wine and fresh meat, is tabooed. The son smokes, but not the father. Meat is served at dinner and supper, but he contented himself with curds, spinach or vegetables. He still allowed himself tea, almost the only luxury left. *St. Petersburg Correspondent of St. Louis Republican.*

AN EVENING WITH DE QUINCEY.

The De Quinceys had lived some time in the Lake District of England, and naturally the conversation turned upon the famous poets, about whom the young ladies were quite as enthusiastic as myself. For a long time we had been discussing Wordsworth, Coleridge, and all the rest, when there glided noiselessly into the room, like a shadow, a little weird-looking old man, saffron-colored, with unkempt hair, dirty collar, long snuff-brown coat, feet sliding about in large India-rubber galoches, and extended to me a wee, fleshless hand, more like a bird-claw than "the prehensile organ of man's supremacy." The daughters seated him tenderly in one corner of a large arm-chair, where he sank almost out of sight. A few formal inquiries were made about men and things in America, beyond which there was little conversation. He spoke especially of Mr. Fields, very lovingly, for sending him a portion of the profits on the reprint of his books by the house of Ticknor & Fields, at a time when he sorely needed money. He soon settled down into a dreamy, half-waking doze, when conversation with the bright, agreeable young ladies, about the Lake Poets, was gladly resumed. * * *

At the close of the dinner, the ladies retired to the drawing-room, according to the stereotyped British custom, leaving De Quincey and myself alone. We drank a glass of wine together, and he discoursed a short time in a languid manner, mostly about the unlovely character of the Scotch. Excusing himself, he took from his vest pocket a pill of opium as large as a small hickory nut and swallowed it. Soon his large head began to waver on his small neck, and he laid it down on his thin arms folded over one corner of the table. On his invitation, I was glad to escape to the young ladies above. It had been publicly announced some time before that De Quincey had quit opium-eating, therefore I respected hospitality, and did not mention my experience till long after his death.

In the drawing-room we returned to our beloved Lake Poets with renewed zest. Time passed rapidly, and I was about to take my leave when again the little wierd old man glided noiselessly into the room. Again the daughters stowed him away in one corner of the large arm-chair. He soon dozed, and we went on with our romantic talk. Soon, however, the withered divinity showed signs of awakening, when one of the young ladies remarked that her father imitated the voice of Mr. Wordsworth so perfectly that intimate friends of both in the next room, or out of sight,

could not tell which was reading. Thereupon she took from a shelf a volume of Wordsworth's poetry, opened it at the "Ode on Immortality," and spread it out on the arm of the chair by her father's side. He rubbed his eyes and drawled his way through the poem everlastingly. I thought to myself if that was the way Wordsworth read, they were fortunate who never heard him.

As he closed the book a strange light seemed to glow through his eyes and illuminate his face. He began to talk with a voice that seemed to flow out of the unknown—low, mellifluous, ceaseless, filling one with awe. We listened almost breathless and soon found ourselves sitting on the floor at his feet, looking into his transfigured face like entranced children. On, on, he discoursed, as I have never heard mortal discourse before or since. If one could imagine all the wisdom, sentiment and learning to be crushed from De Quincey's many volumes of printed books, and to be poured out, a continuous stream, he might form some conception of that long discourse—how long we knew not. When the monologue ceased I looked at my watch and found it was three o'clock in the morning.

From "A Winding Journey Around the World."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG BOOK-HUNTER.

"Everywhere have I sought peace and found it nowhere," says the blessed Thomas á Kempis, "save in a corner with a book." Whether that good monk wrote the "De Imitatione Christi" or not, one always likes him for his love of books. Perhaps he was the only book-hunter that ever wrought a miracle. "Other signs and miracles which he was wont to tell as having happened at the prayer of an unnamed person, are believed to have been granted to his own, such as the sudden reappearance of a lost book in his cell." Ah, if Faith, that moveth mountains, could only bring back the books we have lost, the books that have been borrowed from us! But we are a faithless generation.

From a collector so much older and better experienced in misfortune than yourself, you ask for some advice on the sport of book-hunting. Well, I will give it; but you will not take it. No; you will hunt wild, like young pointers before they are properly broken.

Let me suppose that you are "to middle fortune born," and that you cannot stroll into the great book-marts and give your orders freely for all that is rich and rare. You are obliged to wait and watch an opportunity, to practise that maxim of the Stoic's, "Endure and abstain." Then abstain from rushing at every volume, however out of the line of your literary interests, which seems to be a bargain. Probably it is not even a bargain; it can seldom be cheap to you, if you do not need it, and do not mean to read it.

Not that any collector reads all his books. I may have, and indeed do possess, an Aldine Homer and

Caliergus his Theocritus; but I prefer to study the authors in a cheap German edition. The old editions we buy mainly for their beauty, and the sentiment of their antiquity and their associations.

But I don't take my own advice. The shelves are crowded with books quite out of my line—a whole small library of tomes on the pastime of curling, and I don't curl; and "God's Revenge against Murther," though (so far) I am not an assassin. Probably it was for love of Sir Walter Scott, and his mention of this truculent treatise, that I purchased it. The full title of it is "The Triumphs of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of (willful and premeditated) Murther." Or rather there is nearly a column more of title, which I spare you. But the pictures are so bad as to be nearly worth the price. Do not waste your money, like your foolish adviser, on books like that, or on "Les Sept Visions de Don Francisco de Quevedo," published at Cologne, in 1682.

Why in the world did I purchase this, with the title-page showing Quevedo asleep, and all his seven visions floating round him in little circles like soap-bubbles? Probably because the book was published by Clement Malassis, and perhaps he was a forefather of that whimsical Frenchman, Poulet Malassis, who published for Banville, and Baudelaire, and Charles Asselineau. It was a bad reason. More likely the mere cheapness attracted me.

Curiosity, not cheapness, assuredly, betrayed me into another purchase. If I want to read "The Pilgrim's Progress," of course I read it in John Bunyan's good English. Then why must I ruin myself to acquire "Voyaged'un Chrestien vers l'Eternité. Ecrit en Anglois, par Monsieur Bunjan, F. M., en Bedtfort, et nouvellement traduit en François. Avec Figures. A Amsterdam, chez Jean Boekholt, Libraire près de la Bourse, 1685?" I suppose this is the oldest French version of the famed allegory. Do you know an older? Bunyan was still living and, indeed, had just published the second part of his book, about Christian's wife and children, and the deplorable young woman whose name was Dull.

As the little volume, the Elzevir size, is bound in blue morocco, by Cuzin, I hope it is not wholly a foolish bargain; but what do I want, after all, with a French "Pilgrim's Progress?" These are the errors a man is always making who does not collect books with system, with a conscience and an aim.

Do have a specialty. Make a collection of works on few subjects, well chosen. And what subjects shall they be? That depends on taste. Probably it is well to avoid the latest fashion. For example, the illustrated French books of the eighteenth century are, at this moment, *en hausse*. There is a "boom" in them. Fifty years ago Brunet, the author of the great "Manuel," sneered at them. But, in his "Library Companion," Dr. Dibdin admitted their merit. The illustrations by Gravelot, Moreau, Marillier, and the rest, are certainly delicate, graceful, full of character,

stamped with style. But only the proofs before letters are very much valued, and for these wild prices are given by competitive millionaires. You cannot compete with them.

It is better wholly to turn the back on these books and on any others at the height of the fashion, unless you meet them for fourpence on a stall. Even then should a gentleman take advantage of a poor book-seller's ignorance? I don't know. I never fell into the temptation, because I never was tempted. Bargains, real bargains, are so rare that you may hunt for a lifetime and never meet one.

The best plan for a man who has to see that his collection is worth what it cost him, is probably to confine one's self to a single line, say, in your case, first editions of new English, French, and American books that are likely to rise in value. I would try, were I you, to collect first editions of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Poe, and Hawthorne.

As to Poe, you probably will never have a chance. Outside of the British Museum, where they have the "Tamerlane" of 1827, I have only seen one early example of Poe's poems. It is "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems, by Edgar A. Poe, Baltimore: Hatch and Dunning, 1829, 8vo., pp. 71." The book "came to Mr. Locker (Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson) through Mr. R. H. Stoddard, the American poet." So says Mr. Locker-Lampson's Catalogue. He also has the New York edition of 1831.

These books are extraordinarily rare; you are more likely to find them in some collection of twopenny rubbish than to buy them in the regular market. Bryant's "Poems" (Cambridge, 1821) must also be very rare, and Emerson's of 1847, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's of 1836, and Longfellow's "Voices of the Night," 1839, and Mr. Lowell's "A Year's Life;" none of these can be common, and all are desirable, as are Mr. Whittier's "Legends of New-England" (1831), and "Poems" (1838).

Perhaps you may never be lucky enough to come across them cheap; no doubt they are greatly sought for by amateurs. Indeed, all American books of a certain age or of a special interest are exorbitantly dear. Men like Mr. James Lenox used to keep the market up. One cannot get the Jesuit "Relations"—shabby little missionary reports from Canada, in dirty vellum.

Cartier, Perrot, Champlain, and the other early explorers' books are beyond the means of a working student who needs them. May you come across them in a garret of a farmhouse, or in some dusty lane of the city. Why are they not reprinted, as Mr. Arber has reprinted "Captain John Smith's Voyages, and Reports on Virginia?" The very reprints, when they have been made are rare and hard to come by.

There are certain modern books, new books, that "go up" rapidly in value and interest. Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta" of 1866, the quarto in white cloth, is valued at twenty dollars. Twenty years ago

one would have purchased it. Mr. Austin Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain" is also in demand among the curious. Nay, even I may say about the first edition of "Ballades in Blue China" (1880), as Gibbon said of his "Essay on the Study of Literature": "The primitive value of half a crown has risen to the fanciful price of a guinea or thirty shillings," or even more. I wish I had a copy myself, for old sake's sake.

Certain modern books, "on large paper," are safe investments. The "Badminton Library," an English series of books on sport, is at a huge premium already, when on "large paper." But one should never buy the book unless, as in the case of Dr. John Hill Burton's "Book-Hunter" (first edition), it is not only on large paper, and not only rare (twenty-five copies), but also readable and interesting. A collector should have the taste to see when a new book is in itself valuable and charming, and when its author is likely to succeed, so that his early attempts (as in the case of Mr. Matthew Arnold, Lord Tennyson, and a few others of the moderns) are certain to become things of curious interest.

You can hardly ever get a novel of Jane Austen's in the first edition. She is rarer than Fielding or Smollett. Some day it may be the same in Miss Broughton's case. Cling to the fair and witty Jane, if you get a chance. Beware of illustrated modern books in which "processes" are employed. Amateurs will never really value mechanical reproductions, which can be copied to any extent. The old French copper-plate engravings and the best English mezzotints are so valuable because good impressions are necessarily so rare.

One more piece of advice. Never (or "hardly ever") buy an imperfect book. It is a constant source of regret, an eyesore. Here have I Lovelace's "Lucasta," 1649, *without the engraving*. It is deplorable, but I never had a chance of another "Lucasta." This is not a case of *invenies aliam*. However you fare, you will have the pleasure of Hope and the consolation of books *quietem inveniendam in abditis recessibus et libellulis*.

From "Letters on Literature," by Andrew Lang.

MR. STOCKTON'S ANCESTRY.

An error in regard to Frank R. Stockton's ancestry crept into the sketch in March BOOK NEWS. Mr. Stockton, in correcting it writes: "I am not descended from Richard Stockton, 'the signer.' His great grandfather, the first Richard Stockton, who came to Springfield, Burlington County, New Jersey, in 1680, was my great-great-great grandfather; but the signer belonged to the Princeton branch of the family, and I belong to the Burlington branch."

—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has written a story of life in the lumber regions entitled "Far in the Forest."

REVIEWS.

AFLOAT.

(*SUR L'EAU.*) By Guy de Maupassant. With illustrations by Riou. Translated by Laura Ensor. 8vo, half leather, uniform in binding with Daudet's works, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.73; paper, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

Henry James has already told us, in his delightfully persuasive manner, something about Guy de Maupassant; the character, limitations, and directions of his art from the point of view of the French realistic school. There is just published a very good translation of a book that will serve to bring English readers



Geo. Routledge & Sons.

From "Afloat."

in a little closer touch with this author. The title is "Afloat," the original being "*Sur l'Eau.*" M. de Maupassant himself characterizes it as a simple record of what he saw and what he thought during a two weeks' yachting cruise along the shore of the Mediterranean. The philosophy that underlies these summer-day musings touches no very deep note. The author is content for the most part to recall scenes and people that have left their impression upon him; and these he pictures with remarkable crispness and vitality. Life makes its appeal to him almost wholly through the senses, there being numerous pages here that throw a good deal of light upon the acuteness, especially, of his sense of smell. Many things that are hideous and ugly are recalled in all their details, but the book scarcely touches the most

characteristic side of M. de Maupassant's peculiar talent, that which concerns itself with man's baser appetites. Many of the descriptions of the changing aspects of the sea and sky are charming, showing the keenness of the author's visual sense. The volume is copiously illustrated. *Book Buyer.*

PORTFOLIO PAPERS.

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, editor of *The Portfolio*, author of "Etching and Etchers," etc. With portrait of the author etched from the life by Henri Manesse. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

Mr. Hamerton's latest book shows all the qualities of his former work. The placid good sense, the absence of exaggeration, the clearness and precision of statement, and the capacity for saying simple things, that have made him the first of English-speaking critics of art, are all as marked as ever. The last of these qualities seems to us the rarest of all. Mr. Hamerton never takes anything for granted, never assumes a knowledge in his reader which he may not possess. He has a wonderful gift of understanding ignorance, and, at the risk of seeming tedious or superfluous to the initiated, explains clearly and simply, in language to be understood of all, things that most artists and critics have known so long that they have half forgotten them, or have, at least forgotten that all the world is not as wise as they. This is the essence of all teaching, and when combined, as it is here, with a wide practical and theoretical knowledge of the subject to be taught, and with a clear brain and an unbiassed judgment, it gives us the ideal teacher. It would hardly be too much to say that Mr. Hamerton has done more for the education in sound ideas of art of the English-speaking public than all others critics together.

The present volume is not as important as some that have preceded it, being, as the title indicates, a collection of miscellaneous papers from the *Portfolio*. It is divided into four parts—Notices of Artists, Notes on *Æsthetics*, Essays, and Conversations. The Notices of Artists are five in number, and deal with Constable, Etty, Chintreuil, Guignet, and Goya. That on Constable contains, as a matter of course, the old anecdote about Sir George Beaumont's "brown tree," and Constable's remark that he did not find it difficult to determine where to place it, as he "never put such a thing into a picture." After looking at his pictures now in the Metropolitan Museum, one wonders whether they were painted before this conversation, or whether the story is apocryphal. Or is it that our standard of brownness has changed, and that these trees were green in comparison with those of Sir George? Possibly the color is much changed with age.

The paper on Goya is the most interesting of the five, but here Mr. Hamerton shows that if he is the best of British critics, he is still British, and not quite exempt from insularity.

Something like racial bias crops out again in the notes on *Æsthetics*, in discussing idiosyncrasy, where he says. "In the fine arts we owe to idiosyncrasy that charm of infinite variety which so vastly increases the interest of our exhibitions. This variety has been greater in England than elsewhere, because our artists *have been less moulded by a common system of authoritative education* than the artists of the Continent, and also because Englishmen have a natural turn for the development of individual peculiarities." And again, "The moral of all this is, that we can hardly be too careful to preserve so precious a thing as the inborn quality of a person." Of course this is perfectly true, and of course Mr. Hamerton is not indifferent to the value of education; yet one receives somehow an impression that he has little sympathy with the classical ideal of an impersonal art, perfect in itself, which is at the foundation of academical training and which has so generally prevailed among the Latin races. There is a slight, a very slight, trace of the same natural bias in favor of the individual, rather than the impersonal, later in the volume, in the sound and admirable essay on "Style." It would be strange indeed if a critic were absolutely without any of the prejudices of his race and country, and these slight instances are only rendered conspicuous by our author's habitual breadth of view. * * *

The volume contains, besides that on "Style" already mentioned, short essays on "Soul and Matter in the Fine Arts," on "The Nature of the Fine Arts," and on the question, "Can Science help Art?" and concludes with some imaginary "Conversations" between an artist, a critic, a poet, and a scientist, on the subject of book illustration. These, while they contain a great deal of truth, are perhaps the least valuable part of the book.

There is only a very meagre table of contents, and the proof-reading has been poor, and printer's errors are rather abundant.

Nation.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

TO INDIA AND AUSTRALIA IN THE "SUNBEAM." By the late Lady Brassey. Illustrated by R. T. Pritchett and from photographs. 8vo, \$4.50. by mail, \$4.78.

Lady Brassey's literary celebrity was won at a stroke by the publication of the diary kept by her during the eleven months' cruise of the yacht "Sunbeam"; and though won by means of simple and natural merits, her artless way of impressing on her book as she wrote something of the charm of her own sweet, intelligent and fascinating personality, had a great deal to do with it. Her husband, Sir Thomas Brassey, is an English Liberal, son of the great railroad contractor of the same name, a peer since 1886, one of the Lords of Admiralty or Marine Secretary, and a writer on naval topics and on "Coöperation" and "Work and Wages." Lady Brassey died and was buried at sea in the course of a final voyage on the "Sunbeam," September 10, 1887. The voyage had

already extended from England to Bombay, around Ceylon to Rangoon, down the Malacca Peninsula to Singapore, around the north and west shore of Borneo to Macassar, and around the whole coast of Australia by Torres Strait to Port Darwin on the north coast of Australia. It had brought her into connection with a great deal that was of the highest interest in connection with the natural scenery, the social and political life of these countries in the new civilization and education which were springing up among them and with the new Christianity, in which she felt the deep interest of a truly devout believer. The volume is prepared for



the press from Lady Brassey's journals by the same person who was engaged in a similar service for the diary of the former cruise of the "Sunbeam" — M.A. Broome. The volume is printed handsomely and expensively, and enriched with illustrations made from original drawings and photographs on the

spot. It contains also the touching and really noble sketch of Lady Brassey's life, written by Lord Brassey for his children a few days after her death and burial at sea. The volume is not unlike the former, and will, no doubt, attain even a wider reading than that did. Its best effect, however, will be to keep alive the memory of a woman who, by the breadth of her sympathies and her endless and efficient coöperation in all sorts of benevolent enterprise, earned for herself a name worthy to be enrolled with those of Caroline Fry and Florence Nightingale.

Stowing Foretopsail.

From "The Last Voyage of the Sunbeam." Longmans, Green and Co.

THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON, THE NATIONAL CAPITAL. By Charles Burr Todd, author of "The Story of the City of New York." Great Cities of the Republic series. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.53.

Mr. Todd has accomplished a rather difficult task in a manner that calls for decided praise. He avoids the Scylla of carping criticism and he does not fall into the Charybdis of ultra-patriotism. Washington, like all other cities, has its faults, and Mr. Todd does not seek to extenuate them; but he prefers, and rightly, to dwell upon the noble and dignified elements in its history, that he may arouse the affection rather than the distrust of his readers, many of whom will be youths and maidens. It ought never to be forgotten that Washington is and has always been in some manner an index of national character. There is the focus where all the currents of the times, both good and evil, centre and leave their impress, and this being so, American citizens of all classes should have an immediate interest in the city's welfare. Such an interest Mr. Todd's book is admirably fitted to incite and foster, for it is not only a guide-book and a very practicable one at that, but a history as well. The story of the founding of the city and its early development is as romantic as any old-world legend, and Mr. Todd has not failed to do it justice. The growth of the city is traced, and along with it we have bright sketches of the noteworthy events that occurred within its precincts. The successive administrations are depicted largely through quotations from contemporary observers, and the variations in social life are brilliantly set forth. The early compromise that settled upon the banks of the Potomac as the site of the historical city, the conflicting plans, the magnificent intentions, the final laying of the corner-stone, then the arrival "one Indian summer day in October, 1800," of the packet-sloop bearing the American government and its fortunes, the days of Jeffersonian simplicity, the occupation and retreat of the British, the battles of the giants that preceded the out-break of the war, the war itself with Lincoln as the central and heroic figure, the grand review when the federal

armies marched home and into history—all these events occupy Mr. Todd's attention through perhaps a half of the volume. Then comes the renaissance under the misjudged zeal of Alexander Shepherd, who did for Washington what Baron Haussmann did for Paris—found it brick and left it marble. From this point on Mr. Todd is concerned with the modern city, and he devotes himself to giving satisfactory



Residence of George Bancroft.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

From "The Story of Washington."

accounts of all the great public buildings, the various departments, as well as public institutions, churches, public schools, while he has chapters on Washington journalism, suburban Washington, and recent social phases. Six appendixes are filled with statistics, and to crown all there is a good index. Mr. Todd's style is always agreeable, for it is never over-rhetorical, and yet it is never dry. There are many illustrations and most of them are well done. *Boston Beacon.*

LIVES OF THE FATHERS.

SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY IN BIOGRAPHY, by Frederick W. Farrar, D. D., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. \$3.75; by mail, \$4.08.

Archdeacon Farrar is equally strong as a theologian and a historian. As a writer of English he is a master scarcely surpassed by any contemporary. His style is at its best when his subject relates to ecclesiastical history, and in this the newest of his works he is as vigorous as Gibbon, without his prejudices, and as picturesque as Macaulay, without his mannerisms. His own faith in pure Christianity has made him a devout student of the early Church, and it has filled him with the inspiration needed to write of its great historical characters. The biographies of those famous teachers known as the Fathers and the Teachers—*Patres* and *Doctores*—are told in these volumes in a manner that makes them clear to the reader and not mere shadowy, almost mythical or fabulous beings, as they are apt to appear to the average Christian reader. Dr. Farrar



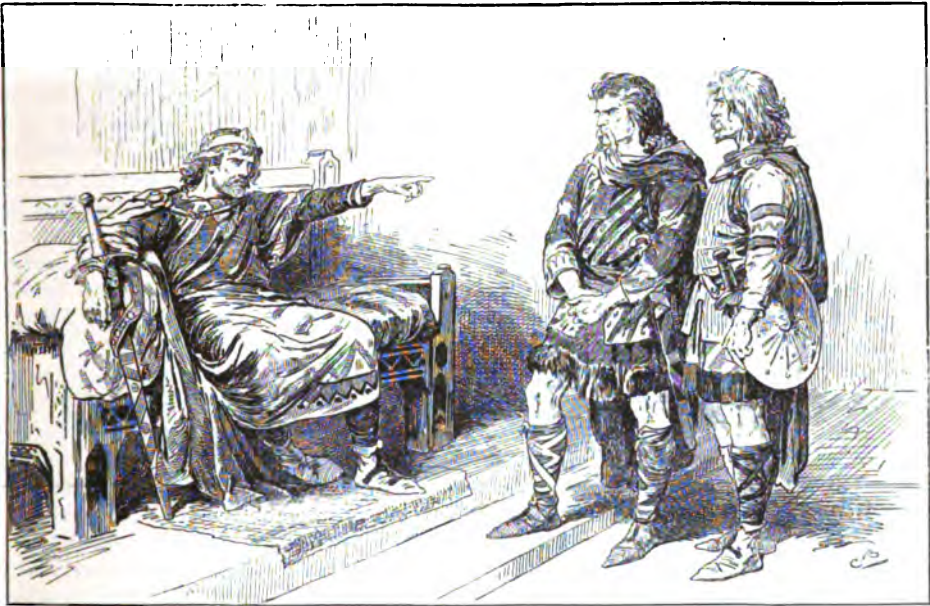
Washington, about 1800.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

From "The Story of Washington."

speaks of his work merely as sketching. A sketch being often more impressive than a great and highly wrought picture, these of the saints of the transition period in Rome, from Paganism to Christianity, are better for popular use than any of the more elaborate histories, comparison with which is deprecated in the modest preface of the author.

Although duly canonized, these Fathers were not, through all their lives, of saintly purity. In fact, some of them were dreadfully immoral in parts of their lives. As they advanced in years and understanding they became exemplars of Christian sanctity and purity, shining with a divine lustre amid the confusion of the fall of Paganism and the wreck of the Empire in Rome and in Constantinople. Dr. Farrar does not hide their early vices nor over-rate their



Scribner and Welford.

Macb. "Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy."—(Act iii, 1, 114, 115.)

From Vol. V.
The Henry Irving Shakespeare.

virtues, their wisdom and their learning. He tells a candid story of each of them, and he brings before us almost as real, substantial men, the noble figures of Ignatius, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Cyprian, Jerome, Augustine, Chrysostom and other men who were near to Christ's own time and were among the wisest, bravest and most zealous teachers of His noble gospel. If this journal were capacious enough there are many passages of Archdeacon Farrar's book that could be quoted in it. But this would be doing an injustice to it and its author. Although made up of separate biographies and not presented as a continuous history, there is a sequence in the narrative that forbids its division for the sake of showing samples of it. The greatest pleasure and the greatest instruction can be obtained only in reading it straight through, without any "skips." Indeed most thoughtful readers will find it hard to lay aside after once beginning its perusal.

Philadelphia Bulletin,

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. With notes and introductions to each play by F. A. Marshall and other Shakespearian scholars, and numerous illustrations by Gordon Browne. Vol. V., *The Henry Irving Shakespeare.* 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.52.

In the prefatory note to the fifth volume the editor, F. A. Marshall, pays a graceful tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, whose advice was often asked in reference to disputed points. It was the intention of the editor to include "Hamlet" in this volume, but by an accident this was made impossible. The readers are, however, the gainers, if anything, for "Macbeth" is substituted for it, and the widespread present interest in this play which the revivals of Mr. Irving and Mrs. Langtry have aroused

will direct special attention to this version of the tragedy which has been prepared for reading and for dramatic representation by Mr. Irving himself. Beside "Macbeth," the volume contains "All's Well that Ends Well," "Julius Cæsar," "Measure for Measure," and "Troilus and Cressida." The notes and introductions to the plays, covering the literary and stage histories, and including also critical remarks, are by H. A. Evans, Oscar Fay Adams, of Boston; Arthur Symonds, A. Wilson Verity, and the editor. Gordon Browne's illustrations accentuate the popular character of the edition.

Book Buyer.

—Dodd, Mead & Co., have in preparation the letters and diaries of Emin Pasha, which, besides containing matter of interest as biography, relate largely to the author's scientific investigations. The volume has for an introduction a biographical sketch of Emin, with two portraits, one of them recent.

JAPAN IN ART AND TRADE.

THE INDUSTRIES OF JAPAN. Together with an account of its agriculture, forestry, arts, and commerce. From travels and researches undertaken at the cost of the Prussian Government. By J. J. Rein. With forty-four illustrations and three maps. 4to, \$8.00; by mail, \$8.34.

There is a great deal, a vast deal of information packed into its 556 pages. An index of Japanese names and another of Latin and English are appended, together with three maps to show the distribution over Japan of the various mines and useful trees. Colored and uncolored photographs, woodcuts, tables of statistics, everything of the kind that makes the "average reader" grit his teeth, are paraded with the simple air of the German Professor, who thinks he is doing the world a service by telling them to the best of his ability all the facts he has collected by study of books and study of the land which have to do with one of the most interesting peoples in the world.

Herr Professor Rein separates his weighty material into four parts, leaving trade and commerce, with money, weights and measures, international and general economic questions to the fourth and last section, together with tables of trade statistics. The first part investigates agriculture and forestry with the industries immediately depending on agriculture. The second deals with the mines of Japan. The third and longest takes up art industry and related occupations. This part will prove the most interesting to those who have learned to admire the Japanese through the amiable sin of collecting bric-à-brac, for it gives, as nowhere else so fully, an account of the materials which enter into these beautiful, or picturesque, or grotesque objects, the places where they are made, and the methods used by their makers. * * *

Three periods are distinguished by this writer as those in which the Japanese made particular impression on our arts, namely, the Portuguese, Dutch, and modern periods. The Portuguese had exclusive trade privileges during the last half of the sixteenth century, (1550-1600.) St. Francis Xavier and the Jesuits introduced Christianity at that time; in 1582 there were Christian Princes on the island of Kiushiu who sent presents to the Pope. Strangely enough, Prof. Rein has been unable to find in Portugal or Spain any traces of this intercourse, neither could he learn of objects of that period preserved at Rome. The Jesuits were banished about 1610 and Christianity was stamped out. From 1624 to 1854 Holland was the tolerated barbarian nation whose merchants submitted to the most annoying treatment in order to keep the monopoly of Japan's trade with Europe.

Almost alone in Europe, Delft was influenced by the ceramic art of the island, its chief potters in faience imitating porcelain as well as they could, and reproducing colors, forms, and decorative designs after a fashion. As porcelain was better understood. Chinese patterns were followed at the Dresden and Sèvres factories; afterward these factories became independent

of all but a few decorative designs. But it is during the last two decades that Europe, especially France and England, have been profoundly influenced by Japan, more particularly in ceramics. In the Paris Exposition ten years ago there were terra cottas, faience, and porcelains directly imitated; painters on porcelain made copies of Japanese painting. Barbédienne of Paris showed bronzes with enamels imbedded, Japanese cloisonné enamels, and the well-known effects of bronze birds, plants, fruits in relief on bronze articles. Christofle imitated Japan in gold work, engraved and enameled. The same thing was seen among the British exhibitors of gold and silver work, porcelain and faience, while Tiffany & Co., of New York, won special notice for their Japanese silverware with engraved and partly relieved birds, fish, plants, etc.

On this theme we may listen to a generalization by Prof. Rein as follows: The Japanese combine with their artistic skill not only a great imitative faculty, but also much inventive power where small art conceptions and surprising effects are concerned. The inventive spirit of the American is a speculative one, directed to the devising of useful working material and contrivances, some of which are known in England and America as Yankee notions. The Japanese, however, invent little artistic trifles instead. In the one case the spur to invention is the lightening of hand labor by substitution of other means. Here it is the joy of artistic creation without any reckoning of the material benefit to be gained.

Herr Rein reviews briefly, one may say with tantalizing briefness, the introduction of the fine arts into Japan with Buddhism, not entering at all into vexed archæological problems concerning the finds which are supposed to represent native art before Buddhism arrived; the development of feudalism under the Tokugawa family, 1600 to 1868, its ruin at that date, and with it the ruin of the Daimios, patrons of the fine arts; then the debased work prepared for Europe and North America, and the fear that art was vanishing; finally the growth of connoisseurship and improvement, very recently, in the output of Japanese artisans.

Special attention has been paid by Herr Rein to lacquer work, which is certainly one of the most distinctly national arts and has been practiced for centuries with marvelous results. Connoisseurs of lacquer are rarer in Europe and America than those who are well posted on porcelains. In Japan the amateurs go to great lengths in this mania. The artisans, by the way, are subject to a very annoying skin disease when at work lacquering. The lac containing a poison which is fortunately very volatile and escapes easily. Artisans always turn aside their faces when they open a box in which this material has been kept. It is not a colic, like painters's colic, but rash that sometimes increases to boils. Thanks to the good oil lithographs of Werner and Winter, Frankfurt, a number of typical lacquers are counterfeited for the

volume with no small skill, also an embroidery pattern that looks as if the threads were in relief. The piece of Japanese leather paper fixed to a blank page (plate XIV.) appears to be a square of the veritable paper which we know so well in New York. The water color prints by Engelman of Leipzig for plates XIX. to XXIV. give a fair idea of Arita Porcelain, old Satsuma stoneware, Kaga porcelain, enameled cloisonné on copper, and Banko ware from Yokkaichi. It must be remembered that only one part of the volume is devoted to the industrial arts of Japan, other industries having full consideration, such as the silkworm cultivation, food plants, tea, tobacco, and so on. If Herr Rein has not produced a work which will lie on the parlor table to while away an hour of leisure, he can be certain of a place in every library well stocked with works on the East, where it will be a capital work of reference, without having the dryness ordinarily meant by that term.

New York Times.

SCHOULER'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION. By James Schouler. Vol. IV. 1831-1847. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

Deals with one of the most memorable epochs intervening between the war of 1812 and the war of the Rebellion. It covers a part of Jackson's first Administration, his second term in office, the Presidential careers of Van Buren, Harrison, and Tyler, and a large part of Polk's Administration. Among the events discussed by the author in these pages may be particularly mentioned the nullifying ordinance passed by South Carolina and Jackson's firm assertion of the national authority; the withdrawal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States; the financial crisis and crash of 1837; Tyler's veto of the National Bank bill; the settlement of the northeastern boundary; the Oregon treaty; the annexation of Texas, and the war with Mexico. Each of these topics is treated by Mr. Schouler with a thoroughness and impartiality unequalled in any earlier work professing to traverse the whole or a part of the same field. When we say, however, that the author is free from bias, the words require, perhaps, some qualification. They certainly are not synonymous with a cynical indifference. "It is not," says the author in his preface, "in my nature to be impartial as between right and wrong, honorable and dishonorable public conduct. All men and all political parties, however, I have constantly sought to interpret by the atmosphere of their times." The desire to be just is especially conspicuous in the estimates of the ability and character of public men, and the most interesting sections of the book are those in which the author sums up his impressions of Jackson, Calhoun, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, and Polk. As it is still the fashion in some quarters to underrate all of the public men

just mentioned, with the exception of Calhoun, the reader may like to see in what an appreciative, kindly and respectful spirit Mr. Schouler writes of them.

* * * * *

Mr. Schouler's book will take rank in the small number of enduring and authoritative histories of the United States. To some extent he traverses the same field as Hildreth, but he is free from the partisan bias which renders some of Hildreth's estimates misleading and exasperating. Mr. Schouler's point of view is that of a war Democrat—that which would have been taken by Silas Wright had he lived to witness the war of the rebellion. It is, we think, the best point of view conceivable for an impartial historian.

N. Y. Sun.

O'CONNELL'S LETTERS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE LIBERATOR. Edited, with notes of his life and times, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F. S. A. In two volumes. With portrait. 8vo, \$7.20; by mail, \$7.62.

Orators who make no attempt at perfection of form, or who do not, like Burke, deal with the philosophy of politics, are soon forgotten in our day. This generation, both in the United States and in Great Britain, knows so little about Daniel O'Connell that it is difficult to believe that it was of him that even Greville, the keen and somewhat cynical contemporaneous observer, said in his Memoirs, "History will speak of him as one of the most remarkable men who ever existed; he will fill a great space in its pages. His position was unique; there never was before, and there never will be again, anything at all resembling it."

To understand the impression O'Connell made on his contemporaries, and the large space he filled in English politics between 1829 and 1843, one has to remember two things. The first is, that before his day the popular orator, the man who swayed vast audiences by mere eloquence, was unknown in England. Before the passage of the Reform Bill, the only oratory known to Englishmen was the oratory of Parliament, of the bar, and of the pulpit. The great politicians of the eighteenth century and of the early part of the nineteenth—Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Grattan, Canning, Windham—made their mark in Parliament only. The machinery of agitation, which plays so large a part in the politics of our day, had not been thought of. Large meetings held to criticise the Government were almost unknown. Attacks on the established order of things were made on paper, mostly in pamphlets, and were answered in pamphlets. Defoe, Wilkes, and "Junius" furnished the type of non-parliamentary defenders of the people against the abuses of power. Moreover, the voters were so small a body that great assemblages composed of them were hardly possible in any part of the country. A large public meeting, if held, would necessarily have consisted in the main of non-voters.

who passed in the political nomenclature of that day as "the mob," whom it would have been undignified for a statesman to listen to or address. The appearance of O'Connell in an arena of this sort, with a huge crowd of followers behind him clamoring for rights denied them by the Constitution, and swayed by his eloquence to an extent which, to the phlegmatic English temper, seemed incomprehensible, was a very startling phenomenon. Nothing of the kind had been witnessed in English political history, and it excited mingled astonishment and indignation among the ruling classes.

The second thing is, that O'Connell may be said to have introduced the Irish people to the modern political world. Englishmen knew something of the Protestant Anglo-Irish gentry, who had achieved parliamentary independence under Grattan and Flood, sent members to the English House of Commons after the Union, furnished officers in considerable numbers to the army, and figured in London and at Bath as adventurers, fortune-hunters, and duellists; but of the Irish Catholics, forming the bulk of the Irish people, they may be said to have known nothing—indeed, they were hardly aware of their existence. Nor was this surprising when we remember how little the real Irish were known to their Protestant countrymen.

* * *

O'Connell's private correspondence with his family and friends, now for the first time published, will furnish a very complete defence of his memory against the charge of insincerity and self-seeking so freely made against him by the English press in his lifetime. They abound with proofs and illustrations of his single-mindedness and independence. They show, to begin with, that he was, during his whole public life, laboring under pecuniary difficulties caused by early imprudence in endorsing notes for friends—a folly which the exuberant generosity of his nature seemed to make natural. His earnings at the bar from the very first were extraordinary for a young man in a poor country. During the remainder of his career they might have had no limit except what was imposed by his physical ability. But, although he drew but a small income from an hereditary estate in Kerry, and had a large family to provide for, he completely neglected his professional business for politics, and bore the total expense, then very considerable, of numerous contested elections, not only his own, but those of brothers and friends enlisted in the same cause with himself. He was most generous with his purse as well as with his professional services; and if he had not had, in a certain Mr. Fitzpatrick—a business man in Dublin to whom a very large proportion of the letters in the present volumes are addressed—a devoted friend, who looked after his financial affairs for him with untiring assiduity, he would probably have come to serious grief before his career was half over. * * *

The exuberance and impetuosity, and one may say recklessness, of O'Connell's temperament are brought

out more clearly in his letters than in his speeches. Everything in his character overflows—his affection for his family, his devotion to the Catholic Church and to the Irish cause, his hatred of his enemies, his gratitude to supporters, and his fidelity to friends. There is a vein of exaggeration in all his political writing and talking. His eulogies and his abuse are both fervid to the last degree. All the traits ascribed by ethnologists to the typical Celt were produced in greater or less fulness at every stage in his career, and they were made the more prominent by the fact that he was not only a Celt, but a Celt all aflame with the passion of a great struggle, who felt that the fortunes of a downtrodden race depended on his tongue. That there was, too, as there often is in Celtic heat, a good deal of method in his heat, there is little doubt. He came early to the conclusion on which his successors in Irish agitation have continued to act, that the best way to get the ear of Englishmen about matters which do not concern them personally is to shock them, to offend their sense of propriety, to alarm them about their persons and their property, and make them believe that they are dealing, not simply with ruffians, but with dangerous ruffians.

That O'Connell produced some such impression as this on English opinion, in spite of his belief in, and enjoyment of peaceful agitation and his real horror of violence, there is, unhappily, little question. Its effect in separating him from Englishmen of whose sympathy with him in Irish matters he could feel sure, is curiously illustrated in a passage of Richard Cobden's diary, reproduced in John Morley's biography of the great apostle of free trade. O'Connell supported the free-trade cause steadily from the beginning. He opposed the Corn Bill of 1815, and stood by the Anti-Corn-Law League from 1838 down to its triumph in 1846. He had rendered the same service to every good cause of his day, including the anti-slavery cause in the British West Indies and the United States; and yet here is what Cobden says of him in 1848, when explaining his own silence on Irish questions in the House of Commons:

"I found the populace of Ireland represented in the House by a body of men, with O'Connell at their head, with whom I could feel no more sympathy or identity than with people whose language I did not understand. In fact, *morally*, I felt a complete antagonism and repulsion towards them. O'Connell always treated me with friendly attention, but I never shook hands with him or faced his smile without a feeling of insecurity; and as for trusting him on any public question where his vanity or his passions might interpose, I should as soon have thought of an alliance with an Ashantee chief."

This passage probably throws more light on the question of "Home Rule" than any other of equal length in recent political literature. O'Connell's private letters fortify the proofs afforded by his public career that Cobden was absolutely unjust to him, that he not only did not understand the Irish tempera-

ment, but was incapable of doing so; and yet Cobden was an unusually candid, fair-minded, well-meaning Englishman. O'Connell's letters show that he was really a valuable and perfectly trustworthy ally in every good cause, provided it did not interfere with his service to Ireland; that he was, for his time, a man of unusual political light and liberality; that his devotion to the Irish cause was sincere, and was marked from first to last by self-sacrifice, and was maintained under considerable private trials and difficulties. And yet, here is an Englishman of the very best class who avows that he could not sit comfortably in political council with him, owing to prejudice against his looks and manners. Could there be a stronger argument in favor of some sort of separation, be it little or great, between the legislatures of the two countries?

Nation.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

By the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent."
12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

One is prompted afresh, on laying down her latest romance, to ask concerning the author of "Margaret Kent" the now proverbial question, "Où diable trouve-t-elle ce style-là?" It is a literary phenomenon, indeed, to find a novelist, who for less than a decade has been known to the world of letters, mistress of a style so richly unusual as that displayed by her present novel as by its predecessors, a style Gallic in its flexibility and lightness of touch, Saxon in its pervasive humor and quite *sui generis* in a sort of mellow brilliancy such as, to draw comparison from a sister art, one associates with the canvases of Claude Lorraine. It is a style paralleled by the work of but few American writers of fiction, and surpassed, perhaps, by only one; and the author of "Marjorie Daw" gives us but such infrequent taste of his perfection?

It is of the style which the critic naturally speaks first when called upon to discuss Mrs. Kirke's latest romance; for it is, after all, by its style that he finds himself most permanently impressed. It yields no especially new thought, ethical or otherwise; it throws no new light on the problems or even the customs of society; it helps us to the making of but few new friends, for it must be confessed that of the folk to whom it introduces us, few are very warmly likable. In spite of which the reader must be insensible to charm who can lay down the romance leaving a page unread.

Boston Transcript.

"A Daughter of Eve" strikes us, on the whole, as the least successful of the novels produced by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." It is in no sense a correct picture of fashionable society in New York. Mrs. Barrymore, the underbred, impecunious, and managing mother-in-law, is simply a gross caricature of a type of character which English satirists have employed with more or less success. No such woman

would be tolerated in any cultivated society. Her daughter, Olive Litchfield, the petted wife of a husband many years her senior, is, on the other hand, a clever study in social life. Naturally generous and amiable, and capable at times of genuine emotion, she is also vain, irresolute, selfish, and so wedded to worldly comforts and pleasures that she degenerates into a weak, contemptible woman, the prey of an overbearing mother and of every flatterer who panders to her tastes or prejudices. She is an example of a class unhappily only too numerous in artificially constructed communities. Her sister, Patty Barrymore, is a clever sketch of a society girl, who just escapes being interesting. We find nothing especially original in the other characters of the story. The good ones are very, very good, and the bad ones are sometimes ludicrously exaggerated. The denouement, which describes the breaking of the will of Daniel Litchfield, a thoroughly sane man, on the ground of mental imbecility, seems childish in view of the records of the administration of justice by courts of probate at the present day.

N. Y. Sun.

ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE.

ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES, (XIV CENTURY.) By J. Jusserand. Translated from the French by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Illustrated, 8vo. \$4.80, by mail, \$5.00.

In this volume M. Jusserand describes the conditions under which our forefathers traveled in the fourteenth century, and the people who were most often to be met with on the roads. He has treated his subject so pleasantly that his book, when once opened, will not readily be laid aside until the last page has been reached, and he has not been content to give his readers anything short of a picture which, as far as it goes, appears to us to be minutely accurate. Nor does he ask them to accept his presentment without enabling them to judge of its value for themselves. While Chaucer has of course afforded him much help, he has collected materials from many sources, from satires, Year Books, the documents contained in the *Fœdera*, and especially from the Rolls of Parliament; his footnotes are full of references stated in a clear and scholarly fashion, and several *pieces justificatives* are given in a series of appendixes. In this translation considerable additions have been made to the work as it first appeared in French, and the whole has been thoroughly revised, a task in which the author has, as he informs us, and as we can readily understand, been much assisted by the knowledge and industry of his translator, Miss L. Toulmin Smith. The translation exhibits a laudable desire to keep as closely as possible to the original, and though here and there it reads a little stiffly, and more license might with advantage have been taken as regards idiom, it is on the whole satisfactory. If we point out one slip in grammar—"who did they regret?" (p. 183), it is not for the purpose of finding fault, to but be able to say

that, with this single exception, the English text is free from all signs of carelessness. The volume is profusely and beautifully illustrated, chiefly with designs taken from various manuscripts. M. Jusserand divides his work into three parts, describing in the first the means of traveling, and in the second and third the persons, secular and religious, who traveled most constantly. Mediæval roads are very slightly dealt with; indeed, the subject can scarcely be treated as it deserves, except by one who, along with our author's acquaintance with written authorities, has a tolerably intimate knowledge of the country. Ancient causeways, fords, and the methods of constructing roads in marshy districts—a wonderful example is to be seen near Glastonbury—should all have been discussed here. As it is, our loss with respect to these matters is in a measure balanced by an excellent account of mediæval bridges. Most famous of these, of course, was London Bridge, the work partly of Peter Colechurch, "priest and chaplain," and, after his death, of Isembert, "Master of the Saintes schools," who had already given proof of his powers by building the bridges of La Rochelle and of Saintes, and who was brought over from France by King John to complete Peter's undertaking. High, too, among English bridges stood, and happily still stands, Hugh of Clopton's noble bridge of fifteen arches at Stratford-on-Avon, which, by the way, belongs to the closing years of the fifteenth century. Much interesting information is given as to the manner in which works of this sort were usually carried out, the means employed to secure their maintenance, and the religious character which was attached to them. Carriages, carts, and horse-litters are next described, and a lively bit of word-painting represents the combination of luxury and discomfort experienced by the occupants of such combrous machines as the carriage of Lady Eleanor, the sister of Edward III., which cost the enormous sum of 1,000*l.*, then equal to an "herd of 1,600 oxen." People of the upper class generally travelled on horseback, and until the end of the century ladies habitually rode astride. A crowd of amusing extracts illustrate how little comfort ordinary travellers met with on a journey; the very poor were received in monasteries, and so, too, were great folk, who were also welcome guests at the castles of the nobles; but people of the middle rank had, for the most part, to be content with the miserable accommodation afforded by inns. As regards the security of the roads, M. Jusserand, while warning his readers not to accept the exaggerated pictures to be found in romances, which represents "brigands in every thicket, a hanged man at every branch, and robber lords settled along every stream," points out that travellers were liable to "the unexpected," in the shape sometimes of organized bands of brigands, and sometimes of single robbers, and that the system of sanctuary, about which he has collected some curious facts, was a continual encouragement to crime.

Along the roads there passed continually a vast number of persons who were more or less wayfarers by profession. Of these and of their various pursuits M. Jusserand gives a series of very pleasant and carefully-drawn sketches. He shows us the herbalist standing on the village green and bawling the praises of his herbs and ointments into the ears of a gaping crowd; the minstrels who furnished entertainment to the rich, and who, such was the degeneracy of the times, were in the fourteenth century in the habit of reading their verses aloud instead of singing them; the jugglers and the female tumblers, whose favorite feat appears to have been dancing in the fashion affected by Hippocleides. Many wayfarers, too, travelled on serious business. All great men kept messengers to carry letters and parcels; Edward III. had twelve of them with a fixed salary; they "received threepence a day when they were on the road, and four shillings and eightpence a year to buy shoes." Merchants, though not professional travelers, were constantly journeying to different fairs, and such of them as were below the class of merchant princes like Whittington and Canynge—the elder and less famous of the two William Canynge belongs to this century—were to be "met about the roads almost as much as their poorer brethren, the pedlars." At the same time, merchants, as is noted here, travelled as much by boat as they could, both because they conveyed their goods more cheaply by water than they could by land, and also, no doubt, because they were safer from robbers on a river than they were on a road. Among foot passengers who shunned the public roads were outlaws and villains escaped from bond. * * *

Another powerful agent in the organization of the English revolt was the preaching of the Lollard priests, and this brings us to the last part M. Jusserand's book, which is devoted to religious wayfarers. When Wyclit sent out his "simple priests" he had no difficulty in finding men to undertake the work which he desired to have done; roaming clerks were already numerous, and his followers "imitated their forerunners," and "were not greatly to be distinguished" from other wandering preachers. They preached "not only in churches and churchyards, but in markets, fairs, and other open places where a great congregation of people is;" and some of them by no means limited themselves to expounding the doctrines of their master. * * *

We can heartily recommend this book as one of the pleasantest and most carefully executed pictures of a side of English mediæval life we have met with for a long while. *Saturday Review.*

—Andrew Lang says in *The Forum* of Amélie Rives's novel, "The Quick or the Dead," "amidst a perfect tempest of deranged epithets and deplorable style, a gleam of real and rare talent may be seen like a star through a witch's storm."

NOTES.

Mr. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," is in very bad health.

=A "Life of Henry M. Stanley," by the Rev. H. W. Little, is forthcoming from the press of J. B. Lipincott Company.

=Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian, is the latest to join the ranks of novelists, with a tale of country life in Ireland.

=The *Atlantic Monthly* for April contains Dr. Holmes's admirable poem written for the seventieth birthday of James Russell Lowell.

=Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler is said to have under way a novel, to be called "The White Slave," a study of child-life in factories and tenements.

*=Mr. Clarence Stuart Ward, who compiled the "Wit, Wisdom, and Beauties of Shakespeare," is writing a novel entitled "The Reproof of Chance."

=Dr. H. M. Brandis, who has been the editor of Frank Leslie's German weekly, the *Illustrirte Zeitung* since its foundation, thirty years ago, died on March 16, aged 65.

=Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is at work on a story of adventure in the South Seas, which he thinks of calling "The Gaol-Bird." It will not be published until the Fall.

=Mrs. Stowe has been able to revise the biography of herself, written by the Rev. Charles Stowe and Mr. Kirk Munroe. It will be published at an early day by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

=Philip H. Welch, the author of "The Tailor-Made Girl," died in Brooklyn, February 25th. He was a popular writer of jokes and bright sayings for a great many newspapers and magazines, among others the *Epoch*, *Judge*, *Life*, and *Puck*.

=Mr. Archibald Forbes, Mr. George Henty, and Mr. Charles Williams, three of the best-known war correspondents, have joined forces in an annual of military stories, to be published in London this spring under the title "Camps and Quarters." The stories are all true, or with truth for their foundation.

=Miss Mary L. Booth died in New York, March 5th. She has been editor of Harper's Bazar since its first issue in 1867. Miss Booth was born at Yaphank, Long Island, in April, 1831. She devoted her whole life to the pursuit of literature, especially to translating from the French, her best known translations being Gasparin's "Uprising of a Great People," published in 1861, and Henri Martin's "Unabridged History of France." She translated also Laboulay's "Fairy Book" and Mace's "Fairy Tales." Her best known original work was a "History of the City of New York" (1859.)

=The American author, Hon. Rasmus B. Anderson, Minister to Denmark, is engaged in bringing out seven new volumes, as well as attending to his diplomatic duties. The most important of these works is a translation, in four volumes, of "Heimskringla," or the sagas of Norway, the greatest production of Snorre-Sturlason, the famous Icelandic poet and scholar who flourished in the thirteenth century. "Heimskringla" has been translated into Latin, Danish and Swedish, but it was left to Professor Anderson to introduce the poem to English readers. Mr. Anderson has also translated the "Teutonic Mythology" of Viktor Rydberg, the Swedish novelist and poet; while his seventh volume, Carl Lennhartz's "Among the Cannibals of Australia," is now being published by John Murray of London.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

E. W.—

Rev. F. M. Peloubet and his wife live at Natick, Mass. Their name is pronounced Pel-ou'-bet, ou as in through.

G. L. H.—

Valérie Marneffe is one of the characters in Balzac's novel "Cousin Bette," recently translated, and published by Messrs. Roberts Bros., Boston.

M. C. W.—

By a slip of the pen "Bartlett's Shakespeare Phrase Book" was noted in March BOOK NEWS as possibly the best concordance of Shakespeare. It is simply as a "phrase book" that Bartlett's excels. Mary Cowden Clarke's "Complete Concordance to Shakespeare" is the concordance; its price is \$6.00. Other good concordances are, "An Index to the Works of Shakespeare," by E. M. O'Connor, price \$1.60; and W. H. Davenport Adams's "Concordance to the Plays of Shakespeare," price \$2.25.

H. B. S.—

The author of "Irish Pedigrees; or, The Origin and Stem of the Irish Nation," is John D. O'Hart, Assoc. in Arts Q. U. I. It is dedicated to Sir J. Bernard Burke, the most eminent authority on the subject of genealogy in Ireland. We would suppose it to be a reliable authority.

Æneas.—

Ex-President Cleveland made use of the phrase "innocuous desuetude."

H. J. A.—

The original article by W. H. Mallock discussing the question "Is Life Worth Living?" appeared in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* for September, 1877, and January, 1878.

DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

ENGLAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By Rev. W. Denton, M. A. 8vo, \$3.20; by mail, \$3.35.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION. By James Schouler. Vol. IV. 1831-1847. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

See review in this number.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIVES OF BENJAMIN HARRISON AND LEVI P. MORTON. By Rev. Gilbert L. Harney. With a history of the Republican party, and a statement of its position on the great issues of the present day. The platform of the party. The letter of acceptance of Benjamin Harrison. Statistics of elections, etc. By Edwin C. Pierce. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.17.

THE LIFE OF GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN. Its Romance and Reality. How an humble lad reached the head of an army. The career and achievements of this masterly leader of men in battle; realistic descriptions of the march, raid, and charge of the horsemen; and graphic sketches of great cavalry leaders. By Frank A. Burr, and Richard J. Hinton. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.25; by mail, \$1.47.

LIVES OF THE FATHERS. Sketches of Church History in biography. By Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.08.

See review in this number.

GEORGE MAXWELL GORDON, M. A., F. R. G. S. The Pilgrim Missionary of the Punjab. A history of his life and work 1839-1880. By the Rev. Arthur Lewis, M. A. With portrait and illustrations. 12mo, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.76.

George Maxwell Gordon was one of those Christian workers who begin by dying to themselves and the world and effacing themselves so wholly from view that it is difficult even for the eye of love to follow them and bring forth their work to light. In himself he was a highly engaging man. A Cambridge M. A., noted for physical strength, related to the Duke of Gordon, with high family connections, with a good property of his own and prospects of promotion in the English Church, he laid all down, became a volunteer missionary of the Church Missionary Society, where he paid his own expenses, lived the life of a Carmelite for Christ's sake, preached the Gospel as he could and where he could, wore himself out in attempts to relieve the Persian famine of 1871-72, and at last died of a mortal gun-wound received in a desperate attempt to bring in some wounded men in the Afghan war in 1880. The tendency of Gordon's mind was toward the Fakir style of missionary. At last he became little more than the barefooted friar. He had accepted literally the words of Christ in Matthew, and realized the Indian ideal of the holy man. * * * It was a noble life and did not lose its reward. It took effect here and there and scattered seed beside many waters. But it has not told, as it should, on the systematic evangelization of India. Still the volume is, as we have said above, both delightful and inspiring, all the more for being so wholly out of the ordinary line.

Independent.

OUR PRESIDENTS; OR, THE LIVES OF TWENTY-THREE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Virginia F. Townsend. Illustrated with steel portrait of each by some of the most eminent American engravers. 8vo. \$2.25; by mail, \$2.48.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS KEN, D. D., BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS. By E. H. Plumptre, D. D. With illustrations by E. Whymper. 2 vols. 8vo, \$4.40; by mail, \$4.78.

DESCRIPTION.

AFLOAT (SUR L'EAU). By Guy de Maupassant. With illustrations by Riou. Translated by Laura Ensor. 8vo, half-leather, uniform in binding with Daudet's works, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.73; paper, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

See review in this number.

THE INDUSTRIES OF JAPAN. Together with an account of its agriculture, forestry, arts and commerce. From travels and researches undertaken at the cost of the Prussian Government. By J. J. Rein. With forty-four illustrations and three maps. 4to, \$8.00; by mail, \$8.34.

See review in this number.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON, THE NATIONAL CAPITAL. By Charles Burr Todd, author of "The Story of New York." Great Cities of the Republic series. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.53.

See review in this number.

THROUGH THE HEART OF ASIA, OVER THE PAMIR TO INDIA. By Gabriel Bonvalot. With 250 illustrations by Albert Pépin. Translated from the French by C. B. Pitman. 2 vols. 8vo, \$7.75; by mail, \$8.15.

See review in March number.

FOREIGN VISITORS IN ENGLAND, AND WHAT THEY HAVE THOUGHT OF US. Being some notes on their books and their opinions during the last three centuries. By Edward Smith. The Book-Lover's Library. 16mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.08.

ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES (XIV. Century). By J. J. Jusserand. Translated from the French by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Illustrated. 8vo, \$4.80; by mail, \$5.00.

See review in this number.

OLD BIBLES: AN ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY VERSIONS OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By J. R. Dore. New edition. With the preface to the version of 1611, added at the request of the late Right Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. 8vo, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.75.

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THE LIGHT OF LIFE. Sermons preached on various occasions. By W. J. Knox Little, M. A. 12mo, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.52.

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British Weekly.

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Points out briefly the duty of young college men in politics; the influence they may exert for good by an earnest and honest interest in the questions of the day is strongly dwelt upon. *Publishers' Weekly.*

THE BISMARCK DYNASTY. From the *Contemporary Review*, for February, 1889. 8vo, paper, 15 cents.

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Many of those who claim to know attribute it to Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Pail Mall Gazette*. Mr. Labouchere says he almost knows it was Mr. Stead, and sundry characteristics can be pointed out which lend color to this view.

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See review in this number.

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Philadelphia Telegraph.

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Philadelphia North American.

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Publishers' Weekly.

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London Academy.

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Publishers' Weekly.

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London Athenæum.

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N. Y. Sun.

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Philadelphia Times.

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GOOD NATURE.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

A very entertaining book has recently been published which illustrates in a very pathetic way the good nature of some of our noblest men of letters. Indeed, this illustration is even more interesting than the pathetic story of the book itself. It is the life of poor Delia Bacon, who conceived the theory that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare's plays, and added to it the other theory that Lord Bacon did. This lady, a very accomplished woman, dwelt upon her theme or themes so intensely that her reason broke down, and she died in an insane hospital. But she had that great grace, always to be remembered gratefully by the world, that she kept carefully the letters that were sent to her. She even filed them in such form that people who came after her could know what they wanted to read, and need not read those that were worthless. It therefore happens that her nephew, who has now written her biography, has in hand much that is more valuable than anything she ever wrote herself. He has presented these illustrative papers in such form that they make by far the most valuable part of his book. Indeed, the skilful reader can skip Miss Bacon's part, and yet can read with profit and pleasure the contributions of Emerson, of Hawthorne, and of Carlyle.

Without entering even by a step into the bog of discussion of the Shakespeare-Bacon question, let me tell briefly poor Miss Bacon's story. She had had tragedies of her own, from which she rallied by occupying herself in admirable courses of lecture-conversations in English literature. Many ladies, in different American cities, remember with gratitude the help that she gave them in stimulating the love of the

noblest authors of our language. It was while she was at work in this way that she stumbled on her fatal theory. She opened it to her admirable brother, one of the most remarkable men who has ever led New England. He was dismayed, apparently. He saw two things: first, that the theory was absurd; second, that it was precisely the sort of theory which would make the martyr who proposed it an unpopular and disagreeable martyr. For there are two kinds of martyrs; there are martyrs whom people respect, and there are martyrs whom people turn away from. Dr. Bacon suspected that his sister would be one of the kind of martyrs who would meet scorn and ridicule together, and would make herself generally disagreeable. So he begged her—not to say bade her—do nothing about this absurd gospel of hers.

Enraged with her brother, whom she at once threw over, the poor lady turned to no less a person than Waldo Emerson. She had exactly as much claim upon him as the reader of this article has upon the Emperor of Russia. She told him what she wanted to do, threw herself into his arms, and asked him to help her.

The most interesting thing, with one exception, in the book, is the account of the readiness with which this saint complied with her request. From that moment, till she threw him over, just as she had thrown her brother over, he spent and was spent for her. He read her books, he corresponded with publishers; under the aegis of his name she went to the attack with this and that person who would have turned her civilly out of doors if she had come alone. He arranged for the publication of an article, somewhat celebrated in its day, in *Putnam*; he brought those admirable men, Phillips and Sampson, to say that they would publish her book, which they had had no opportunity of reading in full; in short, he came to her rescue, as Amadis used to come to the rescue of a forlorn damsel whom he found starving in the woods, tied there by some recreant brother.

At this time she fell in with some philanthropist, who is not named, who furnished the money for her to go to Europe and study the Bacon and Shakespeare authorities in detail. There was money enough to last a year, but by good New England economy and skill she made it last two years. Arrived in England, she went to Carlyle with a letter of introduction from Emerson. Carlyle and his wife took her up with a benevolence and tenderness which can only be compared to Mr. Emerson's. She was rude to them; they were courteous to her. Carlyle in his turn baited

publishers in their dens, made them do what they never did before, and have never done since, and obtained for her a hearing such as she ought to have been grateful for.

But in the midst of this, either Carlyle, or Mrs. Carlyle, happened to say something which showed that they did not rank the theory exactly on the same plane of certainty as they did a problem of Euclid, and she threw them over in their turn. She would not so much as let them know where she was, and one of the pathetic little side-incidents in the book is the revelation of Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle hunting up and down through London, trying to find what was the address of a person whom they had vainly wished to serve. (Note to the unwary. If there is any minor sin which a man of affairs characterizes with scorn, it is the sin of the person who does not let another person know what his address is.)

So the poor lady was left again without friends. She took this occasion to go to Stratford, where she thought that, if she could lift off the top of Shakespeare's tomb, she would find a cavity in the under-side of the stone, which would contain all the original documents, which would explain all the secrets of the matter. She went to Stratford, introduced herself to the rector of the Shakespeare church, and, as it is charming to see, received from him just the same courtesy which she had received from all these other people. He seems to have regarded her a good deal as the Turks regard a crazy person, and to have given her all the reverence which belongs to a messenger from the other world. Anyway, she was permitted to prowl around in the church with her little dark lantern, very much as she chose, and it would seem to be only that her courage failed her, at the last, that she did not remove the stone and find the documents, which, as far as this writer is informed, are still there. But one must not speak of this slightly, for the poor lady broke down so entirely that it was necessary that some friends should be summoned; and, then these good Stratford people wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was then our consul in Liverpool. Observe, he had no letters of introduction from Emerson or Carlyle or anybody else.

Hawthorne at once sent a kind letter to her, and a grateful letter to the people who had written to him. He did more; he obeyed that great law of modern civilization, and sent a ten pound note in his letter, under the consciousness that "that never did anybody any harm anywhere." From this time forward, as long as she would let him, Hawthorne took up her cause. He, in turn, negotiated with publishers, he soothed people to whom she had been rude, he remitted money whenever money was needed, and, to the benefit of us of to-day, he wrote charming letters to her, which she, with her one trait of sanity, filed, as has been said. Her nephew has found them now, and has printed them for us. It ended in her throwing Hawthorne over just as she had Carlyle, with the

same sad jealousy which we observe so often in the insane, and then it was, on the occasion of the visit of one of her nephews to England, that she was found in a retreat near Stratford, and brought home by him to die in another asylum here.

The story is a most pathetic one in its detail, but the pathos is gilded and lightened by the testimony which it gives to the kindness of heart of these three distinguished literary men. I myself knew enough of Mr. Emerson to be able to add many anecdotes of his kindness which are precisely like these. The stock biographies of Hawthorne and Carlyle have not, perhaps, given to general readers the same impression with regard to the kindness of those men. To speak of a fourth, known and loved by each of these three, Henry Longfellow was just such another. Any person who had the least pretence to letters had only to ring at his door-bell, to show that he had played in the least with literature, and that he was in want, and he received from Longfellow the most kindly and thoughtful brotherly attention.

It is a satisfaction to have Emerson, Hawthorne and Carlyle brought together to represent such characteristics. There is hardly such another such collection in literature, for, of course, each letter was written without the slightest thought of publication, each letter is written under the stress of the moment, and each letter shows tenderness and practical skill as well, which help us in our notion of the make-up of a real man of letters.

TOLSTOI.

Count Leo Nikolaiévitch Tolstoi was born at his maternal estate of Jasnaja Poljana, near Toula, in 1829, and is, therefore, sixty years old. After a home education he went to the University of Kazan, and in 1843 entered the faculty of eastern languages. He left the University after two years, but continued his studies at home until 1851, when he entered the army, went to the Caucasus with his brother, and began to write his earliest novels, "The Cossacks" and "Childhood, Boyhood and Youth." In 1853 he served under Prince Gortschakoff on the Danube, and subsequently took part in the defense of Sebastopol, which he has described in his "Sebastopol in December, in May, and in August." When the war was over he resigned his commission, and devoted himself to literary work, living on his estate in summer, and at Moscow and St. Petersburg in winter, until 1861. He then became a magistrate, and retired into the country, devoting himself mainly to the education and improvement of the peasantry. In 1860 he wrote his "War and Peace," and in 1875-77 his "Anna Karenina." Since that time he has abandoned fiction; adopted a sort of communism, and occupied himself mainly with religious works.

His works may be broadly ranged under four classes: fiction, education, autobiography, and religion.

In fiction he occupies the remarkable position of being the founder of the realist school. That "naturalist" or "impressionist" literature which has dragged down such men as Zola and others into the very nadir of degradation, owes its impulse to the Russian Count. The Vicomte de Vogüé admits that before the appearance of this school in France Tolstoi had been led by his own genius to photograph life in its most cruel realities, in its most fugitive *nuances*. It would, however, be grossly unjust to leave any reader under the impression that Tolstoi had sinned as the French writers have done against all morals and all taste, or has prostituted the name of art to the service of lubricity. He dwells on details which are often painful, but he is never impure, and with him the details are the accident not the end. They are due in him to an "implacable psychological observation." His "*micrographie acharnée*" is only an attempt to set forth the life as it is, in all its natural surroundings, with exactitude and simplicity. He is not a stylist like Turgeneff. Style would add nothing to the pictures of life and society which he so faithfully portrays. "*L'idéal a cessé, le lyrique a tari,*" says Ste. Beuve.

The aim of Tolstoi, and of the modern school in general is to hold up the mirror to human nature, and to depict it with subtle observation alike in its outward features and its most hidden motives. For this reason his best novels are not easy reading. They become fatiguing alike from the crowd of characters with which they are thronged, the episodic and inconsequential character of many of the scenes, and the manner in which the characters act independently, with no bearing upon each other except that loose external contact, leading to nothing which we find also in life. Tolstoi's best work is undoubtedly the novel "*Anna Karenina*." It is a picture of Russian life, terrible in the merciless fidelity of its realistic coloring, and interesting in its study of various characters. The story in one of the main currents deals with adultery and its consequences, but it deals with them in no unholy spirit. The tale is told not because the author loves to dwell on what is impure and painful, but because he desires to give an awful and lurid warning, and to show that this warning is founded on the inevitable certainty of natural laws. "Much in '*Anna Karenina*' is painful," says Matthew Arnold, "much is unpleasant, but nothing is of a nature to trouble the senses, or to please those who wish their senses troubled. This taint is wholly absent."

Some may prefer "War and Peace" to "Anna Karenina." It is undeniably a very great work, though there can be no readers who do not suffer from the intolerable tedium of its crowded confusion and otiose minuteness. They must not, however, complain of this "tangle of emotions and hurried transcript of incidents," in which there is no concentration, for the very desultoriness and irrelevant detail of the book belong to the inmost idea of the writer. His

apparent purposelessness is part of his purpose. We find in his pages what we find in the living world, and he leaves us with ineffaceable impressions of the horror, hap-hazard, and futility of war, and of the thrice-redoubled vanity of a life which is not illuminated from within by the light of the unseen. The book was written at a stage of the author's experience in which human existence seemed little better than a tomb in which no lamp was lit.

We cannot leave these novels without noting the predominantly gray and dismal coloring of all Russian romance. Tolstoi's later convictions have led him to abandon the pride of nationality, but he has been unable to resist the influences of the *Zeitgeist*, and is inevitably, in both the great phases of his life a child of his nation and his age.

Tolstoi has long been interested in education. When, in 1861, he became a country magistrate, he founded peasant schools at Jasnaja Poljana. His "Alphabet" and his "Reading Primers," drawn up for these schools, have become widely popular in Russia. He also founded an educational magazine, to which he contributed articles based on personal observation of the little *moujiks* (peasants.)

Tolstoi's autobiographic works have been widely circulated in manuscript, but were not allowed to be published in Russian. They have been translated into French under the titles "Ma Confession," "Ma Religion," and "Que Faire?" and the substance of them has been published in English under the title of "Christ's Christianity."

In the first of these works he tells us how he came to believe. * * * Confirmed by a dream which once more brought home to him the awfulness of life and death, he endeavored to disentangle the false from the true. The history of that search is contained in the book "What I Believe."

For fifteen years he had been a child, for thirty-five a man, without religious belief. In the book just published, which was written in 1884, he says: "Five years ago I began to believe in the teaching of Christ, and my life was suddenly changed." The full history of the grounds of this change is reserved for two works on which Count Tolstoi has long been occupied: a criticism of dogmatic theology, and a new harmony of the four gospels. Love, humility, self-abasement, self-sacrifice, the return of good for evil, and not the dogmatic statements or outward ceremonies of the church, had always seemed to him the things essentially vital in Christianity. He now believes that the Kingdom of God would come if all men kept these five commandments, which he holds to be the pith of all Christ's teaching, *vis.*: 1. Live in peace with all men. 2. Be pure. 3. Take no oaths. 4. Never resist evil. 5. Renounce national distinctions. He believes that the faith which overcomes the world, is faith in the teaching of Christ; that on this teaching, literally carried out depends the sole, complete happiness of mankind; that its fulfillment is neglected; that

the life of all who neglect it is miserable ; but that its fulfillment is possible, easy and joyful, and will save each individual man as well as all mankind from inevitable ruin. And believing this, he has shown the sincerity of his belief by acting up to it. He has renounced all feelings of anger and enmity. The descendant of Count Tolstoi, the friend of Peter the Great, he refuses, for himself and others, all titles, rank, or any name but that of man. He repudiates the fame, praise, or learning which tend to separate him from others; he strives to get free of the evidences of wealth in his food, dress, outward appearance, and mode of life. He lives in a simple and laborious routine, earning his own bread. He refuses all oaths, lives in purity, and regards all men as brothers.

A recent visitor describes him as he lives in his country home, on terms of homeliest friendship with his peasants, amid the silence only broken by the songs of birds, the voices of children, and the murmur of the bees in the acacias.

"In the room, which is next to his little study, lies his shoemaker's outfit, his awl, his knife, and his leather. On the wooden partition wall hangs the scythe, with which a little later he will renew the pleasures of mowing, which he has eulogized in 'Anna Karenina.' In an hour or two the great novelist, perhaps the greatest living novelist, will appear in his *moujik's* garb, with a dark loose coat and leather girdle, and we shall sally forth together over field and forest, drinking in the glad sunshine, and exulting in the beauty and glory and melody of spring."

Abridged from Archdeacon F. W. Farrar's article on Count Tolstoi in The Forum.

The following are the works of Leo N. Tolstoi, translated into English and published in book form: "Anna Karenina," "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," "The Cossacks," "Family Happiness," "In Pursuit of Happiness," "The Invaders," "Ivan Ilyitch," "Katia," "Life," "The Long Exile," "My Confession," "My Religion," "Napoleon and the Russian Campaign," "Polikouchka," "Power and Liberty," "A Russian Proprietor," "Sevastopol," "War and Peace," "What I Believe," "What to Do."

—Mr. B. P. Shillaber, better known as the irrepressible Mrs. Partington, now lives at Chelsea, one of Boston's many suburbs. He is seventy-four years of age, and crippled with rheumatism. He walks about the house with a cane and goes out of doors only in a carriage. He has not been to Boston for seven years. He began life as a printer, entering the Boston *Post* in 1838. He once gave two or three years of his life to a lecturing tour, and, though he was successful, he regretted it, feeling himself not cut out for that line of work. He travelled 6,000 miles without an accident. Now, as he says, he goes nowhere. "With pen, paper, pipe and pills, I sit here, from year's end to year's end, patient as may be, receive my friends, and wait for the better life." *Commercial Advertiser.*

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

By A. E. WATROUS.

"Bourrienne's position was simply unique" wrote the editor of the 1885 edition of the famous *Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte*, which have just been reprinted, "and we can only regret that he did not occupy it till the end of the Empire."

It is to be doubted if the able editor is right in this last conclusion. The opportunity of observing the close of the career of the Emperor which Bourrienne lost with the imperial favor, was probably more than made up to him by the change of view which he obtained from his removal from power and his ultimate espousal of the Royalist cause. It made these memoirs what a friend and secretary's memoirs rarely are, impartial at least in intent. It is doubtful whether if Bourrienne had remained the faithful friend of Bonaparte to the last he would have given us the calm, condemnatory summing up of the facts in the case of the Duc De Enghien that he has done or disposed of the theory of Pichegru's suicide with the sentence—"His death was considered necessary, and this necessity was its real cause."

He finds, too, upon all the evidence that Bonaparte ordered the poisoning of the plague-stricken soldiers at Jaffa, though he puts it in a way which shows that the Emperor, then General Bonaparte, merely performed what learned and Christian doctors to-day discuss the advisability of performing—the operation of euthanasia.

Yet Bourrienne's picture is not all black. It is full of lights and shades. He says that the Emperor was neither malignant nor vindictive, and of the personal anecdotes which crowd the pages of these four volumes many are illustrative of the kindly side of the Enigma's character. He loved little children, says Bourrienne, and he was strangely affected by the sound of church bells. Once hearing them he said to Bourrienne, "Ah, that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne. I was then happy." When the bells ceased, the historian continues, he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head and dethrone kings.

Altogether it may be doubted if there has been a more valuable contributor to our knowledge of the life of the man who was undoubtedly the most remarkable of men than Fauvelet de Bourrienne.

Compared with Las Casas, Madame de Remusat, or O'Meara, these memoirs are refreshing examples of judicial fairness. They were bitterly attacked upon their first issue nearly sixty years ago and their author dying shortly afterward in an insane asylum was unable to answer his critics. The course of time has, however, generally confirmed their general character for accuracy. Moreover Bourrienne's historical method is a commendable one to the ever increasing school of historians who seek to give their readers a fixed set of opinions on all public men and measures.

He presents Bonaparte as a vast fact, mighty and complex and enigmatical almost as the Revolution of which he was the greatest product. He remembers that it is the reader not the writer who gives the "verdict of history," and he leaves all sides and aspects of the case with him.

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The first biography which appears after a great man's death is rarely the best one, and the "Life and Times of John Bright," by William Robertson, is no exception to the rule. The best that can be said of the book is that it is timely and honest, in so far that it gives all the information on the subject that its author was able to collect, unilluminated, however, by any power of analysis of character and most palpably marred by the political bent of the writer. The most marked example of this narrowness is where Mr. Robertson, describes the Factory Bill and the ten-hour law which Mr. Bright opposed as the "agitation of monopolists," and merely intended to start a fire in the rear of Bright and other manufacturers who were then engaged in their struggle for the repeal of the Corn Laws. To dispose of a reformer and a philanthropist, such as Lord Ashley in such a summary manner as this defeats its own object, and casts doubt upon the accuracy and good faith of every assertion the author makes when he departs, as he does not very often from the mere record of Bright's words and deeds. Bright opposed the ten-hour law, and though in 1868, twenty years after his position was taken, he made a lame apology for it, he really needed to make no apology at all. As a practical manufacturer he doubted the success of the plan and so opposed it, though the Conservatives went into his own factory at Richdale, and returned loaded with petitions for the passage of the act, which Lord John Manners triumphantly presented in reply to Bright's statement that the working people did not want the law. Bright acted from conviction in this as in everything else he ever did, and if he needs justification for his action it is not to be found in belittling the work of other men as good if not as great as he.

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The story of Bright and Cobden's long fight for Free Trade, of their strenuous and perhaps somewhat hysterical opposition to Palmerston's somewhat "vigorous foreign policy" is recounted at great length in these pages. All of it, however, would not interest American readers nearly as much as the chapter devoted to Bright's stand on the American war, and aside from its merely national interest, it is perhaps one of the most significant chapters in the great orator's life. It was not so remarkable that Bright advocated the cause of the truth. That was the cause of freedom, whose advocate he had always been. It was however, most remarkable that he, scorning all charges of inconsistency, should become the strenuous

advocate of a great and bloody war. Look where we will throughout his long life we will not find him justifying any other appeal to arms.

The lesson to be learned from this is perhaps that no other war, in sixty years, has been for a just quarrel, or it may be that the proximity of the evils of European wars blinded the old tribune's eyes to the principles on which they were fought.

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Much has been said and written lately about Bright's desertion of the Irish cause upon the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure. Many American writers have in fact with assumed kindness attributed it to intellectual decay. Mr. Robertson does not go as deeply into the subject as might be desired, but there is little doubt from some of the speeches he quotes, that Bright was deeply disgusted with the war bluster of a certain section of the Irish party in America. He tired of making concessions to men who subscribed "\$100 to the Land League and \$900 for arms to fight the English." He thought that the Irish American who offered to equip one soldier and pay his expenses to England and back might save the latter half of his subscription, as the soldier would surely never come back alive. He read this sort of talk in the newspaper reports of a meeting held publicly in Chicago in 1882 and it sickened him.

The book deals very little with Mr. Bright's private life and perhaps is more historically valuable on that account, as room which might have been taken up with personal anecdotes is devoted to the really remarkable speeches in and out of parliament of the subject of the biography.

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The two little volumes that Justin Huntly McCarthy has, as editor, put through the press of David Stott (London) are worthy alike of the man whose name they bear, Montaigne, and the man to whom they are dedicated, Robert Louis Stevenson. They are the quaintest and daintiest of scholars' companions and social philosophers' guides. They will be honored guests in the libraries of the finer spirits of the meditative sort to whom Montaigne in any dress has always been thrice welcome.

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Four of the colloquial skits which Mr. Howells has taken to writing of late years are bound in one red cloth volume by the Harpers, and issued under the title of "The Mouse Trap and Other Farces." Farce, by the way, is a misnomer. There is nothing so violent as farce in this or any other of Mr. Howells' works as far as we can remember. They will serve to while away an hour on a train or while waiting for dinner, and this it is to be presumed is as serious a purpose as Mr. Howells had in writing them.

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Amélie Rives' lava stream has not perceptible slackened nor cooled. Witness her latest, "The

Witness of the Sun," which is a Vesuvian ebullition with an Italian sunset background. The love in it is just as heated and just as hopeless as ever it was in the "Quick or the Dead," and the daring young lady has introduced a new effect in the line of horrors. This is nothing more or less than a French tavern-keeper with the delirium tremens, who sees "big pink rats." Positively the great author of "L'Assommoir" could hardly do better than this. Not as well, in truth, for the delirium tremens of Coupeau were a serious part of the story, while those of Givelot are simply brought in as an accessory—a sort of evidence, convincing, though unnecessary, to show that the young lady can be more realistic than Zola, as well as more romantic than Hugo.

"The Last American" might be called the journal of Macaulay's New Zealander, save for the facts that the New Zealander is a Persian (Khan-Li) and the ruins he gazes on are those of the Brooklyn bridge, the Bartholdi statue and the Capitol at Washington, where "The Last American" is slain by the Persians. There is some humor in the book and a good deal of ingenuity, but of serious satiric purpose, which the preface seems to promise, not a trace. The cuts of the various ruins are clever, and the Persian picture of American life, made up of a Puritan, perhaps from one of Boughton's pictures, two circus riders from the bill boards and two patent garment advertisements from the newspapers is an amusing suggestion of the probable accuracy of some of our own archæological reconstruction. J. A. Mitchell, of *Life*, is the author.

Selina Dolaro did most things fairly well, and her posthumous novel, "Bella Demonica," is as well done perhaps as anything she ever did, whether it be acting, dancing or singing. It is the sort of novel that an actress would naturally write—much the same sort of a story of revenge à la *Russe* as *Fedora*. The story is dramatic and exciting, though a trifle long drawn out and declamatory in places.

The interest which has been awakened in the Dark Continent by Stanley's wonderful anabasis makes Dr. Felkin's book, "Emin Pasha in Central Africa," a very timely one. It is made up almost entirely of Dr. Emin's letters to friends in Europe, the first of which is dated from Dufilé, July 16, 1877, and the last from Wadelai, April 17, 1887. These, with a map, glossary, and two pictures of the Pasha, make a solid volume of nearly 600 pages which teems with information about the equatorial lands. Dr. Felkin explains the purpose of the work, which is to aid the Emin Pasha relief society, and concludes a very enthusiastic panegyric of the German savant by saying "in every sense he is Gordon's heir."

A thing notable among the various religious activities of the season just past was the course of lectures on the Ten Commandments delivered at the chapel of the University of Pennsylvania by Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D. These Sunday afternoon talks have now been collected and issued in book form by their reverend author. Although popular in their character these addresses are characterized by a thorough and scientific method, and issued as they are with full notes and references make a valuable addition to the dominie's workshop as well as to the gentleman's library. There is no one among the divines of the city better fitted to give lucid reasons for the faith that is in him than Dr. Boardman, and the book is a distinct addition to modern literature's limited collection of works of popular theology.

It is pleasant to hear from Thomas Hughes again, doubly pleasant when he writes on so congenial a subject as David Livingstone in the "English Men of Action" series. That the author of "Tom Brown" loves such a muscular Christian as that doughtiest of doughty African missionaries goes without saying, and that love fills the book with touches of tender strength that are beautiful. The silhouette of the gray bent figure saying farewell to Stanley is one that appeals to our hearts as swiftly and as surely as it must to that of Hughes himself, always responsive to acts of manly and especially Christian courage. So, too, there is none of us who will not be bettered by the picture of the worn old traveler found by his servants in his hut at Ilala. "The Doctor was kneeling by the bed, his face buried in his hands on the pillow, dead." In his concluding chapter Mr. Hughes has a valuable though brief sketch of the work of the English missions in Eastern Africa, which shows that the seed sown by Livingstone in thirty-four arduous years is bearing good fruit, both spiritual and temporal.

A different sort of a Man of Action was Henry V, of whom the Rev. A. J. Church makes an interesting study in this same series. He always had masses said after his victories, and he called to an imaginary collocator on his death-bed "Thou liest, thou liest, my part is with the Lord Jesus." Yet he killed all his prisoners after Agincourt, and at the siege of Rouen let 12,000 "children, women and impotent people" die of hunger between his lines and the roads of the town. Yet his reverend biographer points out that he was never wantonly cruel. These acts were military necessities. They undoubtedly were, and they were sanctioned by the spirit of the age in which he lived. Mr. Church is loth to destroy the Prince Hal of Shakespeare, having in mind very likely the frequent popular clamors of late years against historical iconoclasts. Yet it is easy to see that this biographer sets no great store by the stories of the Prince's revels with

Falstaff, and at best show sconclusively that he sowed his wild oats long before his accession to the throne, having much graver work to do as actual Prince of rebellious Wales and governor of turbulent Calais. A very strong, clear-cut figure of a Carlylean English king is Mr. Church's Henry.

TO POETS.

Poets gone before,
And therefore dead no more,
From your stately palaces
Built on some Northern shore,
Or under Arctic seas,
Listen, I implore,
While on bended knees,
Looking up your shining ranks,
I return you thanks
For the light you have conferred
On my every thought and word,
With a thousand prayers for more!

R. H. Stoddard, in *The Independent*.

THE DECAY OF LYING.

One of the chief causes of the curiously commonplace character of most of the literature of our age is undoubtedly the decay of lying as an art, a science, and a social pleasure. The ancient historians gave us delightful fiction in the form of fact; the modern novelist presents us with dull facts under the guise of fiction. The blue-book is rapidly becoming his ideal both for method and manner. He has his tedious *document humain*, his miserable little *coin de la création*, into which he peers with his microscope. He is to be found at the *Librairie Nationale*, or at the *British Museum*, shamelessly reading up his subject. He has not even the courage of other people's ideas, but insists on going directly to life for everything, and ultimately, between encyclopædias and personal experience, he comes to the ground, having drawn his types from the family circle or from the weekly washerwoman, and having acquired an amount of useful information from which he never, even in his most thoughtful moments, can thoroughly free himself.

The loss that results to literature in general from this false ideal of our time can hardly be overestimated. People have a careless way of talking about a "born liar," just as they talk about a "born poet." But in both cases they are wrong. Lying and poetry are arts—arts, as Plato saw, not unconnected with each other—and they require the most careful study, the most disinterested devotion. Indeed, they have their technique, just as the more material arts of painting and sculpture, have their subtle secrets of form and color, their craft mysteries, their deliberate artistic methods. As one knows the poet by his fine music, so one can recognize the liar by his rich rhythmic utterance, and in neither case will the casual inspira-

tion of the moment suffice. Here, as elsewhere, practice must precede perfection. But in modern days while the fashion of writing poetry has become far too common, and should, if possible, be discouraged, the fashion of lying has almost fallen into disrepute.
* * * *

Even Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, that delightful master of delicate and fanciful prose, is tainted with this modern vice, for we positively know no other name for it. There is such a thing as robbing a story of its reality by trying to make it too true, and "The Black Arrow" is so inartistic that it does not contain a single anachronism to boast of, while the transformation of Dr. Jekyll reads dangerously like an experiment out of the *Lancet*. As for Mr. Rider Haggard, who really has, or had once, the makings of a perfectly magnificent liar, he is now so afraid of being suspected of genius that when he does tell us anything marvelous, he feels bound to invent a personal reminiscence, and to put it into a footnote as a kind of cowardly corroboration. Nor are our other novelists much better. Mr. Henry James writes fiction as if it was a painful duty, and wastes upon mean motives and imperceptible "points of view" his neat literary style, his felicitous phrases, his swift and caustic satire. Mrs. Oliphant prattles pleasantly about curates, lawn-tennis parties, domesticity, and other wearisome things. Mr. Marion Crawford has immolated himself upon the altar of local color. He is like the lady in the French comedy, who is always talking about *le beau ciel d'Italie*. Besides, he has fallen into a bad habit of uttering moral platitudes. At times he is almost edifying. "Robert Elsmere" is of course a masterpiece—a masterpiece of the *genre ennuyeux*, the one form of literature that the English people seem thoroughly to enjoy. Indeed, it is only in England that such a novel could be possible. As for that great and daily increasing school of novelists for whom the sun always rises in the East End, the only thing that can be said about them is that they find life crude, and leave it raw.

In France, though nothing so deliberately tedious as "Robert Elsmere" has been produced, things are not much better. M. Guy de Maupassant, with his keen mordant irony and his hard vivid style, strips life of the few poor rags that still cover her, and shows us foul sore and festering wounds. He writes lurid little tragedies in which everybody is ridiculous; bitter comedies at which one cannot laugh for very tears. M. Zola, true to the lofty principle that he lays down in one of his pronunciamientos on literature, "*L'homme de genie n'a jamais de l'esprit*," is determined to show that, if he has not got genius, he can at least be dull. And how well he succeeds! He is not without power. Indeed, at times, as in "Germinal," there is something almost epic in his work. But his work is entirely wrong from beginning to end, and wrong not on the ground of morals, but on the ground of art. From any ethical standpoint his

work is just what it should be. He is perfectly truthful, and describes things exactly as they happen. What more can any moralist desire? I have no sympathy at all with the moral indignation of our time against M. Zola. It is simply the rage of Caliban on seeing his own face in a glass. But from the standpoint of art, what can be said in favor of the author of "L'Assommoir," "Nana," and "Pot-Bouille"? Nothing. Mr. Ruskin once described the characters in George Eliot's novels as being like the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus, but M. Zola's characters are much worse. They have their dreary vices, and their drearier virtues. The record of their lives is absolutely without interest. Who cares what happens to them? In literature we require distinction, charm, beauty, and imaginative power. We don't want to be harrowed and disgusted with an account of the doings of the lower orders. M. Daudet is better. He has *esprit*, a light touch, and an amusing style. But he has lately committed literary suicide. Nobody can possibly care for Delobelle with his *Il faut lutter pour l'art*, or for Valmajour with his eternal refrain about the nightingale, or for the poet in "Jack" with his *mots cruels*, now that we have learned from "Vingt Ans de ma Vie littéraire" that these characters were taken directly from life. To me they seem to have suddenly lost all their vitality, all the few qualities they ever possessed. The only real people are the people who never existed, and if a novelist is base enough to go to life for his personages, he should at least pretend that they are creations and not boast of them as copies.

* * * *

Ah! Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language; as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story; as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Somebody in Shakespeare—Touchstone, I think—talks about a man that is always breaking his shins over his own wit, and it seems to me that this might serve as a basis of a criticism of Meredith's style. But whatever he is, he is not a realist. Or rather I would say that he is a child of realism who is not on speaking terms with his father. By deliberate choice he has made himself a romanticist. He has refused to bow the knee to Baal, and after all, even if the man's fine spirit did not revolt against the noisy assertions of realism, his style would be quite sufficient of itself to keep life at a respectful distance. By its means he has planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns, and with some wonderful roses. As for Balzac, he was a most remarkable combination of the artistic temperament with the scientific spirit. The latter he bequeathed to his disciples; the former was entirely his own. The difference between such a book as M. Zola's "L'Assommoir" and Balzac's "Illusions Perdues" is the difference between unimaginative realism and imaginative reality. "All Balzac's characters," said Baudelaire, "are gifted with the same ardor of

life that animated himself. All his fictions are as deeply colored as dreams. Each mind is a weapon loaded to the muzzle with will. The very scullions have genius." A steady course of Balzac reduces our living friends to shadows, and our acquaintances to the shadows of shades. His characters have a kind of fervent, fiery-colored existence. They dominate us and defy scepticism. One of the greatest tragedies of my life is the death of Lucien de Rubempré. It is a grief from which I have never been able completely to rid myself. But Balzac is no more a realist than Holbein was. He created life, he did not copy it. I admit, however, that he set far too high a value on modernity of form, and that, consequently, there is no book of his that, as an artistic masterpiece, can rank with "Salammbô," or "Esmond," or "The Cloister and the Hearth," or the "Vicomte de Bragelonne." * * *

Oscar Wilde in *The Nineteenth Century*.

TWO LONDON LITERARY WOMEN.

Although Mrs. Cashel Hoey has been for many years before the public as a writer, and has produced excellent work in fiction, she has never been fortunate enough to achieve a wonderful paying success. She has told me that her earnings average £500 a year, about \$2,500, or \$50 a week. She values her American connection very highly, and acknowledges that the larger part of her income is derived from America. Having formed a literary partnership for copyright purposes with John Lillie, the Harpers are able to protect her later writings, and pay her with the promptness and liberality for which their name is a synonym. Mrs. Hoey lives in a pretty house in the old Court suburb, Kensington, not far from the beautiful town house of the Duke of Argyll on Campden Hill. Her husband is a legal light, and is a permanent member of the counsel for the management of the Prince of Wales' Rothesay estates. This office brings him a salary of £1,000 per annum, so that financially as well as socially Mr. and Mrs. Cashel Hoey are in an enviable position.

Mrs. Campbell Praed is a graceful, delicate young woman of about thirty-five. She comes of a good family, and the name of her husband is also that of the gentility. She is a charmingly artistic dresser, and as far as her health will permit associates with a gay and fashionable set. Her novels are widely read, but in England are kept away from young readers, exactly as those of Ouida. They are in a certain sense brilliant, but are restricted to the delineation of scenes and manners of a fast and loose class of people—a kind only too prominent in large cities in this feverish age. Her literary style violates all canons of the art, as understood and studied by more serious writers; nevertheless, there is a glamour in her periods, a fascination in her study of character which causes a reader to pursue her fiction breathlessly to the end, and then

toss it away, vowing that the time spent in reading it might and should be more profitably employed. Mrs. Campbell Praed has been in America, having made the now regulation trip thither with her friend Justin McCarthy.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

I really am obliged to you for bringing back my book,
It moves me much to look whereon I thought no more to
look;

It minds me of the early time wherein 'twas lent to you,
When life was young, and hope was fair, and this old
book was new.

How well does memory recall the gilt this volume wore,
The day it first attracted me—at ——'s store;
And vividly I recollect you called around that day,
Admired it, and borrowed it, and carried it away.

And now it comes to me again across the lapse of time,
Wearing the somewhat battered look of those beyond their
prime.

Old book, you need a rest—but ere you're laid upon the
shelf,

Just try and hang together till I read you through myself.
N. Y. Christian Advocate.

A VIEW OF RABELAIS.

To most men's minds Rabelais' place in the procession of creative geniuses is that of the high priest of wit and jollity, disgraced and disfigured by unmentionable filth. "Rabelaisian Humor" is as much a recognized term as "Homeric laughter;" and an essay on humor without going to this fountain-head would be a thing as mutilated as the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. Whatever there is of unrefined mirth, of broad and jovial excess, of even bestial self-abandonment, comes under the Rabelaisian head. * * * But, buried underneath this filth, which was used as a stalking-horse, a shield, a mask, is a fund of wisdom and noble teaching, such as men have rarely had preached to them—wisdom and teaching which make of Rabelais, the licentious jester, one of the greatest schoolmasters of the world. This is the essential meaning of the book; and neither Plato in his poetic purity, nor Socrates in his practical morality, surpassed in grandeur of intention and esoteric doctrine this hideously unclean Æsop. It was the only way possible in those days. The filth amused, and drew the attention from the graver meaning underneath. To the superficial reader the story of Gargantua and his son Pantagruel, is a rambling medley of now absurd and now indecent episodes, with paragraphs broad enough to make Lord Campbell turn in his grave. To the student it is a treasure-house of high aspiration, of noble exhortation, of pure religion, of manly living, of scorn of baseness, cruelty,

falsehood, superstition, tyranny; of fervent philanthropy, of virile morality, of wise and peaceful and beautiful aims.

The mind sees what it brings; and this is truer of Rabelais than of any other author. If the reader wishes to find the essential word he will find it, and the rest is dissolved as in a powerful acid. But to him who cares to linger on the humor only—always tainted and corrupted—that essential word will be lost. His ribs will be tickled to laughter, but his mind will not be exercised to edification.

Temple Bar.

THE HOME OF DICKENS.

The numerous admirers of Charles Dickens will be interested to know that the novelist's favorite Kentish home at Gad's Hill, the house in which he died, is again offered for sale. Besides the substantially built house, containing fourteen rooms and the usual offices, the Gad's Hill property of eleven acres includes a gardener's cottage, greenhouses, stables, coach-houses, farmyard, kitchen garden, rosary, lawn tennis ground, etc.

The house and grounds were subjected to considerable improvement during the novelist's residence there, such as the construction of a large conservatory adjoining the dining-room and a tunnel under the public highway connecting the front lawn with a charming retreat called "The Wilderness," with its two magnificent cedars. Here stood the pretty Swiss chalet presented to Dickens by his friend, Fechter, but which now finds a resting place in Cobham Park, close by. In the chalet the famous writer was wont to work, free from interruption, during the Summer months, and here he penned the last lines he ever wrote.

Pall Mall Gazette.

DRYDEN.

Something of a temper less hurried than that of the man who runs and reads is no doubt required for the appreciation of that somewhat heavy-footed and somber giant of tragic and of narrative song, John Dryden, warring with dunces, marching with sunken head—"a down look," as Pope described it—through the unappreciative flat places of our second Charles and James. Prosaic at times he is, slow, fatigued, unstimulating; but, at his best, how full of the true sublime, how uplifted by the wind of tragic passion, how stirred to the depths by the noblest intellectual and moral enthusiasm! For my own part, there are moments and moods in which nothing satisfies my ear and my brain as do the great accents of Dryden, while he marches down the page, with his elephants and his standards and his kettle-drums, "in the full vintage of his flowing honors." There must be something effeminate and feeble in the nervous system of a generation which cannot bear this grandiose music,

this virile tramp of Dryden's soldiers and camp-followers; something singularly dull and timid in a spirit that rejects this robust intellectual companion. And, with all his russet suit of homespun, Dryden is imbued to the core with the truest and richest blood of poetry. His vehemence is positively Homeric; we would not give "Mac Flecknoe" in exchange even for the lost "Thersites." He possesses in a high degree all the qualities which we have marked as needed for the attribution of greatness. He is original to that degree that mainly by his efforts the entire stream of English poetry was diverted for a century and a half into an unfamiliar channel; he has an executive skill eminently his own, and able to amaze us to-day after so many subsequent triumphs of verse-power; he has distinction such as an emperor might envy; and after all the poets of the eighteenth century have, as Mr. Lowell says, had their hands in his pockets, his best lines are as fresh and as magical as ever.

Edmund Gosse, in The Forum.

EBERS AT WORK.

While Spielhagen and Freitag have long ceased to delight their readers at regular intervals, Ebers, who, though the youngest, is still the most unlikely to keep a promise which involves long work, never fails us. The sickness and suffering which for years have chained him to the couch have never been allowed to come between him and his untiring pen; and while by an almost superhuman effort of will he banishes physical pain, his mind creates the most varied, sweet and *mirabile dictu*! even humorous images, which are welcomed in German lands as they deserve. Having spent a great part of his life in Egypt, his fancy naturally reverted to that sunny land while he was a prisoner to the inclement winter at Leipzig. It was there he wrote his novels with the scene of action in the land of the Pharaohs, but since he has given up Leipzig and spends his winters in the summer south of Switzerland and Germany, his mind has found a resting place at home, and the last novel he gives us is a homely, sweet German story, untinged by the colors that our eyes picture with so much difficulty.

Boston Herald.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."

Prof. James Bryce, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, is one of the hardest workers of the day. As an M. P. he was one of the busiest and most successful private members, and when he became under-secretary for foreign affairs he exchanged the quality rather than the quantity of his parliamentary work. But on the top of all this he was also a lecturer at the Inns of Court and a professor at Oxford. When it is added that he moreover takes a very active part in a multitude of social and philanthropic works in London it will be

seen that Mr. Bryce has come nearer than most people to solving the problem of being in two places at one time. Personally, Mr. Bryce is a charming companion, full both of information and of sympathy. He lives in a pretty house in Bryanston Square, which his sister helps him to make a centre of many interesting gatherings. He is of course a Scotchman, is fifty years of age, and has made the ascent of Ararat. Indeed, his fondness for walking is no doubt the secret of his power of work. For once, however, he has been "knocked out," and as soon as he had passed his book for the press he went off to India to recuperate.

THACKERAY.

Great master of the human heart!

Its passions, weakness, sorrows, sin;
Who showed the world with wondrous art
How near to evil good begins.

Who made us feel how basely born
Are poor ambitions rightly seen;
Whose cynic mood was noble scorn
Of all things selfish, low and mean.

Here, standing by this quiet grave,
The world's wild fret seems far away;
While others seize a hurrying pen
To tell the world what they have done;
With whom, and why, and where, and when—
So passing praise and gold are won—

And court a gossip-loving age,
And with oblivion vainly strive;
And lest the future write no page
Write it themselves while yet alive;

In golden silence grows thy fame,
To splendor like the stars above;
While in our hearts thy deathless name
Is shrined in honor, reverence, love.

Pall Mall Gazette.

=The death at Versailles, a few weeks ago, of M. Edmond Schérer, deprives Europe of one of the ablest of living literary critics. No Frenchman has written so adequately of Milton, Byron and Goethe. M. Schérer was best known by his work on *Le Temps*, with which journal he had been connected since 1861, and on which he was a principal writer.

=Henry Hall, an authority on the history of Vermont, died from heart failure at his home in Rutland, Vt., on April 4. He published several books, including a "History of Rutland County." His chief works, "History of Vermont" and "Life of Ethan Allen," had not been finished at the time of his death. They are so near completion that they will be published by his executors. Mr. Hall left a wife and two daughters, Miss Clara T. Hall and Mrs. W. H. Boardman.

REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF LOUISIANA.

By Maurice Thompson. Story of the States series. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27.

Louisiana has been particularly fortunate in falling into the sympathetic hands of Mr. Maurice Thompson—a poet by nature delighting in his poetic theme. None of the States has such a glamor of romance thrown over its story; around none does such a legendary atmosphere cling as around Louisiana. The story starts with De Soto and La Salle, the Spanish and French

in interest of every sort: landscape, hereditary singularities, mixed nationality, legends and thrilling episodes. Many tongues are spoken in versatile Louisiana, and Louisiana speaks to the historian in many a tongue. Originally a French province Louisiana is first and foremost French. Next, in 1769, it passed from France to Spain. Then Napoleon grasped it, to the delight of its inhabitants, and then, to their infinite chagrin, sold it without their knowledge to the United States for \$12,000,000,—an empire as great as Charlemagne's for a paltry handful of dollars! Next came the British and the battle of New Orleans. All these tints and colors combine into a singularly graphic tale: *marquises* and *hidalgos*, convicts and Choctaw



G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lafreniere's Appeal to the Council.

From "The Story of Louisiana."

navigators and *adelantados*, and continues amid wars and sufferings, under Iberville and Bienville, Galvez and O'Reilly, Carondelet and Wilkinson, through nearly 200 years of struggle and eventual triumph to the present time when Louisiana has become a great and opulent commonwealth of 1,200,000 souls. Mr. Thompson sketches with light and facile hand the outlines of this dramatic tale, leaving to the student to consult at his option the exhaustive works of Gayarré and Martin for all the crowding detail of the picture. In large delightful type, interspersed with charming illustrations and concluding with a map and a chronological *aperçu* of its chief events, we have a wonderfully picturesque account of a land abounding

Indians, American adventurers and refugees from Acadia, *émigrés* from San Domingo, and Spaniards, Caribs, and "dagoes" from the isles, jostle on the crowded levees and ultimately blend in a motley population full of intelligence, grace and fire. The result of all this is the evolution of the unique Creole for whom Mr. Thompson puts in a just and eloquent plea. Last of all came the great cataclysm of the Secession War, the fall of New Orleans, the scandals of the "carpet-bag" *régime*, the theft of a State, and its ultimate restoration to its own people.

All this is limned in swift adumbration, not without inaccuracies, but on the whole with great spirit and impartiality. Many errors occur in proper names

both in the index and through the book; accents are very generally replaced, and the volume needs a careful revision at the hands of one technically educated in the history of Louisiana to make it altogether trustworthy in the matter of names and dates. Of misprints that are trifling we have noticed "*an* hundred" (p. 49; "a hundred," just above); "*harrassed*" (p. 53)—and "*harassed*" opposite; "*treacheorus*" (p. 54); "*M. Paugér*" (p. 54); "*embarassed*" (p. 58); "*attemping*" (p. 98); "*ordon-nateure*" and "*Capitain*" (p. 99); "*Villierz*" (p. 110); "*Laffrémère*" (p. 115); *shall* for *should* (p. 117); "*Teche*" (p. 123, etc.) and sometimes "*Têche*"; "*Frankland*" for "*Franklin*," the name given by the insurrectionists of west North Carolina to the new State which they endeavored to form in 1786; "*in-vested*" for "*infested*" (p. 141); "*island of New (?) Orleans*" (p. 153); "*spoilation*" (p. 158); "*ladenened*" (?) (213); "*Villère*" for "*Villéré*" (p. 215); "*can-ister*" and "*cannister*" (p. 226-7); "*Piérre Derbigny*" (p. 244); "*Johnson*" for "*Johnston*" (p. 263); "*have been permitted*" for "*have permitted*" (p. 271); "*emmissaries*" (p. 285); "*handicaped*" (p. 295); "*J. C. Monicure*" (p. 321); "*Tulare*" for "*Tulane*" (p. 323); "*Bonarventure*" (p. 332); "*Mercièr*" (p. 335); and a few others.

These can easily be eradicated from the text without injuring the charm and integrity of the book, which deserves to be adopted as a text-book in the schools of Louisiana and to be generally read as a fine treatment of its theme. *The Critic.*

PROFIT SHARING.

PROFIT SHARING BETWEEN EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE. A study in the evolution of the wages system. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

The serious difficulties which have so often arisen between employers and employees during recent years have directed attention to profit sharing as a remedy therefor. This remedy has been approved by such men as Stuart Mill, Fawcett, Jevons and Walker, because it overcomes the friction between employers and laborers in a perfectly feasible way, and without an economic revolution. Socialism implies a complete transformation of society, while coöperation attempts to ignore the leadership which is as necessary in industry as in war. Profit sharing retains the wages system, and adds to it the stimulus of making the laborer directly interested in the profits which his toil helps to produce. "Profit sharing, the division of realized profits between the capitalist, the employer and the employee, in addition to regular interest, salary and wages," says Mr. Gilman, "is the most equitable and generally satisfactory method of remunerating the three industrial agents." On another page he gives the reasons why it is more equitable and satisfactory than any other method of remuneration, in saying that "profit

sharing advances the prosperity of an establishment by increasing the quantity of the product, by improving its quality, by promoting care of implements and economy of materials, and by diminishing labor difficulties and the cost of superintendence." Mr. Gilman has brought together the facts concerning about one hundred and fifty establishments conducted on this plan in France, Germany, England, the United States and other countries, of which thirty-six have been failures and the others successful. The wonderful array of facts and results he presents proves beyond a doubt that profit sharing is not only a feasible, but, to a large extent, a certain remedy for the evils of the present labor system—a system which seems more and more surely with each decade to breed discontent and revolutionary agitation.

It may seem to many that the above is too strong a statement to make in behalf of profit sharing, but Mr. Gilman's book fully justifies it. It is a remarkably convincing book, not because it gives the reader a fine theory, but because it records facts and actual results. The author does not discuss the theory of labor or attempt to defend profit sharing by an elaborate argument; but he gives a history of its inception and of a large proportion of the establishments in which it has been tried up to the present date. He has produced the fullest and most thorough work on the subject that exists in any language; and in preparing it he has made use of nearly all that has been written about it in French, German and English. He has arranged his materials with much skill; he gives all the necessary details of each experiment, presents the facts about the failures as completely as about the successes, and does not intrude his own theories and conclusions into his narrative. The reader finds all the facts up to date from which to draw his own conclusions carefully arranged and digested, thoroughly indexed, and presented in language that is clear and concise. After reading this book one cannot but wish that many other subjects connected with political economy could be treated in this manner.

Mr. Gilman opens his book with a chapter on the industrial problem, the discontent and agitation it produces. Then he shows that coöperation is too revolutionary a substitute for the present method. Product sharing as such a substitute is next considered; and then the various devices of piece-work, prizes, percentage on sales, the sliding scale and arbitration are discussed as remedies for the evils of the wages system. After these introductory chapters he comes to the main subject of the book, and proceeds to give an account of the way in which M. Leclaire, a Parisian house-painter and decorator, built up the system of profit sharing. It is a story of remarkable interest told in a convincing manner. The next chapter gives an account of the profit sharing system as applied on the Continent to many forms of industry. Among the most interesting and successful of the establishments using it are the

coöperative paper works at Angoulême, France; Godin's Familistère at Guise, France; the Paris and Orleans Railway Company, and the Bon Marché, the great Parisian dry-goods store. The experiments made in England are next considered, and especially that of the colliery establishment of Henry Briggs, Son & Co., in Yorkshire, and the reasons why it failed. Then come the American experiments of the Place Dale Manufacturing Co. in Rhode Island, that of the Pillsbury Flour Mills at Minneapolis, the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Co. of St. Louis, the Springfield Foundry Co., and those of John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, and W. H. Zinn, Boston. Many other important experiments have been made in profit sharing in this country, and although a few have proved failures, the majority have produced all the results which were anticipated. Three concluding chapters are devoted to a patient study of the experiments which have been already detailed. A table summarizes the failures and another the establishments now in operation; and both are exceedingly instructive. The brief final chapter presents in a moderate and scientific way the results which may be hoped for from profit sharing, in view of what it has already accomplished. As will be seen, the book is thoroughly inductive in its method. At the same time, it is written in a manner which commends it to the general student, and to the thoughtful employer and employee alike. It is not at all a sentimental book; it makes no appeal to considerations of charity; but it attempts to show, from purely economic and practical reasons, that profit sharing is a great improvement over the old methods. Mr. Gilman's book deserves a wide reading, and ought to lead to a large extension of profit sharing in this country.

The Critic.

FRENCH TRAITS.

An Essay in Comparative Criticism. By W. C. Brownell. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

A very clever addition to what may be called international comparisons, is Mr. Brownell's little book of essays. It is, as its name indicates, a study of French characteristics; though an impartial reading will, we fear, discover the fact that Mr. Brownell falls rather frequently into the truly Parisian error of writing "France" and "French" for "Paris" and "Parisian." Certainly most of the traits here studied and offered as typical, are the traits not of the average Frenchman or Frenchwoman, if we include in the making of our average, the honest, simple, home-loving, economical, unsentimental *bourgeoisie* of the provinces and the stolid peasantry of the fields. They are the traits preëminently of the Parisian and Parisienne; gay, cynical, *rusé*, frankly living for to-day, in the theory that to-morrow can take care of itself, and as for eternity, that is the priests' concern; models of taste, models of grace; incomparably delightful com-

panions of an hour; childishly fond of reckless experiment; childishly soon wearying of the experiment, whether it be a national government or a personal emotion; and as to religion, as the Anglo-Saxon understands religion, going through life "without a twinge of it," as the old New England woman said. Given such a mental photograph, and we fancy there will be many voices raised from provincial France in protestation against offering it as the photograph of a Frenchman, though as a Parisian it is recognizable at a second glance. But as Mr. Brownell has the courage of his metropolitanism, and frankly as he holds Paris for France, typifies America by New York, we may amend our phrase, recognize that his studies are rather inter-urban than international, and so give ourselves to a most pleasurable enjoyment of them. And we shall find very much in them to enjoy: indeed, we may say that we have found much in them to enjoy, in the ten months or so they have been in course of publication in *Scribner's Magazine*. For their author is master of an exceptionally pleasant style, which is always facile, and not infrequently brilliant. He has happily chosen for his comparisons those aspects of life where comparison can be made most interesting and most telling, as in his essays on "The Social Instinct," "Morality," "Manners," "Women" and "Democracy." Best of all, he shows a very sincere, one may almost say temperamental sympathy with the life and character he sets forth to analyze: a sympathy which sometimes, indeed, seems to overleap the bounds of that impartiality which is so necessary to just comparison, and lead its author dangerously near to partisanship. Whenever, for example, his lance of irony is lifted, it is not against French foibles, but against the Saxon density which persists in pronouncing certain French characteristics to be foibles. But as the vast majority of Mr. Brownell's readers will be of this same densely Saxon habit of mind, his partisanship becomes an absolute virtue, as far as the likelihood of coming to a mutual understanding is concerned. As we may have hinted, it is the author's position rather than his comparative statements which will be found most original and suggestive. His insight is more valuable to us than his philosophy; his expositions than his reflections. Indeed, the sympathy of which we have spoken sometimes plays curious tricks with his logic; as where, in the essay on "Morality," he seems to claim that individual immorality can be trusted to aggregate as social purity.

On the whole, the little book cannot but prove a very valuable aid to the understanding of a temperament and a national life which we are prone to judge too superficially, and, in many instances, to condemn without having comprehended. If—owing perhaps to that Saxon density to which we have several times alluded—we cannot always feel that Mr. Brownell has explained the Parisian, we can at least feel deeply grateful to Mr. Brownell for so exquisitely and accurately photographing him.

Boston Transcript.

GRASS OF PARNASSUS.

RHYMES OLD AND NEW. By Andrew Lang. 18mo., \$1.40; by mail, \$1.45.

One's duty with regard to this volume is rather that of gratitude than criticism—gratitude generally on behalf of all who may care for a fairly representative collection of Mr. Lang's serious verse, and particularly on behalf of those unhappy persons who do not possess the "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France."

The volume, I have hinted, is a serious one. There is not a single ballade between its covers, nor any "other toys of that sort" whatsoever. So runs the cruel phrase by which in a brief prefatory note Mr. Lang refers to such of his former work as that "dainty troop of thirty-two." Can those melancholy rumors after all be true that Mr. Lang is never again to write a ballade? If so it will be no small grudge we shall owe to certain troublesome mongers of "the forms" of whom we have heard. There is, however, no good in meeting trouble; and I, for my part, not believing in Mr. Lang's power to keep his threat, am grateful for the passing mood which has gathered for us these "Rhymes Old and New." The majority of the old come from the old France volume, almost all the original poems therein being here reprinted; of the remainder, some are to be found in the Transatlantic "Ballades and Verses Vain," while a few others will be known to readers of *Harper's*, callers in "At the Sign of the Ship," and generally

"to those

Who take in the high-class magazines."

Mr. Lang is so nearly ubiquitous that no more positive statement would be safe, for who knows not in what unlikely footnote he has ere now been found modestly lurking?

Probably the best things in this volume are among these reprinted verses. One meets again with many an old love and misses two or three, while one also feels that the selections from the old France translations might have been more generous. At the same time there is enough out of the earlier volume to make easier the lot of that man who owns it not. The sweet "Hesperothen" songs, the fairy "Sunset of Watteau," "Colinette," "Sylvie et Aurélie," "Two Sonnets of the Sirens," are all here; and surely it were ill if "Good-bye" were missing—finest, methinks, of all Mr. Lang's lyrics, to parallel which one would certainly have to run the risk of fulsome and mention a very fragrant seventeenth-century name. Others of the old, but of more recent acquaintance, are the "Review in Rhyme" of "At the sign of the Lyre," quite in Mr. Dobson's own manner; and those two charming expressions of another of Mr. Lang's latter-day moods—the mood of that "jaded literary person" to whom, we have been recently told, Mr. Haggard's novels are so refreshing—"Pen and Ink" and "Martial in Town." Saving the well-known *Punch* sonnet on Colonel Burnaby, the little section of vigorous verse with which the volume opens, called

"Deeds of Men," and having Gordon mainly for its theme, would seem to be quite new. It is appropriately sub-dedicated (so to say) to Colonel Ian Hamilton. The longest of the apparently quite 'new things is a poem "To Rhodocleia [Rufinus's Love] on her Melancholy Singing"—a sweet example of the modern honey-comb rhyme, which, however, many of our lutists can build as well as Mr. Lang, though none, perhaps, better. But the poem which seems to me finest among the new is greatly more racy of the soil. This is "Clevedon Church, in Memoriam H. B." If it has been printed before it has escaped my notice; and in any case it will be well to copy it here:

"Westward I watch the low green hills of Wales,
The low sky silver grey;
The turbid Channel, with the wandering sails,
Moans through the winter day.

"There is no color but one ashen light
On tower and lonely tree,
The little church upon the windy height
Is grey as sky or sea.

"But there hath he that woke the sleepless love
Slept through these fifty years,
There is the grave that has been wept above
With more than mortal tears.

"And far below I hear the Channel sweep
And all his waves complain,
As Hallam's dirge through all the years must keep
Its monotone of pain.

* * * * *

"Grey sky, brown waters, as a bird that flies
My heart flits forth from these
Back to the winter rose of northern skies,
Back to the northern seas.

"And, lo! the long waves of the ocean beat
Below the minster grey,
Caverns and chapels worn of saintly feet,
And knees of them that pray.

"And I remember me how twain were one
Beside that ocean dim,
I count the years passed over since the sun
That lights me looked on him.

"And dreaming of the voice that, save in sleep,
Shall greet me not again;
Far, far below, I hear the Channel sweep
And all its waves complain."

Surely pictures like that in lines three and four come rarely to refresh us. And such of Mr. Lang's poems are the genuine "Grass of Parnassus"—a tide at which it will be well to look a moment, for it is a triumph in its way. * * *

There are, of course, many other charming things in this volume I may well leave others to discover; for Mr. Lang's verses, unlike those of "less happier" men, do not rely for readers on copious extracts in reviews. And one is glad to find among the translations reprints of those dainty bits of Greek rendering

for which not long ago we had to thank the *Fortnightly Review*. But I must not forget to notice that Mr. Lang closes his volume with one of those little jokes of his which may well make one feel that his serious face all through has been but another of them. "The Last Chance" seems serious enough till we read it:

"Within the streams, Pausanias saith,
That down Cocytus valley flow.
Girdling the grey domain of Death,
The spectral fishes come and go;
The ghosts of trout flit to and fro.
Persephone, fulfil my wish,
And grant that in the shades below
My ghost may land the ghosts of fish."

Beneath this verse are printed six lines of Greek, which, I am informed, tell the same story and breathe the same prayer; but whether the English be indebted to the Greek or *vice versa* there is no deposition. But the Greek bears the initials "L. C." for signature, which, perhaps, go some way towards elucidation, inevitably suggesting as they do the collusion with Mr. Lang of a certain north country professor, who after all need not be nameless. It would, indeed, appear that Mr. Lang shares his "Last Chance" with Prof. Lewis Campbell.

Richard Le Gallienne, in London Academy.

THE WITNESS OF THE SUN.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES, author of "The Quick or the Dead?" etc. With portrait. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents.

One lays down "The Witness of the Sun" with a keen appreciation of the writer's talent, and also with a feeling of depression that such talent should be so abused. The story is full of faults; it is unpleasant to the last degree; but at the same time it has a dramatic strength that cannot be denied. It is not as hysterical as "The Quick or the Dead?" but it has as great a variety of kisses. Perhaps it is these kisses, or perhaps it is the Italian background, that reminds us so forcibly of the gifted but misguided "Ouida." If the story had been given to us to read without the writer's name, and we had been asked to guess who she was, we should have named the author of "Moths" without hesitation. The author of "Moths" in her least immoral mood, however. There are scenes in "The Witness of the Sun" as coarse as anything Ouida ever wrote, and every whit as absurd. Among the absurdities are the conversations of the child Lotta, among the vulgarities, the scene where this child, only nine years of age, is made intoxicated by the hero's mother, that she may worm a secret out of the little one; also the episode of the same lady and Count Demarini. It is not, however, in specified scenes and episodes that one finds the coarseness of the story; it permeates every page, and is to be found

more in little than in great things. About the hero and heroine there is nothing unpleasant, save their kisses. They are high-minded, but over-sentimental young people, and we cannot help regretting the unhappy, tragic course of their true love. We confess to a distaste for the high-flown, but there are a great many who prefer the rhapsodical in love-making, and those who do so will find it in this story.

The Critic.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY MAN.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET. Illustrated by Bieler, Montégut, Myrbach and Rossi. Translated by Laura Ensor. 8vo, half leather, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.73; paper, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

Is really a continuation or second instalment of his "Thirty Years of Paris." It is made up partly out



Edmond de Goncourt.

of ten-year-old contributions to the *Nouveau Temps* of St. Petersburg, and partly of later contributions to *L'Illustration* and the *Nouvelle Revue*. The "Story of My Books" now includes accounts of the genesis of "Numa Roumestan" and "Les Rois en exil." There are sketches of Émile Ollivier and Gambetta to mate with those of Villemessant and Rochefort in "Thirty Years"; a flattering outline of M. Edmond de Goncourt to match that of Turgenev; half a dozen neatly limned portraits of *gens de théâtre*—Déjazet, Lesueur, Félix, Mme. Arnould-Plessy, Dupuis, and Lafontaine. There is also a little tale called "A Member of the Jockey Club," which seems to have been left over from the "Letters from my Windmill" or the "Contes du Lundi," and there are half a score more essaylets of less importance. Obviously, a third volume will be forthcoming in due season, to contain the paper on Mistral contributed to the *Century*, and further instalments of the "Story of My Books." Externally, the "Recollections" resembles the "Thirty Years" and the "Tartarin."

The Nation.

LESTER WALLACK'S REMINISCENCES.

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS. By Lester Wallack. With an introduction by Laurence Hutton. With portraits and fac-similes. 8vo, \$10.00; by mail, \$10.28.

The history of the stage has always had a peculiar interest, due to the character of the dramatic profession and to the large measure of humanity which is the inheritance of all good actors. A good actor is rarely a dull fellow; he is generally a man of unusual social gifts, of large knowledge of life, of native humor, and of ready sympathy. Great actors have been, almost without exception, men of uncommon personal charm, and since personality is the one thing for which the world never loses its zest, the annals of the stage, whether serious or trivial, have rarely failed of the quality of interesting intelligent men and women.

Lester Wallack was a typical actor in all these respects; a man born to the best traditions of the stage, inheriting from both sides a genius for dramatic representation, trained in an admirable school, and constantly before the public, both as actor and manager, during a long and active life. There are names in every profession about which gather all its traditions and associations, and Wallack's name was one of these. Whatever may be said of his acting, his identification with his profession was so complete and so long continued, and his contact with it so many-sided, that he stood in the minds of many people for the stage itself. Only last May he made his final appearance on the stage at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, surrounded by the leaders of the profession. Booth, Barrett, Gilbert, Jefferson, Levick, Madame Modjeska, and Miss Rose Coghlan united in a noble representation of "Hamlet," and Wallack made what proved to be his last speech of thanks between the acts. Thus in his final public appearance he seemed to stand in some sense for the stage itself.

This volume may have lost something from the fact that it was spoken rather than written, but it probably gained more than it lost by this process. It is true, as Mr. Hutton says in his charming preface, that the accent, the modulation, the gesture, and the expression are gone, but the native utterance of the man is here, and one recognizes here the Wallack known to his friends; a man full of reminiscences of the stage, proud of his position, mindful of the popular side of his profession, of abounding high spirits, and a keen sense of humor. If something of completeness is missed in these memories, there is found in its place a vivacity, a naturalness of expression, an off-hand quality, which bring the reader very near the man, and convey something of his marked personality.

Born so late on the last night of the year 1819, or so early in the morning of the first day of the year 1820, that he could never decide to which year he really belonged, Wallack's life covered a large part of the dramatic history of the country. His first

appearance on the American stage was at the Broadway Theatre, in New York, in September, 1847, in the farce "Used Up." From that time until the spring of 1886 he was constantly before the public, creating a number of rôles, with which he identified himself so completely that in his death they seemed to die also. In the minds of New York play-goers Wallack's position as a manager almost overshadowed his position as a player. His theatre was the home of the legitimate drama. There one saw from season to season the best English comedy acted in the most admirable style. Wallack's theatre was one of the few theatres to which one might go without looking at the bill, with the assurance of being entertained by a company whose training had been of the best, and whose appeal was constantly to the intelligence of their auditors.

Rarely does a volume of memories convey so distinct an impression of the absorption of a man in his work as does this delightful book. One breathes here the very atmosphere of the stage, sees persons and life from the actor's standpoint, and finds himself face to face with almost every actor and actress of note who has appeared in English drama during the last forty years. Wallack tells us that his first appearance on any stage was in his tenth year, in a fine old mansion in Surrey, where the "Heir at Law" was produced on an improvised school-room platform; and the veteran player remembers that he was dressed in a red tunic trimmed with fur, white trousers and red shoes, and carried a round wooden shield and a wooden sword painted blue. And he adds, that as for the lines, he must have painted them red. He hesitated long before finally deciding to become an actor, and when he reached this decision it was with the resolution that he would know his profession from end to end, and that he would depend solely on himself for his support. To this resolution was doubtless due much of the success which he later achieved. In order the more completely to succeed by his own efforts, he laid aside for the time the name of Wallack, which was in itself no small dramatic capital, and adopted the name of Lester. In the town of Rochester, in a comedy called "Charles the Second," Mr. Lester made his first professional appearance, Charles Kemble and Fawcett playing with him. Mr. Lester's salary, it is interesting to learn, was a pound a week. The earlier chapters of this volume deal very fully with the initial experience of the young actor on the English stage, a period of his life which Wallack evidently delighted to remember, and which he has reproduced very fully in his narrative.

So retentive is his memory, that in these pages one is brought into most familiar relations with a host of famous persons. The list of actors and actresses of whom personal impressions are given is a representative one. Here are to be found stories of Davenport, Becket, Tom Taylor, Sothorn, Boucicault, Burton, Chanfrau, Charles Kean, Macready, Jefferson, Fisher,

Gilbert, Montague, Placide, Mrs. Conway, Agnes Robertson, Mrs. Hoey, Mrs. Vernon, Mary Gannon, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Charles Kean, Lizzie Weston, and many others whose names have long been familiar to theatre-goers. Not the least attractive part of the volume is a series of portraits of actors, which are in themselves a history of the English stage for the last forty years. To each of these a full page is surrendered, the reverse side being left blank. To these pictorial memorials of the stage must be added several interesting portraits of Wallack himself, and a very rare and striking portrait of his mother.

Book Buyer.

CHOPIN AND SCHUMANN.

CHOPIN AND OTHER MUSICAL ESSAYS. By Henry T. Finck, author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty." 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

Half a dozen delightful essays, the two most important of which are respectively devoted to the Polish and the German composers above named. Of the author's technical qualifications for a discussion of musical topics the papers themselves are vouchers, and, as to the literary treatment of them, we need only say that every page recalls the writer's charming and diverting book, entitled: "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty."

The author does not hesitate to pronounce Chopin the greatest genius of the pianoforte, and the purpose of the essay on the composer of the Funeral March is to set forth the reasons for allotting to him a place of such pre-eminence. He begins by reminding us of Liszt's prediction, made in 1850, that the fame of Chopin still fell far short of what it would be in the future—a prediction which, in Mr. Finck's opinion, may, notwithstanding the intervening growth of Chopin's reputation, be reaffirmed with equal confidence to-day. Not yet is Chopin by any means appreciated or fully known, his later works, which were his best, being seldom heard in private or in the concert room. There is a current impression that these later compositions are morbid and unintelligible, whereas, Mr. Finck avers, that they are of "an almost matchless harmonic depth and originality, as superior to his earlier works as Wagner's last music dramas are to his first operas. I make," the author adds, "this comparison advisedly, because, although I have the most exalted notions of Wagner's grandeur and importance, I do not for a moment hesitate to say that in his own sphere Chopin is quite as original and epoch making."

Mr. Finck goes on to indicate some of the reasons for the slowness of cultivated people to recognize the rank of Chopin among creative musicians. It is suggested that one ground for the world's comparatively unappreciative attitude was the fact that the composer was quiet and retiring in his personal disposition. His convictions and aspirations he "kept to himself or confided them only to his friends, whom

he even occasionally implored to keep them secret." The main cause, however, for the hesitation of musical authorities to acknowledge that Chopin is one of the very greatest pioneers in his art is a habit of the mind which Mr. Finck describes as "jumboism," *i.e.*, the tendency to measure merit by magnitude, and on that account to class compositions for the piano below operas and oratorios. As if genius might not be as unmistakably displayed in the execution of miniatures as in life-size pictures, to say nothing of scene painting. A hardly less efficient cause of the tardiness of public recognition in the case of Chopin was the unprecedented originality of his style. That it was this rather than the distinct national coloring of his compositions which, to a large extent, debarred him from contemporary sympathy, seems demonstrable by the following facts. Experience had taught him to be always apprehensive about the reception of his compositions by a Warsaw audience, and, although he was a Frenchman on his father's side, the presumably French element in his genius did not suffice to render it palatable to the Parisians.

George Sand appreciated him; so did Liszt, who was a Hungarian, and Heine, who was a Cosmopolitan; but during fourteen years he only played once in public to a Parisian audience, and once more exemplified the harnessing of Pegasus to ploughs by giving lessons on the piano. As for the Germans of his time, none of them, except Schumann, seems to have comprehended how great a man he was. Moscheles confessed that he disliked Chopin's "harsh, inartistic, incomprehensible modulations," which to him often appeared "artificial and forced." Mendelssohn, although he referred on one occasion to Chopin's completing "a most graceful little nocturne," did not recommend the pupils at the Leipsic Conservatory to study his work, and, in a letter to Moscheles, complains that "a book of mazurkas by Chopin and a few new pieces of his are so mannered that they are hard to stand." On the other hand, Schumann was an incessant and ardent eulogist of Chopin, and paid him the sincere flattery of "unconscious imitation." Mr. Finck expounds at length the scope and nature of Chopin's originality, an undertaking which compels him to review briefly the history of the pianoforte. * * *

In his paper on Chopin Mr. Finck recalls the fact that the German eulogist and disciple of the Polish composer was so unlucky as to disable his hand. It was owing to this accident that, though he could still improvise, Schumann could not appear in public to interpret his own compositions. It was, therefore, a wonderful stroke of good fortune that his wife should have been one of the greatest of pianists. It is an interesting fact that Schumann's love for her became the incentive to the composition in one year of over a hundred songs. * * *

In Schumann's judgment Bach was the greatest of composers. Handel he mentions only once in his

correspondence. Of Mozart and Haydn he says that they knew of Bach "only a few pages and passages, and the effect which Bach, if they had known him in all his greatness, would have had on them is incalculable. The harmonic depth, the poetic and humorous qualities of modern music, have their source chiefly in Bach; Mendelssohn, Chopin, Hiller, all the romanticists (I mean those of the German school), approximate in their music much closer to Bach than to Mozart."

From the author's biographical sketch of Schumann we extract the following details. He was, it seems, fond of a glass of good wine. He himself recounts that on his first journey to Prague the Tokay made him happy. Elsewhere he declares that he should like to drink champagne every day to excite himself. But, though of a solitary disposition, he did not care to drink alone. His special vice was the constant smoking of very strong cigars. For gastronomic pleasures he cared relatively little. At one time he lived on potatoes alone for several weeks. At another he saved on his meals to get money for French lessons. Repeatedly he lamented the time wasted in eating. "Such tenets," concludes Mr. Finck, "combined with the smoking habit, doubtless helped to shatter Schumann's powers, leading finally to the lunatic asylum and a comparatively early death."

New York Sun.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S NEW BOOK.

NEIGHBOURS ON THE GREEN. By Mrs. Oliphant. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

Here we have no profound philosophical speculations, no pilgrimages into the unseen, and but little even of the tragedy of life, which makes one feel after reading certain of Mrs. Oliphant's books, as if one had been spending the day going to and returning from an exceptionally dreary cemetery. All that Mrs. Oliphant does is to introduce us to the members of a little community composed of folks who have neither poverty nor riches, who are always dining at each other's houses or gossiping about each other's affairs, and whose residence, known as the Green, is, it is tolerably safe to say, not a hundred miles from Staines. In the character of fairy godmother or universal confidante of the Green, who is in the secret of the young people's loves and sorrows, who placates the old folks, or, if need be, gets them conveniently out of the way, she unroofs every house in it, including the harmless village inn, opens each room in succession, and even lets us see the skeleton in the closet. Many of the short stories in these volumes are obviously studies for—or rough drafts of—novels that Mrs. Oliphant has abandoned the idea of writing, perhaps even, in some cases, of novels that she has actually written. Thus the tragedy that breaks out, like an unexpected volcanic eruption, in the peaceful life of Sir Thomas and Lady Denzil recalls "Valentine and His Brother," not to speak of earlier books, of which

one has now but a vague recollection. But they are none the worse for that. Occasionally Mrs. Oliphant is obviously the better for being circumscribed in point of space. She might easily have made a full novel out of the domestic misfortunes of "The Scientific Gentleman" or of "The Stockbroker at Dinglewood;" but neither would have been so truly dramatic in plot or so crisp in style as the novelette which here takes its place. Moreover, Mrs. Oliphant's matronly, and here and there almost grandmotherly, humor is seen at its best in "An Elderly Romance," "Lady Isabella," which is another elderly romance, "The Barley-Mow," and one or two other of the stories in this collection. Mrs. Mowbray who, by her skilful tactics, gets rid of the bad people, and marries the good people to each other in "The Barley-Mow" is an admirable example of the well-meaning aristocratic meddler who is not, however, at the same time a mischief-maker. Oddly enough, the most disappointing of the contents of "The Neighbours on the Green" are the first story and the last. The mistake which lies at the bottom of "My Neighbour Nelly" is too trifling, and takes too long a time to unravel. "My Faithful Johnny" also drags towards its close. But no better collection of social sketches, having all the interest and none of the unreality of romance, has been published for many years than "Neighbours on the Green." It will, moreover, give many more delightful hours than certain more ambitious and important works by its author.

London Academy.

PASSE ROSE.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy, author of "But Yet a Woman," and "The Wind of Destiny." 12mo, 90 cents, by mail, \$1.01.

At the gallery between the Pitti and the Uffizi palaces, at that exquisite hour of a Florentine afternoon when the falling dusk is warm with the rosy afterglow of sunset and silvered with the crescent moon, and in these mingling, mystical lights and shadows the marvellous old tapestries that line the walls seem for one fairy moment to come alive; faces peer out from their folds—here a plumed knight, there a crafty monk; here a grinning jester, there a crop-eared serf in fustian; here a light-poised dancing girl, there a great king sitting in judgment; behind them the immemorial forest, and over them blowing some strange wind of long ago; until the lingerer before the tapestries scarce knows which is most real, they or he, or if he be awake or a-dream,—an hour akin to this and such impressions will be the fortunate gift and lot of the sensitive reader of the last lovely story that Arthur Sherburne Hardy has given us. Semi-historical novels are, as we all know, very dreary creations as a rule, missing alike the dignity of history and the charm of romance; but to a greater degree than any modern story, except the wonderful "Romance of Dollard," "Passe Rose" throws upon the dim and quaint and faded tapestries of old historical

chronicles the rosy shining of a vividly sympathetic imagination; and lo! the men and women breathe and live, and we see them beside us and feel them to be of like passions with ourselves. The story is of the time of Charlemagne, and the men and women into whose company it leads us are of many kinds and of all degrees, from loftiest to lowliest, from the mighty king, to whose actual presence we are admitted but for a moment, to the rough Saxon churl who keeps the convent gate. Chiefly we follow the fortunes of the little wandering minstrel girl from whom the tale takes its name; the fair and brave and sweet and simple maid, of whom we, no less than those who met her in Maestricht meadows, feel that "when she passes by it is as a breath from the land of orange and olive and rosemary." We follow her through many strange paths and much peril and sorrow; but when we leave her at last—tenderly and with gratitude that we have so long had her fair company—it is in the sunshine and with her happy heart echoing the pealing chant to which she, kneeling, listens: "The world passeth away; but love abideth forever."

No summary and no hint can do any justice to this one of the most exquisite stories of our generation. Once within its charm, the reader is held by it as by a song to which one listens, holding the breath, lest a cadence should be missed. It is as strong as delicate; and the perfection of its style—as free from the arid commonplace as from the hysterical sentimentalism which are the Scylla and Charybdis of our literary day—is an ever-renewed delight. We rejoice, too, in the absence of the somewhat morbid sadness which threatened in Mr. Hardy's earlier novels, charming as they were, to bring him under Dante's threat to those who "willfully walk in sorrow." In this fine and brilliant tale life is bravely shown to us as "no cup of doubtful flavor, to be gingerly drunk, with an eye on the bottom, but an ocean, over whose sparkling expanse to smile, lip at the rim, drinking alike of the sweet and the bitter with that thirst out of whose fullness spring courage and joy."

Boston Transcript.

=Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon publish the first volumes of an Illustrated Library Edition of Thackeray's Works. It will be printed from large type, and will contain twenty-two crown octavo volumes, illustrated with over sixteen hundred pictures from designs by Thackeray and various artists. It will be more complete than any other English or American edition yet published.

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSÉ.

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSÉ. By Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass O' Lowrie's," "Little Lord Funtleroy," etc. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

Mrs. Burnett adds another to her already long list of young girls' portraits in Pepita, the charming Spanish maiden whose popular appellation supplies the title of "The Pretty Sister of José." For, though the story is not a long one, and though its substance is in large part composed of a series of episodes in the turbulent course of a passion truly Spanish in its intensity, Pepita's character is as definitely and com-



When on the first holiday he took her to the public gardens with Jovita.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

From "The Pretty Sister of José."

pletely portrayed as if the canvas were larger and the detail more abundant. It is indeed surprising to note how admirably the artist in this instance contrives to convey the sense of fulness in a few strokes, a suggestive outline, a significant spot of brilliant color here and there. The trait is a familiar one in the manifestations of Mrs. Burnett's literary talent. It arises from her wholly unaffected, wholly natural fusion of simplicity with intensity no doubt. In general, perhaps, we find simplicity accompanied by a certain bleakness, a certain lack of color and interest; and intensity, on the other hand, is apt to lack the savor of absolute literary sanity unless it come as the climax of a long and naturally developed plot. In

"The Pretty Sister of José," on the contrary, we are introduced at once to a fully developed central character and are at the outset on the threshold of a dramatic situation, and yet the reader wholly escapes the sense of anything factitious in the high pressure to which he is speedily subjected, so universal are the passions dealt with, so broadly representative the characters, so simple and typical the natural forces at work. Thus the most humdrum imagination readily transforms the silhouette of the text into a portrait of more rounded completeness than the most elaborate modelling of an inferior artist could secure.

In this way "The Pretty Sister of José," slight as its delicacy and brevity make it seem, has the substance and force of a novel of real importance. * * * Mr. Reinhart's illustrations are not only spirited and artistic in themselves, but add a great deal of local color to the book. *Book Buyer.*

CARLYLE'S LETTERS.

LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE, 1826-1836. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. 8vo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.07.

The public, as well as Mr. Froude, is being punished for the faults in his "Life of Carlyle." Of the one hundred and fifty-eight letters printed in this volume, considerably more than half treat solely of domestic affairs, or merely restate facts and opinions already set forth in print more than once by Carlyle himself or by earlier editors, and many deal chiefly with matters too trivial to be of any healthy interest to general readers. For publishing them, however, Mr. Norton has the tolerably good excuse that some in important particulars, and all by their cumulative evidence in details, help to correct Mr. Froude's errors. It is a cruel ordeal to which the dead Carlyle has been, and, as more volumes are likely to follow, doubtless is still to be subjected. All the privacies of his life are sought out, every chance expression that he gave of his varying mood is ruthlessly exposed to view—in the first instance by a too zealous biographer, who was, at the same time, a slipshod transcriber and a prejudiced annotator; and now by the friends who deem it incumbent on them to carry on or supplement the mental and moral dissection he commenced in order that the public may assist at a second *post-mortem* examination, and arrive at a truer verdict than the first self-constituted coroner delivered. The result is inevitably unfair to Carlyle's memory. All but the most enthusiastic of his admirers are being wearied, if not offended, by an accumulation of books which cannot well be ignored, as from each really valuable matter may be gleaned, but in which it is irksome to separate the wheat from the tares. Future critics and biographers will have an excellent store of material from which to construct a really accurate account of one of the most remarkable men of our century; but in the meanwhile his fame is not enhanced.

The contents of this volume belong to what was, in some respects, the most interesting stage in Carlyle's life—the nine and a half years after his marriage, during which he was struggling to eminence as a man of letters amid many troubles, caused partly by his own honesty, or as some might call it perversity, and partly by circumstances beyond his control. If no other sources of information about this period were open to us, the volume would suffice to make a vivid picture of it, fully elucidating his character, and interesting in every page. As it is, Mr. Froude has told his readers more than enough on the subject; and numerous as are the corrections and contradictions of Mr. Froude which Mr. Norton supplies, they do not very materially alter the view that intelligent readers of "The First Forty Years of Carlyle's Life" had formed. Readers who accepted and exaggerated Mr. Froude's statements and inferences may be set right and to readers who, in taking up these "Letters," come fresh to the inquiry, if any such there will be, they should be convincing and hardly redundant; but to others they tell little of importance that is new. * * *

No one can be blamed, however, for liking to read such gossip, especially when it was Carlyle who penned it, and readers who do not care to plod through all Mr. Norton's pages will be guided by his capital index to a profusion of pithy and pungent passages about all sorts of memorable persons. Mrs. Austin, Lord Brougham, the Bullers, Coleridge, Emerson, Fonblanque, Leigh Hunt, Maginn, Mill, the Basil Montagus, Mrs. Somerville, Southey, John Sterling, Henry Taylor, and Wordsworth, named in alphabetical order, are a few of the many of whom Carlyle's silhouettes, hit off with amazing vigor under the fitful flashes of light in which he saw them, are here presented to us. Let this piece of a letter he wrote to his brother Dr. John Carlyle, in 1835, serve as a sample:

"One Taylor (Henry Taylor, who has written a 'Philip van Artevelde,' a good man, whose laugh reminds me of poor Irving's) invited me to meet Southey some weeks ago. I went and met Southey. A man of clear brown complexion, large nose, *no* chin, or next to none; care-lined and thought-lined brow, vehement hazel eyes; huge mass of white hair surmounting it; a strait-laced, limited, well-instructed, well-conditioned, excessively sensitive, even irritable-looking man. His irritability I think is his grand spiritual feature; as his grand bodily is perhaps leanness and long legs; a nervous female might shriek when he rises for the first time, and stretches to such unexpected length—like a lean pair of tongs! We parted good friends; and may meet again, or not meet, as Destiny orders. At the same house, since that, Jane and I went to meet Wordsworth. I did not expect much; but got mostly what I expected. The old man has a fine shrewdness and naturalness in his expression of face (a long Cumberland figure); one finds also a kind of *sincerity* in his speech; but for prolixity, thinness, endless dilution it excels all the other speech I had heard from mortal. A genuine man (which is much), but also essentially a *small*

genuine man; nothing perhaps is sadder (of the glad kind) than the *unbounded* laudation of such a man; sad proof of the *rarity* of such. I fancy, however, he has fallen into the garrulity of age, and is not what he was; also that his environment (and rural Prophethood) has hurt him much. He seems impatient that even Shakespeare should be admired; 'so much out of my own pocket!' The shake of hand he gives you is feckless, egoistical; I rather fancy he *loves* nothing in the world so much as one could wish. When I compare that man with a great man,—alas, he is like dwindling into a contemptibility. Jean Paul (for example), neither was he *great*, could have worn him as a finger-ring."

For solid literary interest, perhaps the most important pages in this book—and they are numerous—are those which set forth in garish colors the relations between Carlyle and Mill. This was the literary man's early impression of the philosopher:

"I find Mill one of the purest, worthiest men of this country; but, as you say, much too exclusively *logical*. I think he will mend; but his character is naturally not *large*, rather high and solid."

Athenæum.

MOTLEY'S LETTERS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L. Edited by George William Curtis. With portrait. Two vols. 8vo, \$5.25; by mail, \$5.75.

Nothing of an autobiographical character published during the past twelvemonth is comparable in point of interest and enjoyment with "The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley," just brought out in two large volumes by the Harpers. It is to be regretted that certain periods of Mr. Motley's residence abroad are so meagrely represented, but we must bow to the good judgment of the editor, who tells us that he has "withheld whatever he believed that the writer's thoughtful consideration for others would have omitted." This rule, he adds, "excludes comments upon persons and affairs which, however innocent or playful, might cause needless pain or misapprehension." It is also explained that some of the breaks which occur—particularly in the year 1870—are due principally to the fact that, when surrounded by his family and engrossed by many cares, Motley had little inclination or leisure for friendly letter writing. The two volumes may be considered as supplementary to the admirable "Memoir" of Motley by Dr. Holmes. They do not touch upon Mr. Motley's resignation of the Austrian mission, or his retirement from the English mission, which are fully and adequately treated in the memoir.

There is no truer standard by which to judge a man and his real opinions than by his private correspondence, and no man can read these volumes without feeling a deeper and sincerer respect for Mr. Motley than ever before. * * *

From 1851 to his death in 1877, Motley's life was largely passed abroad. In 1832, after leaving college, he went to Germany to prosecute his studies, and in 1835 made a tour through Southern Europe.

He returned to America in 1836, and was married the following year. In 1841 he was appointed secretary of legation to the Russian mission, and returned in 1842. For several years he was actively interested in politics, and in 1849 served in the Massachusetts Legislature. He had at this time published two novels, "Morton's Hope" and "Merrymount." His tastes were more in the direction of history, however, and he began work on that of the Dutch Republic. Finding that his plans necessitated personal research in the archives and libraries of Europe, in 1851 he sailed with his family for Holland, by way of London. In 1861 he was appointed minister to Austria and resigned in 1867. In 1869 President Grant appointed him minister to England, but recalled him in 1870. He continued to reside in England, however, and died there in 1877.

The letters before us offer continual temptations to quote. They are full of delightful pen pictures and anecdotes of distinguished people. * * *

His first meeting with Dickens was at a dinner, and he thus chronicles his impressions:

His hair is not much grizzled, and is thick, although the crown of his head is getting bald. His features are good, the nose rather high, the eyes largish, grayish and very expressive. He wears a moustache and beard, and dresses at dinner in exactly the same uniform which every man in London or the civilized world is bound to wear, as much as the inmates of a penitentiary are restricted to theirs. I mention this because I had heard that he was odd and extravagant in his cosume. I liked him exceedingly. We sat next each other at table, and I found him genial, sympathetic, agreeable, unaffected, with plenty of light easy talk and touch-and-go fun, without any effort or humbug of any kind.

Motley's intimacy with Bismarck, both as a student and in after life, is well known to American readers. In July, 1872, he made a visit to Bismarck at his country house, which he thus describes:

The manner of living is most unsophisticated, as you will think when I tell you that we were marched straight from the carriage into the dining-room (after a dusty, hot journey by rail and carriage of ten hours) and made to sit down and go on with the dinner, which was about half through, as owing to a contretemps we did not arrive until an hour after we were expected. After dinner Bismarck and I had a long walk in the woods, he talking all the time in the simplest and funniest and most interesting manner about all sorts of things that had happened in these tremendous years, but talking of them exactly as every-day people talk of every-day matters—without any affectation. The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez-aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time, This is the great Bismarck—the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived. When one lives familiarly with Broddignags it seems for the moment that everybody was a Broddignag too, that it is the regular thing to be, one forgets for the moment one's own comparatively diminutive stature. There are a great many men in certain villages that we have known who cast a far more chilling shade over those about them than Bismarck does.

The most enjoyable and the most natural of the letters are those written to his wife and daughters. Though there is often repetition, there is no diminution of the charm which attaches to the whole. The collection is edited by George William Curtis, a lifelong friend of Motley's. We could wish he had been less chary of his notes, as there are occasional letters which refer to antecedent matters of which no mention is made. But evidently it was Mr. Curtis's intention that the letters should absolutely speak for themselves. Certainly no one could have performed the work of preparation more gracefully or judiciously than Mr. Curtis, and the two volumes, as they stand, are a worthy memorial of the historian and diplomat whose life and character they outline, and an honorable addition to our national biographical literature.

Boston Transcript.

MEXICO.

A WHITE UMBRELLA IN MEXICO. By F. Hopkinson Smith. With illustrations by the author. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

This dainty book tempts the critic to superlatives of praise; it is such a breath of spring after the wintry wastes through which other writers of books on Mexico have compelled him to toil, it is so thoroughly successful in the single line the author proposes to himself to follow, and so faithfully reproduces the most unique savor of Mexican life. The writer knows nothing of Mexican trade or politics or statistics—let the reader thank heaven for that, and take courage. Mexican archæology and history he puts firmly to one side; would that many of his predecessors had done the same! He is content, as he himself says, to

“revel in an Italian sun lighting up a semi-tropical land; to look up to white-capped peaks towering into the blue; to look down upon wind-swept plains encircled by ragged chains of mountains; to catch the sparkle of miniature cities jewelled here and there in oases of olive and orange; and to realize that to-day, in its varied scenery, costumes, architecture, street life, canals crowded with flower-laden boats, market plazas thronged with gayly dressed natives, faded church interiors, and abandoned convents, Mexico is the most marvellously picturesque country under the sun. A tropical Venice! a semi-barbarous Spain! a new Holy Land!”

In a word, Mr. Smith gives us in this book what has never before been worked out so fully and so delightfully—the immense charm which Mexico has for a Bohemian saunterer, with a keen eye for the artistic, and a decided preference for the society of beggars and idlers and sacristans. Others have hinted at all this often enough; he is the first to give himself and his book wholly up to it. We must let him state the matter again, writing this time of Zacatécas:

“No such scene exists in any quarter of the globe where I have wandered: a brilliant sky, blue as a china plate; blinding sunlight; throngs of people in red, orange, or blue; women in rebozos and scarlet sashes; men wearing vermilion zarapes about their

shoulders, with wide hats trimmed with silver, and breeches of pink buckskin held together down the sides by silver buttons; donkeys piled high with great sacks of silver ore; cavaliers on horseback, with murderous rowels in the heels of their riding boots, their Mexican saddles festooned with lassos and lariats; soldiers, carrying carbines and mounted on spirited horses, guarding gangs of convicts, each one of whom staggers under a basket of sand held to his back by a strap across his forehead; great flocks of sheep blocking up the narrow streets, driven by shepherds on horseback, changing their pasture from one hillside to another—the whole completes a picture as strange as it is unique.”

Mr. Smith appreciates as highly as many of his predecessors the architectural and artistic treasures to be found in so many Mexican churches. We do not remember that any one, however, has so roundly denounced the madness of those restorers and renovators who have already gone fearful lengths of hideousness, and whose career seems yet to be far from a close. He gives expression to a fear, in one case, which many others must have felt in many cases:

“Some day they will take up a collection, or an old Don will die and leave a pot of money, ‘to restore and beautify the most holy and sacred, the church of Santa Clara’ and the fiends will enter in and close the church, and pull down the old pictures and throw away the lamps, chairs, and candlesticks, and white-wash the walls, regild the hugh frame of the sacristy door, and make dust-rags of the pomegranate silk. Then they will hang a green and purple raw silk tarian, bordered with silver braid, in its place, panel the whitewashed walls in red stripes, bracket pressed-glass kerosene lamps on the columns, open the edifice to the public, and sing Te Deums for a month in honor of the donor.”

The publishers have done their best to give Mr. Smith a proper setting-out, and the book's heavy paper and wide margins and cover of white and gold and gray make up a very pleasing total. For the illustrations one ought to be profoundly thankful if only because they are new; the deplorable old plates which have so long gone the rounds can easily be spared. But Mr. Smith's sketches have more than this negative merit; they seem to us to be on too small a scale, as a rule, to yield the best effects, but they are most thoroughly worked out, are usually characteristic bits, and somehow fit in better with the good-natured and ostentatiously lazy air of the book than would more ambitious work. A few slips in Spanish, and an occasional failure to hit off usage, help to re-establish the critic in his belief in the fallibility of mortals.

The Nation.

—Mr. Edward W. Emerson has written a book upon the private and domestic life of his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, which admirably supplements Mr. Cabot's excellent biography of Emerson that treated more especially his public career as author and lecturer. The title of the new book is “Emerson in Concord.”

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

A HISTORY OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. (1660-1780). By Edmund Gosse, M. A. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50; Student's edition, 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.13.

Mr. Gosse begins his book with a misnomer, a chronological misstatement, which he can hardly expect his critics to pass over or to forgive. He makes his eighteenth century begin in the year 1660 and end with 1780. This is just one of those blunders which we critics love to hold up to scorn and reprobation. We are certain a century holds but a hundred years, and Mr. Gosse's consists of a hundred and twenty!

Let the critics, however, say what they please, every student of this great period in our literature knows that Mr. Gosse is right, and will applaud him for his bold chronology. The period which found English written speech, to use Mr. Gosse's own words, "antiquated, amorphous, without a standard of form, and left it a finished thing, the completed body for which subsequent ages could do no more than weave successive robes of ornament and fashion," begins in 1660 with Dryden—poet, critic, and literary reformer—and ends in 1780, when the movement that has continued over four generations had expended most of its force and was in decadence when Samuel Johnson's life-work had ended, and the dawn of the new day, with Burns, Coleridge, and Wordsworth for its luminaries, was yet hardly visible. * * *

Mr. Gosse's volume is at once a historical review of the period and a series of brief biographies of the writers who made it notable. He does not attempt to condense into a sentence a definition of the age; that is, he does not endeavor at an impossibility, for he knows that when we come to look for salient points in the characteristics of the eighteenth century, we are very soon embarrassed with their number and their complexity. * * *

What Mr. Gosse brings out well is that this period, through which literary expression was sharpened, strengthened, and purified by four generations of writers, was also a period of slow growth and gradual development from lower forms of thought and expression to higher and more spiritual ones. To make this clear, he divides the century, somewhat arbitrarily, it must be admitted—it could be no otherwise—but usefully, into three main epochs or ages. First, the age of Dryden, when common-sense reigned, but when the ghosts of the fiery enthusiasms of older days appeared now and again, taking the form of braggart, huffing rant and extreme coarseness. Secondly, the age of Swift: an age of compromise between extremes, political as well as literary: an age of repression of all excess, an age of literary suppleness, wit, antithesis, and refinement, exhibited in Pope and Addison with something too much, perhaps, of a dogmatic and morality-preaching tendency. This is the period wherein the drama ends, which, by-the-by, if it try to teach, always dies. It was now that the

social essay took form in the *Spectator* and *Guardian* and *Tatler*, and prose style was cultivated as it never was before. It was an age made still more notable and important by the imagination and spiritualising touch of Berkeley, with a promise in his writings of fuller-reaching utterance in a day to come. Thirdly, there is the age of Johnson, where the literary movement of the century is still at work, but in decadence, and yet when a new spirit is stirring it uneasily to larger and more humane issues. It is the beginning of what we now perceive to be the most important literary event since the Renaissance—the first discovery of the English novel, beginning in this sub-period with Richardson and Fielding, and ending in it with Goldsmith and Miss Burney. * * *

Mr. Gosse's book is one for the student because of its fulness, its truthworthiness, and its thorough soundness of criticism; and one for the general reader because of its pleasantness and interest. It is a book, indeed, not easy to put down or to part with; and my own agreement with the author's opinion has been so constant, he expresses so well what I myself have often only obscurely thought, that it has been to me less like reading the utterances of a critic than listening to a congenial companion talking upon a subject of which he is fuller of knowledge, riper in judgment, and juster in expression than myself, but never once sententious or dictatorial. After all, Mr. Gosse's secret is no other than that of the great poet-critic of Rome—his urbanity; and one can almost hear him say with Horace, as he offers his opinions,

' Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.'

Such a critical tone is rare; and, as with all good things, it is the more pleasant because it is rare.

Oswald Crawford, in *London Academy*.

NOTES.

=A window in memory of William E. Forster and Matthew Arnold is to be put in St. Mary's Church, Ambleside.

—"Les Employes" is to be the next Balzac translation by Miss Wormeley for Messrs. Robert Brothers.

=The *London Academy* says of Mr. Arlo Bates,—in a review of "The Philistines"—"there is something of a transatlantic Thackeray about him."

=George Ticknor Curtis, the distinguished lawyer, is credited with the authorship of the anonymous novel, "John Charáxes," just issued by J. B. Lippincott Co.

=Mr. A. C. Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes, of New York," is at work on a new novel to be entitled, "That Frenchman," which is to portray the Frenchman on both sides of the Atlantic.

= A new translation of "The Imitation of Christ," in English rhythm, is soon to be published. It will be founded on the author's MS. in the Royal Library at Brussels, and will contain a Preface by Canon Liddon.

= M. Taine's health has sufficiently improved to permit him to resume his literary work, and it is said that a series of three articles by him on "The Reconstruction of France in 1800" will appear at once in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

= A book of thoughtful sermons, instinct with the broad and hopeful spirit of the day, has just been issued by Fords, Howard and Hulbert, New York, entitled, "Living Questions; Studies in Nature and Grace," by the Rev. Warren Hathaway.

= The announcement comes from Paris of the death of Louis Ulbach, the French novelist. He was born at Troyes in 1822, and at the age of twenty-two published "Gloriana," a volume of poems. In 1852 he became editor of the *Revue de Paris*, and remained there till 1858, corresponding meanwhile for a number of newspapers and periodicals, among others *Le Temps*. M. Ulbach was the author of a powerful story called "Mme. Gosselin," published some years ago in an English version, by D. Appleton & Co., and his novels "The Steel Hammer," and its sequel "For Fifteen Years," were brought out in the Town and Country Library last year.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

T. W. C.—

"Wake-Robin" is the most popular of John Burroughs' works.

Beatrice.—

To write an article that a live newspaper will accept you must have something to say that the public will be interested in. Your opinion and the editor's opinion of what that something is will often differ. The editor is less likely to be mistaken than you are, but even bright journalists err sadly in judgment in these matters sometimes. As a rule good newspapers have much more to print in each issue than there is room for. It isn't quantity but quality that they are after. Your best way is to write what you think the public would like to read—something that will either instruct or amuse—and send it to the editor of a wide-awake paper in your vicinity. A good plan would be to carefully study the style of the paper you choose, see what the bent of the editor's mind is, then if you think you can do something better than he now has it, can suggest a new departure that would be of value, go ahead. Try and try. If you ought to succeed you will.

Cecelia.—

Jeremy Taylor wrote "The Life of Christ; or, The Great Exemplar," in 1653, but the work is now out of print.

Optimist—

The definition of "Agnosticism" given in the latest edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia, is too long to copy here, but the following account of how Prof. Huxley originated the term "Agnostic" is from his article in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*:

"When I reached intellectual maturity and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist; a materialist or an idealist; a Christian or a freethinker; I found that the more I learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer; until at last I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations, except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain "gnosis"—had, more or less successfully, solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. This was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a place among the members of the Metaphysical Society. Most of my colleagues were -ists of one sort or another. I, who was a man without a rag of a label to cover myself with, felt like the fox who had lost his tail. So I took thought and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of "agnostic." It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the gnostic of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant, and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our society, to show that I, too, had a tail like the other foxes. To my great satisfaction the term took."

G. E. S.—

There may be some connection between the families of the late Matthew, and Sir Edwin Arnold, and we have heard that there is, but from all we can learn it is so slight that it can scarcely be said they were kinsmen.

A. J. F.—

Edward J. Lowell was born in Boston, October 18, 1845, was graduated at Harvard in 1867, and then spent several years abroad. He practised law for some time in Boston, but of late years has devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits, contributing many articles to reviews and magazines. "The Hessians of the Revolution," published in 1884, is his most important work, and it has taken rank as an exhaustive authority on the subject of which it treats. He is the author of the chapter in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," on "The Diplomacy and Finance of the Revolution." He further found in the State Library at Cassel the MS. of *Pausch's Journal*, a valuable record of the doings of the German troops during the Revolutionary War. This was translated by William L. Stone, and was published in 1886, with an introduction by Mr. Lowell.

R. B. C.—

The author of "The Bread-Winners" has never yet been made known. Several writers have been credited with having written it, among others, most strongly, perhaps, Col. John Hay, author of "Castilian Days" and "Pike County Ballads."

F. C. B.—

Mrs. Emma Dunning Banks is the author of "The Legend of Van Bibber's Rock."

C. W.—

Tolstoi's name is pronounced as it is spelt, with the accent on the first syllable.

A. M. B.—

Balzac's "Les Chouans" has not yet been translated into English.

DESCRIPTIVE

PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. A series of lectures. By Judson S. Landon, LL.D. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.47.

THE STORY OF PHœNICIA. By George Rawlinson, M.A. The Story of the Nations; series. Illustrated, 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.25.

Professor Rawlinson's Phœnicia forms the eighteenth volume of the "Story of the Nation's" library. Materials for a history of Phœnicia are not too abundant. When we have mentioned Herodotus and the prophet Ezekiel, we have enumerated the chief authorities for an account of the enterprising race that once dominated the Mediterranean in the time of the Jewish kings. Their genius for colonization and the offshoots which they established from Tyre westward to Cadiz, makes an interesting portion of Professor Rawlinson's history. So, too, does their skill in navigation; the circumnavigation of Africa having been accomplished by them 2,000 years before the feat was repeated by Vasco de Gama. As neither Mr. Grote nor Professor Rawlinson find anything incredible in this idea, we may be content to acquiesce in their opinion. Such fragments as we have of Phœnician writing are very scanty. The tomb inscriptions of Tabnit and Esmunazar are the longest and most important existing, and a translation of both is given in the volume. Illustrations of Phœnician jewellery and works of art, and of architectural remains, are scattered through the book, though the artistic merit of the cuts leaves something to be desired. *London Bookseller.*

THE STORY OF LOUISIANA. By Maurice Thompson. Story of the States series. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27.

See review in this number.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF GREECE. From the earliest period to the incorporation with the Roman Empire. By D. Rose. Edited by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. 8vo, 65 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND. From the earliest period to the Jubilee of Victoria, Queen and Empress, in the year 1887. By H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. Illustrated. 8vo, 65 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF FRANCE. Condensed from the text of Emile de Bonnechose, and brought down to the first years of the present Republic. By H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. Illustrated. 8vo, 65 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF WESLEY AND THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF METHODISM. By Robert Southey, Esq. Edited by Rev. J. A. Atkinson, M. A., D. C. L. The "Cavendish" Library. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

It was always Southey's intention to publish a new edition of his "Life of Wesley," making in it such alterations and corrections as he deemed requisite. He did not live to carry out this intention. As his estimate of Wesley's character gave rise to much

discussion, several editions with notes were issued after his death. The present editor has forborne to state any opinion of his own on the controversial question. He has retained Southey's arrangement of the work, with the exception of transferring some of his notes from the end of the work to the foot of the page. He has added notes of his own sparingly, and then simply to correct a mis-statement or more fully explain a sentence. *Publishers' Weekly.*

LIFE OF FRIEDERICH SCHILLER. By Henry W. Nevins. Great Writers series., 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

As a cabinet portrait of Schiller this volume will be welcome to the English reader, and all the more so since, in common with the series to which it belongs, it contains a bibliography compiled by Mr. Anderson, of the British Museum. When Carlyle published his *Life of Schiller*, more than sixty years ago, the literature of Germany was but rarely studied in this country. It was reasonable, therefore, that in writing about the poet he should also give copious translations from his works. Now, Schiller is not only known to English students, but is a school classic, and Mr. Nevins's analyses of his writings and occasional translations from them are perhaps a little superfluous. Apart from this objection—and no doubt there are readers who will not deem it to be one—there is little that we could wish omitted in this volume. The growth of Schiller's character through the discord and doubt of the *Sturm und Drang* period to the ideality and noble optimism that transformed his life and lifted his verse into a higher atmosphere, is admirably described by Mr. Nevins. *Spectator.*

LIFE OF HEINRICH HEINE. By William Sharp. Great Writers series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

LIFE OF JOHN STUART MILL. By W. L. Courtney. Great Writers series. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents.

Is a fairly interesting monograph; but so long as one can read the incomparable "Autobiography" it is hardly worth while taking the same information at second hand. *Philadelphia Press.*

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By Thomas Hughes. With portrait. English Men of Action series. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents; flexible cloth, 45 cents; by mail, 52 cents.

HENRY THE FIFTH. By the Rev. A. J. Church. English Men of Action series. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents; flexible cloth, 45 cents; by mail, 51 cents.

Two new volumes of Macmillan's Men of Action series have been issued. "David Livingstone" is the subject of one written by Mr. Thomas Hughes, who has given a most absorbing account of the character and career of the devoted Christian explorer who perished in Africa. The other volume is a well-written sketch of "King Henry the Fifth," of England, by Rev. A. J. Church. It is an important chapter in the history of England, and deserving of a place in this series. *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT. By William Robertson. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27.

It is not likely that any future biography will supersede this one of the great English orator. It is impartial, complete and always entertaining. The notable speeches of Bright are all either summarized or given in copious extracts. *Philadelphia Press.*

HALIBURTON: THE MAN AND THE WRITER. A study. By F. Blake Crofton, B. A. 8vo, paper, 50 cents.

The Haliburton Society of Windsor, N. S., founded in 1884 "to further in some degree the development of a distinctive literature in Canada," has just printed a paper on Judge Haliburton by Mr. F. B. Crofton, of Halifax, the first of a proposed series of annual publications. It is a very scholarly and appreciative sketch of the greatest of Nova Scotian writers, and one whose influence was very marked on certain characteristic departments of American literature. Though there are few readers of the "Clockmaker" to-day, yet many of Sam Slick's shrewd sayings have become household words. Mr. Crofton takes this occasion to correct several blunders in the various biographical notices of Judge Haliburton. *Nation.*

DESCRIPTION.

NED HARWOOD'S VISIT TO JERUSALEM. By Mrs. Susan G. Knight. Illustrated. 12mo, 70 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

EUROPEAN GLIMPSES AND GLANCES. By J. M. Emerson, author of "New York to the Orient." Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

HOURS WITH THE LIVING MEN AND WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION. A pilgrimage. By Benson J. Lossing, LL. D. Illustrated by fac-similes of pen-and-ink drawings, by H. Rosa. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

Forty years ago the author conceived the idea of obtaining from the surviving participants in the war of the Revolution, or from aged people of that era, whatever information concerning that memorable struggle their memories might retain. In the pursuit of this object he devoted several years to travel and observation in the thirteen original States of the Union, the result being his elaborate "Field Book of the Revolution," of which the volume before us, prepared from material gathered at that time, may be considered a supplement. Several chapters have already appeared in various magazines, but it is substantially a new as well as a valuable contribution to the history of the Revolution. *N. Y. Sun.*

FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA. Photographs by Black. Oblong 12mo, parchment, in box, 40 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY MAN. By Alphonse Daudet. Illustrated by Bieler, Montégut, Myrbach and Rossi. Translated by Laura Ensor. 8vo, half leather, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.73; paper, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

See review in this number.

PRISONERS OF POVERTY ABROAD. By Helen Campbell. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

EMIN PASHA IN CENTRAL AFRICA. Being a collection of his letters and journals. Edited and annotated by Prof. G. Schweinfurth, Prof. F. Ratzel, Dr. R. W. Felkin, and Dr. G. Hartlaub. With two portraits, a map, and notes. Translated by Mrs. R. W. Felkin. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.00.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LIGHT-HOUSES. By Major D. P. Heap. Illustrated. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$3.98.

Major Heap's work is made up of a series of papers which were originally published in that excellent periodical the *American Architect and Building News*. There is a peculiar fascination about a light-house, especially to one who approaches such a building from the sea by daylight and in calm weather, and this work will not dispel the charm.

In his opening chapter Major Heap gives a very readable account of the light-houses of the ancients and of the Middle Ages, and next passes to the history and construction of the famous Eddystone buildings, of which the present is the fourth. Passing over the interesting accounts of the Bell Rock, Skerryvore, and other buildings with submarine foundations, we come to the principal light-houses on our own coast. We have excellent accounts, with plans and drawings, of the towers on Minot's ledge, Spectacle Reef, Tillamook Rock, and the N. W. Seal Rock. We may note that the difficulty of constructing the well-known building on Minot's ledge in Boston harbor, was greater than in the cases of the Eddystone, Bell Rock, or Skerryvore towers, the present building taking the place of one destroyed by a great storm in April, 1851. Special chapters are devoted to skeleton iron light-houses, to miscellaneous lights of all kinds, and finally to light-house administration. The work is agreeably written and beautifully illustrated; in fact, we may consider it as a popular scientific treatise in which an attractive subject is set forth in a very attractive manner. The accounts of the difficulties attending the erection of the various light-houses, and of the modes in which those difficulties were overcome, are full of exciting interest. We can congratulate Major Heap on the production of a thoroughly good and permanently valuable work. *Nation.*

A WHITE UMBRELLA IN MEXICO. By F. Hopkinson Smith. With illustrations by the author. 12mo, \$1.10 by mail, \$1.21.

See review in this number.

RELIGION.

THE DISTANT HILLS. By the Rev. William Adams, M. A. 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST. Thoughts on the Indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the Believer and the Church. By Rev. Andrew Murray. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.11.

WORD STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. Vol. II. The Writings of John, The Gospel, The Epistles, The Apocalypse. 8vo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.30.

The commendation which we were happy to bestow upon the first volume of Dr. Marvin R. Vincent's "Word Studies in the New Testament" is fully merited by the second, just published by the Scribners. It represents the learning and research of generations of biblical commentators, carefully digested by a writer of signal ability, and presented to the reader with clearness and precision. The student of theology could desire no better philological introduction to the New Testament than this work will afford in its completed state. The volume before us is devoted to the Gospel and Epistles of St. John and the Apocalypse. The preliminary remarks on the personal character of the Apostle, the genuineness of the writings attributed to him, and his literary style, as well as the comparison drawn between his Gospel and the synoptical ones, are models of concise and scholarly statement. *N. Y. Sun.*

THE PASTORAL EPISTLES. By the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M. A., D. D. The Expositor's Bible. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.26.

THE IMMANENT GOD AND OTHER SERMONS. By Abraham W. Jackson. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 82 cents.

GIFTS FOR MINISTRY. Addresses to Candidates for Ordination. By Brooke Foss Westcott. 12mo, flexible cloth, 40 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. A course of lectures delivered before the University of Pennsylvania. By George Dana Boardman, 12mo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.34.

A course of lectures delivered last fall before the University of Pennsylvania by George Dana Boardman. They are plain, practical discourses, well adapted to the intellectual capacities of the persons for whose benefit they were prepared, and are infused with a devout spirit. It is to be regretted that in his paper on the Fourth Commandment Mr. Boardman did not treat more elaborately the arguments for and against a secular use of Sunday, which constitute one of the most burning questions of the time, and which he touches very briefly. *N. Y. Sun.*

ESSAYS AND TREATISES.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES ON EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS. By S. S. Laurie, A. M., LL.D. 12mo, \$1.15; by mail, \$1.24.

POPULAR LECTURES AND ADDRESSES. By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S., etc., in three volumes. Vol. I. Constitution of Matter. With illustrations. 12mo, \$1.50, by mail, \$1.63.

Whatever comes from the pen of Sir William Thomson is certain to receive a hearty welcome, not only from teachers and students, but from men of science in general. In this volume we have eleven lectures, or short papers, full of originality, and not wanting in certain spice of humor. They are not adapted to elementary instruction, but yet are intelligible to well-trained youthful minds, and they have two eminent recommendations: they are interesting, and they are in the highest degree suggestive. Part of their interest arises from their distinctly personal character. The reader listens to the free, off-hand talk of a great master, and not to a formal ex-cathedra lecture. We do not believe that any man of science will rise from the perusal of these papers without a deepening or a shattering of old convictions, and without broader and clearer views of the possibilities of future scientific progress. It is difficult to select any paper as, in comparison with others, most worthy of notice, but we would call attention to the remarkable trains of reasoning in the lectures on the size of atoms, and in those on the sun's heat. We await the appearance of the second and third volumes of these papers with great interest. The volume before us embraces the constitution of matter; the second will include subjects connected with geology; while the third will deal chiefly with phenomena of the ocean and maritime affairs. *Nation.*

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ROWLAND G. HAZARD. 4 vols. Freedom of Mind in Willing, Essay on Language, Causation and Freedom in Willing, Economics and Politics. 8vo, the set, \$6.00; by mail, \$6.50; each volume, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

That on Language contains a brief and interesting memoir of the author, but it ought to receive a title which would suggest the nature of its contents more accurately, for it is really a collection of interesting literary, moral, and biographical essays. The philosophic volumes on "Freedom in Willing" have a double interest in having originated one of them from a suggestion of Dr. Channing that he refute the arguments of Jonathan Edwards, and the other in a correspondence and controversy with John Stuart Mill, and also in having been the work of a man who was engaged all his life in manufacturing and business. Several essays are published for the first time. The collection on "Politics and Economics" contains several

on questions of current public interest, one written in 1864 on the wool tariff, and one in 1885 on the existing tariff in general. One in 1840, after the election of Gen. Harrison, on political morality, outlines the present position of the Independents as to civil-service reform. All show how much a busy man with a sound moral and philosophic judgment may do for literature, benevolence, and good government, the three objects for which Mr. Hazard seemed to live. The paper and print are excellent, and the editing is of the best. *Nation.*

ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Translated by John Florio. Edited by Justin Huntly McCarthy. The Stott Library. 2 vols. With portraits. 32mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.18.

The daintiest edition of the essays of Montaigne which has ever come under our notice. These charming little volumes contain the translations of Florio, one of those racy and vigorous translators who preserve for us the splendid English style of the age of Elizabeth. These are the translations which may have been read by Shakespeare, and which take their place with North's "Plutarch" and Shelton's "Quixote." The volumes are printed from clear type on a very attractive page, and are neatly bound. *Christian Union.*

ACROSS LOTS. By Horace Lunt. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, 99 cents.

A most delightful book, full of the spirit of outdoors, and of tender sympathy with Nature. The papers of which it is made up deal with the characteristics of the various seasons, particularly with the bird and insect life peculiar to each. Like Thoreau and Burroughs, Mr. Lunt is a persistent haunter of the woods and fields at all times of the year. He has eyes and ears for all the sights and sounds of animate and inanimate Nature. But it is in the former that he takes most delight. He watches the birds, the squirrels, the swarms of insects which fill the air or cover the ground, the fish in the streams, and he describes and speculates upon their habits and ways with an accuracy and particularity which shows how thoroughly he is in sympathy with his subject. The chapter entitled "The Return of the Natives," in which is described the spring arrival of the singing birds, will be enjoyed by every bird lover, and hardly less interesting are the two which follow, "Wood Notes and Nest Hunting" and "Winged Robbers and Nest Builders." There are some notably striking pictures of winter and spring landscape in "A March Ramble," "Leaves from an April Journal" and "Crosscut Views of Winter." We heartily commend the volume to all lovers of out-door life, who will find its pages a source of thorough enjoyment. *Boston Transcript.*

LOST LEADERS. By Andrew Lang. 12mo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.31.

Despite its title, which might indicate a lament for heroes, there is nothing heroic in Mr. Andrew Lang's "Lost Leaders," unless it be heroic in a writer to publish leading articles. Mr. Lang's "leaders," if at any time "lost" in the columns of the *Daily News*, were certainly never abandoned, and are now happily recovered. They are brisk, chatty, discursive, cheerful, and, at times, amusing. There is no reading them right away, as a book should be read. They suggest, rather, the pleasant exercise of dipping, and their range is sufficiently considerable to repay all sorts of newspaper readers. *Saturday Review.*

WORDSWORTHIANA. A selection from papers read to the Wordsworth Society. Edited by William Knight. 12mo, \$1.70; by mail, \$1.83.

CHOPIN AND OTHER MUSICAL ESSAYS. By Henry T. Finck, author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty." 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.
See review in this number.

POETRY.

TALES OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS. Being the Confessio Amantis of John Gower. Edited by Henry Morley, LL. D. The Carrisbrooke Library. 8vo, 75 cents; by mail, 91 cents; half leather, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.05.

THE VISION; OR, HELL, PURGATORY AND PARADISE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A. M. With a life of Dante, chronological view of his age, additional notes, and an index. The "Albion" edition. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.19.

THE AFTERNOON LANDSCAPE. Poems and translations. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

Touches a high plane of poetic sentiment and is at once manly and delicate in tone. Several of the poems recall the author's military experience, others are tender tributes to friends who have passed away, while others show that fine appreciation of nature which is so familiar in his prose. The translations, which are mostly of sonnets from Petrarch, are in harmony with the character of the original poems, which have a certain mellow glow, befitting the title of the book, and the closing words of the Prelude, "the changed landscape of time's afternoon."

Critic.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. New edition. Vol. XII. Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, The Inn Album. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

ACCOLON OF GAUL, WITH OTHER POEMS. By Madison J. Cawein, author of "Blooms of the Berry," etc. 12mo, \$1.00.

Mr. Madison J. Cawein, exhibits a certain degree of sensuous poetic fancy, but seems wholly unable to express his ideas with ease and perspicuity. He is by turns obscure, extravagant or inflated, and the reader cannot but regret that what is genuine and good in him should be marred by a vicious style. If he is a young man there is time to improve in this respect, and the attempt is worth making.

N. Y. Sun.

PROSE FICTION.

ESTHER DENISON. By Adeline Sergeant. Leisure Hour series. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

Is characterised by the literary skill which the writer has led us to expect; and though it is one of the quietest novels on our list, it is certainly not the least pleasant and interesting. The daughter of the Methodist preacher who leaves the Connexion because he disbelieves the doctrine of eternal punishment, and dies partly of starvation and partly of a broken heart, is a very attractive heroine; for she is at once clear-headed and warm-hearted, strong-minded and yet perfectly womanly,—a character combination which is rarer in fiction than it happily is in real life. In a novel, too, the girl who has to make her living, generally either paints a picture which is hung upon the line at the Academy and bought on the private view day, or writes a novel which is the success of the season; but Miss Sergeant wisely contents herself with giving to Esther Denison an assistant sub-editorship on a Scottish weekly paper. The city in which the paper is published is apparently Glasgow, and the descriptions of Esther's colleagues and of her daily

routine of life are excellent; indeed, the chapters devoted to Esther's journalistic experiences are, we think, the best part of a book which from first to last is far above the average. We have spoken of "Esther Denison" as a quiet story, and so, in the main, it is; but it is by no means deficient in excitement, and the latter part of it is powerful and pathetic. The hero, whose moral nature has—to use a sporting phrase—been "trained too fine," seems to us rather unsatisfactory; but as he satisfies Esther, it is not clear that any one else has any legitimate right to complain of him.

Spectator.

A BRAVE BATTLE. By Lucia E. F. Kimball. 12mo, 70 cents; by mail, 80 cents.

BELLA-DEMONIA. A dramatic story. By Selina Dolaro. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

The name of this author awakens remembrances of a pleasant character, and draws attention to a life distinguished by much patient suffering and courageous effort. The story itself, as might naturally be expected, savors of the footlights; as we pass from scene to scene we seem rather to follow the characters on the stage than in the pages of a book, and the instincts of polite melodrama are distinctly apparent throughout. But what would you have when one has to relate a narrative of Russian political intrigue, with a fashionable and beautiful lady spy as the chief figure, and the usual accompaniment of statesmen, handsome officers, and bold, unscrupulous villains? Poor Selina Dolaro has told her story well, perhaps with an over-abundance of action, but in so dashing and spirited a manner as to absorb the attention of the non-critical reader beyond all recognition of this fact. Moreover, fiction lovers of to-day like action; it keeps them from thinking, and they are swept along before the torrent of a story's course, like loose paper before a gust of wind. In this respect "Bella-Demonia" should prove eminently successful.

London Publishers' Circular.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES. By Amelia E. Barr. New edition. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO. By Amelia E. Barr. New edition. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

THE LAST OF THE MACALLISTERS. By Amelia E. Barr. New edition. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

STORIES OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN. By Margaret O. W. Oliphant. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

THE QUEEN'S TOKEN. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 20 cents.

May be specially recommended to persons who are interested in Mary Queen of Scots. Its appearance at the present moment is peculiarly opportune, inasmuch as the exhibition recently opened at the New Gallery has started afresh the discussion as to the secret of the charm that Mary Stuart exercised over her contemporaries. The author tells the story of two mystic gems worn by Queen Mary and the Dauphin at their marriage, and given by the former to François and Louis de Valmont, two brothers who fell victims to her fatal fascination. What woe these gems worked for their owners, and how, by a happy concatenation of circumstances, they came into the possession of a lineal descendant of the De Valmonts at the early part of the present century, we leave Mrs. Cashel Hoey's readers to find out. Within the limits of a one-shilling volume it was, perhaps, inevitable that the conclusion should hardly come up to the admirable opening chapters; but the story is well worth reading, all the same.

Saturday Review.

ALAN THORNE. By Martha Livingston Moodey. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

Is offered to devout readers as an antidote to "Robert Elsmere," which some people seem to regard as an insidious foe to the Christian religion. "Alan Thorne," whatever may be said as to its theological bearing, is, however, an extremely well written story. Robert Thorne is an agnostic who brings up his son Alan in total ignorance of Christianity and when at the age of twelve the boy comes upon his dead mother's Bible and reads it in the glow of a fresh imagination unsullied by dogmatic interpretations he derives from it a great and abiding belief in the doctrines which his father has sought to keep from his knowledge. About the same time Robert Thorne himself wearies of the dreary road he is treading and turns back to find inspiration in the religion of Christianity. Alan's governess likewise comes under the same influence and the three converts thereafter devote themselves to what is after all the best religion whatever one's individual creed—the religion of doing good. "Alan Thorne" was written with a laudable purpose and it will not do to treat such a book with indifference. It voices the sentiments of many earnest Christians who have been wounded by the effort of Mrs. Humphry Ward to depict a good man without faith in God and immortality. To all such it will be a message of consolation. It is a significant fact, however, that the strongest and most convincing chapters in the volume are those dealing with the labors of Alan Thorne among the poor. Even in a vindication of faith the religion of works becomes after all the resource of both doubter and believer. *Boston Beacon.*

HIS FATAL SUCCESS. Being the Strange Adventure of John Stuart. With a prologue by the editor, Malcolm Bell. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

Is a well-written, and might have proved a successful novel had the author not undertaken to introduce the practice of the occult sciences into a story of modern life as its essential element. Men do not nowadays shut themselves in their rooms and disappear for years, leaving the door locked on the inside with the key in it; nor do the affinities between the souls of the living and the dead involve speculators in the phenomena of spiritualism in so many disagreeable adventures as befell Mr. John Stuart. A century ago Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis made free use, and with considerable success, of supernatural agencies in constructing their romances; but the novelist of this year of grace who attempts seriously to imitate their example is likely to make himself an object of ridicule. *N. Y. Sun.*

BURKETT'S LOCK. By M. G. McClelland. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

Miss M. G. McClelland, the Virginia author of "Oblivion," "Princess" and other stories, has surpassed them all in her new one, "Burkett's Lock." Here we have a romance of rude life in and about a lock-house on a canal, the keeper of which, "Joe Burkett," is a genuinely well-drawn character, and the others are original conceptions, not copied from old models. Most of the dialogue is in the dialect of ignorant Southern whites, but it is easier to read than negro gibberish, and Miss McClelland's style in narrative and description shows her to be a woman of cultivation and refinement. *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY; OR, AN IRISH ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY. By J. A. Froude. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

ERCKMANN—CHATRIAN National Novels. New edition. "Madame Thérèse," "The Conscript," "The Blockade of Phalsburg," "Waterloo," "The Plébiscite," "The Invasion of France." 6 vols. Illustrated. 12mo, each vol. 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

THE OPEN DOOR. By Blanche Willis Howard, author of "One Summer," "Guenn," etc. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

THE BRIDAL EVE; OR, ROSE ELMER. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. New edition. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

JANUS. By Edward Irenæus Stevenson. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

Is a romantic tale of love misplaced, a wronged husband and a tragic climax. The scene is in Berlin and the characters chiefly musicians and artists who are portrayed as an irresponsible set of creatures. The author seems to believe that all art, and especially music, is essentially a sensuous enjoyment, and that in moments of moral trial the artistic element is infallibly a source of degradation. The view is not a new one, but it is worked out very effectively in this story of a marriage of convenience with its dire results. Nadine and Moritz had cultivated the emotions at the expense of self-control and their fall was inevitable.

Boston Beacon.

THE SLAVES OF FOLLY. By Wm. Horace Brown. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

JACK DUDLEY'S WIFE. By E. M. Davy. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 20 cents.

THE LADIES' GALLERY. By Justin McCarthy, M. P., and Mrs. Campbell Praed. Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 70 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

When we open a novel by the new firm of Mrs. Campbell Praed and Mr. Justin McCarthy, we know pretty well that we shall have Australians, high-minded or otherwise, a *maumariée* (to use the pretty old French word for an ugly thing that is both old and new), some English political life, a good deal of rather unhealthy sentiment and a good deal of rather barren cleverness. All these things are duly found in "The Ladies' Gallery," of which title we may observe in passing that it has almost less to do with the contents of the book than the title of any other novel we remember. The main story turns on the rather awkwardly combined facts that Rick Ransom and Binbian Jo are not only "pals" in the strictest sense, and brother millionaires, but also (unknown to each other for a time) are in love with the same woman, who unluckily happens to be the wife of one of them. The emotions, political and other, of a frank child of the wilderness introduced to our English corruption are also worked upon; and there is some by-play between a certain Tony Strange and a certain Philippa Dell, which reminds us less of anything that either of the writers has done before than of the work of the clever author of "Molly Bawn." The whole, if not "smart," has much attempt at smartness, and a profusion of what is, or what is supposed to be, the latest slang. But the odd thing is that, with all this and with all the cleverness of "them two clever ones," its authors, it is not in the least alive as all the novels of the better class in the huge list from "Daphnis and Chloe" to "Pierre et Jean" are alive. Marionettes dressed with great cleverness, grouped with greater cleverness, and twitched about with cleverness the greatest of all—such are the occupants of "The Ladies' Gallery," and such only.

London Academy.

A TRANSACTION IN HEARTS. An episode. By Edgar Saltus. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

Is no better, and perhaps in some respects a trifle worse than Mr. Saltus's other unpleasant novels. It reeks with a smouldering sensualism and there is no merit in its fatuous affectations of style. "Beware," said a sturdy man of sense once upon a time,—"Beware of the little pessimists." *Boston Beacon.*

DRAGON'S TEETH. From the Portuguese. By Mary J. Serrano. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

There is in Portugal, it seems, a writer who has the art and courage to do for Lisbon life what Galdos has done in portraiture for the society of Madrid. His name is Eca de Queiros, and his greatest romance lies before us in faithful translation. "Dragon's Teeth" is a distressingly detailed account of a wife's perfidy. It is the way it is written that makes it worthy of mention. *Philadelphia Press.*

A MAN OF THE NAME OF JOHN. By Florence M. King. Cassell's Rainbow Series. 12mo, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

GREIFENSTEIN. By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM. Further Experiences. 16mo, 45 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

THE WEAKER VESSEL. By D. Christie Murray. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN. By Frances Mary Peard, author of "Madame's Granddaughter," etc. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, 30 cents; by mail, 32 cents.

In "The Country Cousin" Mrs. Peard has maintained a creditable level of interest. The book is well written and the characterization is good; but when that has been said—and it is no slight praise at a time when there is in these respects comparatively little rivalry of worth—there is not much else to add. The writer's skill is most evident in the second part, where Joan and her husband first drift apart; and thenceforth the interest grows steadily and the conclusion is at once natural and pleasant. But with all its good qualities—and the novel is certainly equal if not superior to any of its predecessors from the same pen—it is much too long. The day has gone past for the family chronicle, and childhood-to-old-age style of novel. If "The Country Cousin" had been concentrated to one-third of its present dimensions, it would have lost nothing material and would have gained immensely in verisimilitude and general effect. Both Joan and Lancaster could stand the test of the Rembrandtesque method, whereby a strong and continuous light is thrown upon the central personages of an episodic romance; as it is, they are sometimes mere author's puppets, sometimes deceptive phantasms, only occasionally real human beings. At the same time it is only fair to add that some of the episodes, more or less directly related to the main theme, are vividly touched, particularly that of Basil Gray and the woman whose love promised redemption even for such a weak featherbrain as the man who married her in pique. *London Academy.*

THE ROSEBUSH OF HILDESHEIM. A Cathedral Story. By M. E. Waller. Illustrated. 4to, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.18.

The scene of this story is laid in the old German city of Hildesheim; the five photo-etchings which illustrate it are extremely artistic, and recall parts of the old city. The story is a simple poetical little effusion. The binding is rich and characteristic.

Publishers' Weekly.

REUBEN SACHS. A sketch. By Amy Levy, author of "The Romance of a Shop," etc. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

There is no one quality of mind which bears so abundant a literary harvest as that which enables the writer thoroughly to grasp his subject. To that capacity and to a clever style may be attributed the remarkable force of a sketch called "Reuben Sachs," by a young English Jewess, Amy Levy. It is a study of her people, not written *con amore*, but with the merciless truth of a student of human nature. The sketch is full of life—the clannish life of that disinherited people. It has a dramatic strength, a vigor and saliency of description that do much to conceal a disagreeable lack of ideality and a certain crudeness. It is an impressionist picture of the Sachs family to its utmost ramifications, from Grandfather Solomon, who liked to have the big family dinners and who received his children in a little black silk cap, going on with his muttered prayers as he gave them "Good day," down to the dumpy women with the inevitable diamond earrings; and Judith—beautiful, unawakened Judith, with her passionate nature and her terrible composure; and Reuben, the member for St. Baldwin's. *Critic.*

A DREAMER OF DREAMS. A modern romance. By the author of "Thoth." Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 70 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

The very high praise which was given by some critics to "Thoth" made the author's next romance necessarily a perilous venture; yet we can say for ourselves that we opened "A Dreamer of Dreams" with no unreasonable standard of expectation. It is fair; but it is not extraordinarily good. One point in his *donnée*—the acquisition by the hero of the "art of dreaming," that is to say, of directing and continuing his dreams as he likes, an idea also used by Colonel Higginson in the "Monarch of Dreams"—will probably be pronounced fantastic by many readers. * * * The inside story turns, besides the art of dreaming, on an inconvenient cousin who, having apparently left Newman heir to a fortune of two millions (there is nothing like doing the thing handsomely while you are about it), turns up again; on the sleeping draught above quoted, and on a certain "Mr. Smith," who is professedly not without reminiscences of Mephistopheles, and who owes something also, we think, to the "illustrious friend" of the "Confessions of a Sinner," to the shadow-buyer of Chamisso, and perhaps to that very clever, though now half-forgotten, English imitation of Chamisso, the "Little Gentleman in Black." Mr. Smith is not the equal of these personages. As to the "machining" of the story, we have chiefly to remark that the points of emergence and immersion, so to speak, of the dream and the reality are not managed with quite perfect art. *Saturday Review.*

GIOTTO'S SHEEP. A Cathedral Story. By M. E. Waller. Illustrated. 4to, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.18.

A pretty story of Florence. Giotto's sheep, on the cathedral at Florence, and the appeal of a little beggar boy, suggests to an American artist, Christ's command, "Feed my sheep." He rescues the little Italian, who is a born artist, from his poverty, and plans a future for him full of happiness. The book is richly bound and illustrated with five beautiful photo-etchings. *Publishers' Weekly.*

BUREAUCRACY; OR, A CIVIL SERVICE REFORMER. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

HAGAR. By James Arthur McKnight. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

THE ALPINE FAY. A romance. From the German of E. Warner. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

Is a story of a mountain home in Germany, which is doomed to destruction by a railway. The fine aristocrat who owns it as almost his sole possession resists the gigantic and leveling marauder, and perishes from excitement before the fall of his ancestral home. His sole child, a daughter, becomes the heroine of the story, and a manly young engineer the hero, while the president of the company, having become very rich, buys his way into high society. The story, which is not one to be told in outline, exhibits the not uncommon struggle going on in Germany between ancient lineage and modern energy, the latter usually getting the advantage. There is in it a great deal of animation and action, with many well-defined characters and a number of spirited descriptions, the greatest being that of the destruction of the Wolkenstein bridge by an avalanche. All the novels of Mrs. Wister's from the German are perfectly pure and healthful, and they present faithful pictures of a kind of life that is wholly unknown in America. There have been more than thirty of them published by the Lippincott Company.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE WOMAN'S STORY. As told by Twenty American Women. With portraits and sketches of the authors, by Laura C. Holloway. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

THE LAST AMERICAN. A fragment from the journal of Khan-Li, Prince of Dimph-yoo-chur and Admiral in the Persian navy. Edited by J. A. Mitchell. Illustrated. Square 12mo, 75 cents, by mail, 82 cents.

Pictures the woful day when the logical result of floating the flag of Ireland over the City Hall shall have been reached. Khan-Li, an Admiral in the Persian navy, is supposed to visit the desolate shores of America in the year of 2591, he being also the Prince of Dimph-yoo-chur. He and his Oriental companions sail up past the weed-covered base of Liberty in New York Bay, gaze upon the huge bridge-piers with their entangling rusty wires, walk amid the grass-grown and shattered edifices now in their glory in Fifth Avenue and Broadway, pick up a silver coin of Dennis the Hyburnyan, Dictator, A. D. 1937, and muse on the decay of a great nation whose people died of too much nervousness within and too many Irishman without. After a fight in Washington with the last American, who rushes wildly at them and is killed, the Persains take their victim's skull to Ispahan for preservation. The proper names in the story are constructed on the principle of funny phonetics, and the little skit is of the kind which lies between wit and humor, without being overburdened by either. *Critic.*

AN HOUR'S PROMISE. By Annie Eliot. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

Is the story of a Southern girl, an arrant, heartless flirt, who becomes a belle in a Northern city and uses such phrases as "I reckon," "I expect," and others incorrectly. The other persons are not so heartless or so ignorant, and the book will do to pass an idle hour, or to lose in a railroad car. *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE WITNESS OF THE SUN. By Amélie Rives, author of "The Quick or the Dead?" etc. With portrait. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 86 cents.
See review in this number.

NEIGHBOURS ON THE GREEN. By Mrs. Oliphant. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.
See review in this number.

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSÉ. By Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass O' Lowrie's," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

See review in this number.

PASSE ROSE. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy, author of "But Yet a Woman," and "The Wind of Destiny." 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

See review in this number.

THE SPHINX IN AUBREY PARISH. By N. H. Chamberlain. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.25.

Is the somewhat affected title of a very readable novel. As a promoter of moral ideas and orthodox Christian doctrine it subserves a useful purpose; but we are inclined to doubt if many persons who have been brought up on the catechism of the Church of England conform as literally as the heroine to its precepts. *N. Y. Sun.*

THE MOUSE-TRAP AND OTHER FARCES. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

REFERENCE.

LONGMAN'S NEW ATLAS. Political and Physical. For the use of schools and private persons. Consisting of 40 quarto and 16 octavo maps and diagrams besides insets and 16 quarto plates of views, etc. Engraved and lithographed by Edward Stanford. Edited by George G. Chisholm M. A., B. Sc. 4to, \$3.20; by mail, \$3.48.

NATIONAL ACADEMY NOTES AND COMPLETE CATALOGUE. Sixty-fourth Spring Exhibition, National Academy of Design, New York. With illustrations reproduced from drawings by the artists, personal notices of the artists whose works are reproduced, etc. Edited by Charles M. Kurtz. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

Mr. Kurtz's valuable and interesting notes on the National Academy exhibition have attained a place as an authoritative work of reference and an annual record of the progress of American art. The present issue, being the ninth of the series, is in some respects an improvement on the earlier numbers, the illustrations especially being more creditable.

Philadelphia Enquirer.

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=The death is announced from London of Percy B. St. John, the author of "The Arctic Crusoe," "Silver Arrow," "The Snow Ship," "White Stone Canoe," and "Miranda." Mr. St. John was a contributor to early numbers of *Chambers's Journal*, *Cassell's Family Paper*, and other publications.

=The author of "Homes Without Hands," the Rev. J. G. Wood, died at Coventry, England, on March 3d. Among his best known books are his "Natural History," "Common Objects of the Seashore," "Insects at Home," and "Man and Beast : Here and Hereafter." Mr. Wood was an indefatigable worker and yet his wife and six children were left penniless, and a subscription is being taken up for their relief. He had just finished a book at the time of his death, which will be published in October under the title of "The Dominion of Man over Animals."

=We learn of the death of another English literary man, Samuel Carter Hall, F. S. A. He was best known as an author by the illustrated work on Ireland, which he edited in conjunction with his wife. Other works edited by him were the "Book of Gems," "Book of British Ballads," "Baronial Halls," "Memories of Great Men," etc. It is said the books, original and edited, produced by himself and his wife, number 340 volumes. In 1883 Mr. Hall published "The Retrospect of a Long Life." He was for more than forty years editor of *The London Art Journal*, which was chiefly founded by him.

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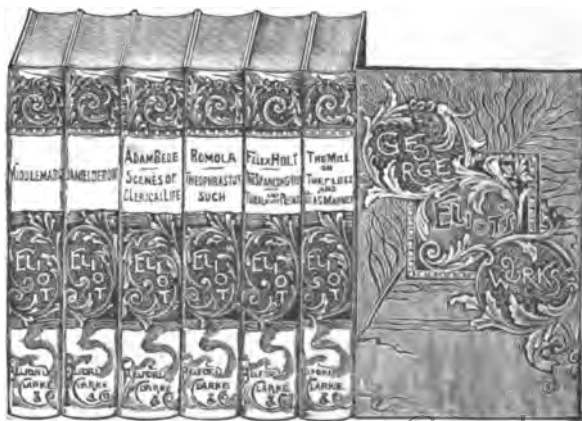
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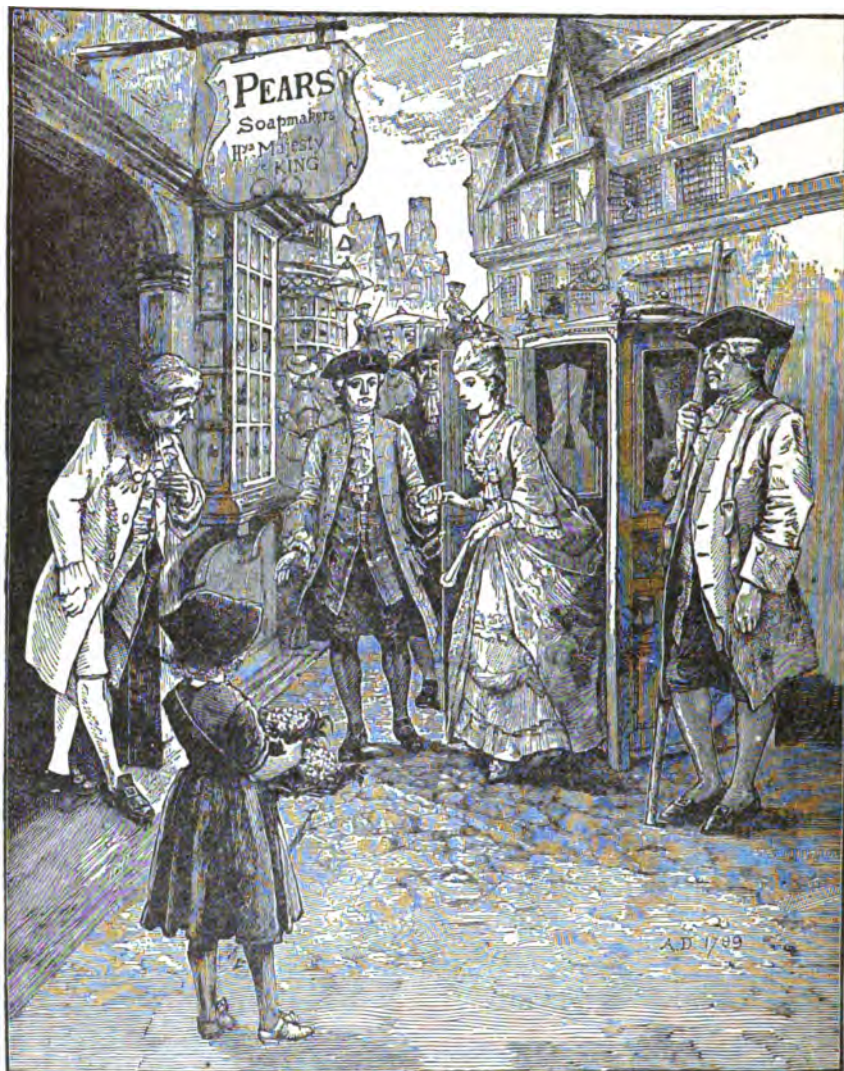
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AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

A just and vigorous criticism is everything to literature that good sanitary arrangements are to personal health. Through it men of more than average ability collect and reduce to systematic form the floating opinions of the educated classes. A book is brought into the court of a good review, and the public learn promptly and frankly the general judgment as to its merits. For it is not desirable, were it possible, that every one should read everything, and without help, even the reader upon special subjects, would find himself embarrassed in his decisions. Again, there are subjects, such as science, theology, etc., on which the public information is at a minimum, it is for the general good then that those better informed should judge for it.

On the other hand some authors, on technical subjects especially, complain that the men who review them, know far less of the subject than they do. But in order to review a technical book a man need not know as much as the author. A little less knowledge will do better. Technical books are not written for "masters," but mainly for those who have some knowledge of the subject, and desire more; consequently, the author must put his information in such form that the larger class can grasp and utilize it, otherwise his work will not be a popular and useful one. Then it is evident that the best judge of the general value of the book will not be the man who is the author's equal or superior in knowledge, but the one who is a little his inferior.

"You cannot do as well yourself; why do you find fault with me?" is frequently said to critics. The critic does not claim the power to do as well.

"May not a man pronounce a table to be badly made, although he is no carpenter?" asked Dr. Johnson, one of the ablest of critics. Great efforts of all kinds must be judged by people who do not even know the principles of their composition. An orator makes a fine speech. Not ten of his audience could put his sentences together, yet he is willing to be judged by them, and often also, to risk some great public movement upon their judgment. The critic has this greater value—he not only gives a verdict, but assigns legitimate reasons for his decisions; and in this way popular taste is gradually educated.

"You know who the critics are—men who have failed in literature and art," said a great modern writer. This assertion is an unfair one. The most exacting and ferocious critics are young men who have not had time to fail. No one is so sure of his own infallibility, and of every other man's stupidity as the young fellow who has just left college—he knows everything. The young are ready-made critics, for they have not yet comprehended that it is only a long time after we have learnt anything that we know it well. The first Edinburgh Reviewers were of this class, and if a criticism is unnecessarily "savage and tartarly" it is far more likely to have come from some very young man than from an old or even a disappointed one.

The author to whom writing is a profession, who makes his bread with his pen, ought to be tolerant with adverse criticism. He knows that he must often fall below his best powers. Then the critic, if he does his duty, must say to him, "Keep to your highest mark, or do not write at all." But the author has his living to make; he can but do his best; and if he finds a publisher and readers, appeals to their tribunal, for society cannot be wholly fed upon *chefs d'œuvre*. So then it is the very unpleasant business of the critic to give advice, which it is not the business of the author to attend to.

Most authors look anxiously for the judgments they may affect to be indifferent to. They would rather have what English literary men call a "slating," than the temperate three or four lines which "hint a drawback or hesitate dislike." And it is a difficult thing for a reviewer to satisfy the man reviewed. The critic cannot praise all the points he is expected to praise. If he is a proficient in the matter treated of, he has opinions of his own which may be antagonistic. Then it is impossible for him to view the book with the importance the writer regards it with. It has cost the latter months of labor, the critic gets through

with it in as many hours. In the nature of things then, critics must often be unsatisfactory to authors.

Men who are satisfied of their own originality rebel at what they call the authorized and commonplace rules of the majority. But critics work in the interest of the people, and whatever is commonplace has an everlasting popularity. It is the uniform stuff which the human mind must work up when it wishes to please, and there is a kind of genius in hitting the precise kind of commonplace that suits the taste of the time. Some conventional forms must be maintained or literary anarchy would be the result. Even men of the greatest genius disregard them at their peril.

The gravest objection to criticism as it exists, is made upon moral grounds. To attack a man's work anonymously is said to be a species of moral assassination. "Let the critic put his name to his work," they say, "and the element of injustice and unfairness which is so galling would be removed."

But this course would also remove all the weight which the "organ" gives, and render the review simply Mr. Brown's or Mr. Smith's opinion. A candid and independent criticism can only be secured by anonymous judgment, and there is nothing more necessarily bad in its spirit, than there is in the secret balloting for the members of a club. Besides, there are few scholars of such a Quixotic temper as to publicly accept the task of individually speaking disagreeable truths, correcting nonsense, exposing sophism, and ridiculing false taste.

American criticism is genial and encouraging; a book must be a very bad one, if it receives a general "slating." But as long as books open to severe criticism are published, it is good proof that both the writers and readers of such books need their faults pointed out to them.

WILKIE COLLINS.

William Wilkie Collins was born in London in 1824, his father being William Collins, R. A., and his mother sister of the portrait painter, Mrs. Carpenter. He was educated first at a school in Highbury, and afterwards on the Continent, where he learnt French and Italian. His education was completed at home. After a few years spent in commerce he was entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn, but he was destined to employ his legal knowledge in literary rather than forensic pleading. His first essay in literature was a biography of his father. This was published in 1848. Two years later he made his first attempt as a novelist, but "Antonia; or, The Fall of Rome," achieved only a moderate success. In 1851 Mr. Collins published a volume of picturesque writing entitled "Rambles beyond Railways: a Narrative of a Walking Tour in Cornwall." Having secured some amount of attention, Mr. Collins became connected with Dickens in

Household Words and *All the Year Round*. Mr. Wilkie Collins was perhaps the only prominent associate of Dickens who did not slavishly imitate him; and Dickens's admiration of his contributor certainly suffered no abatement from that circumstance. In 1856 he published "After Dark," in 1856 "The Dead Secret," in 1858-9 "The Queen of Hearts." These books showed skill in the narrative, art and general literary craftsmanship. In 1859 "The Woman in White" appeared, being first published in *All the Year Round*. It was now no longer possible to doubt that Mr. Wilkie Collins was a great novelist. Such grasp of a central idea, so much power in detail, such hold of interest and marshalling of incident, and, above all, so much art in withholding the key to a mystery, had not been shown by any living English novelist. True, his competitors were great, each possessing gifts to which Mr. Collins could not aspire. He lacked command of the nicer shades of character, and in point of humor his work was not eminent. But his gifts, as a whole, were those of a master of his craft, and "The Woman in White" speedily acquired the reputation of one of the finest novels of the age. It was followed in 1866 by "Armadale," for which the author received a very large remuneration; but he did not repeat his former success until he published "The Moonstone," in 1868.

It were hardly too much to say that in sheer ingenuity of construction "The Moonstone" has no superior, and perhaps no equal in fiction—English or foreign. In 1873 "The Magdalen" appeared, being first published in *Temple Bar*. The central idea in this book was a very old one, liable to offend all sticklers for the conventions. And it was undoubtedly open to the objection of gaining false sympathy for a woman who was practicing an imposture. But the fundamental nobility of the aim in view was sufficient to override all minor shortcomings. "Basil" (1852) was not an unqualified success; "No Name" (1862) was a fine subject rather inadequately executed; "The Law and the Lady" (1875) was the victim of some rather damaging criticism. The common observation that Mr. Wilkie Collins is deficient in character and humor is not groundless; but no one who remembers Count Fosco, Mr. Fairlie, and Mercy Merrick, ought to question his command both of heroic and eccentric types. In 1873-4 Mr. Wilkie Collins visited America, and read there two of his short stories, "The Frozen Deep," and "The Dream Woman." He had a hearty welcome. He has had a career as a dramatist, and has even played in person. His first drama, "The Lighthouse," was privately played at Tavistock House, and afterwards brought out at the Olympic Theatre. "The Frozen Deep" was dramatised and Dickens played in it. "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White" were produced at the Olympic, but did not succeed. This can hardly be matter for surprise. The strong

element of mystery, which made the novels, must have undone the plays. "The New Magdalen," however, was dramatised with success.

Celebrities of the Century.

As to his method of writing a story Wilkie Collins tells us that his first aim is to get hold of a central idea, "the pivot of the story." In due subordination to this idea he builds up his plot, characters and incidents, in this respect, resembling the mechanical engineer, who first has to decide what end the machine he means to build is designed to accomplish and then constructs all its parts and fittings so as best to further this. In "The Woman in White" the dominating idea is the substitution of one woman for another in a lunatic asylum; in "The Moonstone," the projection of an Eastern Talisman with the superstitious devotion of its attendant priests into modern civilized society. Owing to this unity of idea a leading characteristic of his is that he gives us one continuous story, constructed with relation to a given end, instead of two or three alternating stories grouped as one. Sometimes this principle has led him to write out the latter part of his work first, and the first almost last. Had Dickens, it has been said, had this habit of working up to or from a central conception, the world would not have needed to wonder how "Edwin Drood" was to finish.

Wilkie Collins is unmarried, in easy circumstances, and occupies a large house in Gloucester Place, London. He has been an assiduous, and is still a careful worker, most of his novels before they reach publication having been written or revised seven times. At one time he wrote every day and almost all day, and this mainly from his delight in the work. Nowadays he restricts himself to four hours' work a day and these by daylight. Formerly his favorite hours were from near midnight to before dawn.

The following are the works of Wilkie Collins, published in book form, and not mentioned in the above article: "Hide-and-Seek," "Man and Wife," "Poor Miss Finch," "My Miscellanies," "The Two Destinies," "I Say No," "My Lady's Money," "Percy and the Prophet," "The Evil Genius," "The Ghost's Touch," "The Guilty River," "Mr. Wray's Cash-Box," "Miss or Mrs.?" "Jezebel's Daughter," "The Black Robe," "The Legacy of Cain."

RONDELET.

A rondelet

Is just seven verses rhymed on two.

A rondelet

Is an old jewel quaintly set

In poesy—a drop of dew

Caught in a roseleaf. Lo! for you,

A rondelet.

Charles Henry Luders, in Literary World.

—Mark Twain is said to be busy on a new book, to be entitled "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

By A. E. WATROUS.

It will be the greatest of pities if a very good novel should be sunk under the ever increasing flood of very bad novels by reason of its bearing the forbidding title of "Micah Clarke." There should be, if there is not, a place in literature for a man who can tell the story of any great episode in such a way as to lead the reader to believe for an hour that the writer was a part of it. This is what Mr. A. Conan Doyle has done. It is all that De Foe did in "Robinson Crusoe," and Blackmore in "Lorna Doone." It is true that they did it better, but Mr. Doyle has patterned on them and he has done it very well.

The episode which Mr. Doyle has had the courage to employ—for it takes courage—is the rising of Monmouth, the battle of Sedgemoor. Blackmore, before mentioned, and Macaulay has touched it—the former to more though briefer purpose than the latter. Mr. Doyle makes that most tragic of campaigns and the bloody assizes of Jeffreys which followed it the subject-matter of his story.

There is no room here to follow the young Captain through his adventures, but there is room to say that Mr. Doyle has shown most workmanlike qualities in his story. He has been before all a student, but he has hidden the student very cleverly in the narrator. It is only once or twice in Sir Gervas Jerome's conversation that traces of the perusal of Pepys and his contemporaries creep out, while in direct narration of a battle story the author is nearly as good as Kinglake. The figures in the piece are sharply drawn. Monmouth comes out as clearly as the Pretender in Waverley; Colonel Decimus Saxon is a replica, and a very good one, of Dugald Dalgetty. The carefully executed picture of Jeffreys himself is a distinct addition to historical portraiture. The book is a successful historical novel.

The reprint of an eighteenth century poet and playwright would hardly be complete without a preface from Mr. Austin Dobson, and therefore the Temple Library edition of the Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith is complete. Mr. Dobson's introduction is chatty and graceful as usual. He falls into the half-contemptuous vein which most commentators on this author assume, but he points out—which not every other commentator does—that in all his years of idleness or half-hearted effort Goldsmith was laying in the material from which "The Vicar" and "She Stoops to Conquer" was made,—“thirty years of taking-in, fifteen years of giving out. That, in brief, is Oliver Goldsmith's story,” says Mr. Dobson, aptly. At the same time he does not recommend shiftlessness, as he is careful to say, as a school for Genius. The book is prettily bound and printed on thick paper, with rough edges.

In very dry, documentary style, Mr. John Durand adds to the history of the American Revolution its most piquant and picturesque, if not its most important chapter. It goes under the formidable title of "New Materials for the History of the American Revolution, translated from documents in the French Archives," but it tells how a notable writer of sparkling comedy—namely De Beaumarchais, author of the "Marriage of Figaro" and the "Barber of Seville"—becoming charmed with the plot of the great drama then on these provincial boards, actually persuaded the great King of Fance to take a part in it.

It was not the French Government, nor the Marquis de Lafayette, nor Baron Steuben, nor Pulaski, nor any other of the bepraised heroes of that time who was the first foreign friend of the infant United States. It was the house of Roderigue Hortalez & Co., through its representative Peter Augustin de Beaumarchais. This was the guise under which this most realistic of dramatists played his part of secret agent of Vergennes the French minister, and trading under this style he shipped "200 pieces brass cannon four pounders, 200,000 pounds of gunpowder, 20,000 excellent guns, some brass mortars, bombs, cannon fusees, bayonets, clothes, linens, etc., for clothing your troops and lead for bullets," before the *betise* English diplomatists suspected that anything was amiss. The drollest thing about it was that this most versatile of playwrights revealed his identity at Havre, whither he had gone incognito to start this great enterprise by taking an hour off to superintend the rehearsal of the "Barber of Seville."

Incomparable playwright! The "Barber" was successful—so was the Revolution.

Archives are not dead that yield such "Materials" as these.

While the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Alabama's manual, "Guide Marks for Young Churchmen," will not make converts, while, in fact, it is calculated to stir up godly wrath in the bosoms of divines outside of the Protestant Episcopal Church, it is difficult to imagine a little book better calculated for its purpose, *i. e.*, to inform the Young Churchman why he is a "Young Churchman."

Dr. Wilmer certainly marshals the claims of the great organization which has honored him in a very captivating and striking style. The reverend gentleman knows full well the advantages of the inculcation of *esprit du corps*. It is where he comes to explain the doctrines and to fix the status of his friends—the enemy—that the bishop will not make converts. Still he is fair in intention, and that is much in a polemist; and he certainly is not dry, which is a great deal in a theologian.

There is grave doubt that Justin McCarthy has bettered his literary fortunes by a partnership with

Mrs. Campbell-Praed in their novel "The Ladies' Gallery." We remember a novel of Mr. McCarthy's, it was called "Dear Lady Disdain," and there was an exquisite touch about it in places which we do not see in so many places in "The Ladies' Gallery." Then there was a book called "A History of Our Own Times," that had a wonderful nervous force in it, and a marvelously concise and vivid narration. "The Ladies' Gallery" may be vivid in spots, à la Ouida, as in the Trafalgar Square riot, but it is not concise, and that Trafalgar Square incident of the man giving up his life for his friend to marry his sweetheart is so old! In Mr. Howells's words, "The romancists have pawed over it so much."

We think that Mr. McCarthy will do well to abandon this partnership, or at least to make it special and confine it to this one venture.

"His voice tranquillized the halt mad Ferdinand VI. 'One God, one Farinelli!' cried a blasphemous great lady of the time. His salary was £15,000 a year with a £2,000 benefit, and yet such is fashion that in another year he was glad to sing to a £35 house." This was London in 1734. This is perhaps not the least interesting bit in Mr. H. Barton Baker's very interesting, "The London Stage." It might be New York and Philadelphia in 1889. We have our Farinelli. Last year—or was it year before—we saw the ladies pelt his cab with flowers at the stage-door of the old academy in Fourteenth Street. This year we heard him sing to "a £35 house." There is a new Farinelli now and the same ladies pelt his cab with flowers at the stage-door of the Metropolitan.

There is no history that so repeats itself as the history of the stage. "All the resources of the house were chiefly lavished upon spectacles, such as *Blue Beard*, with its gorgeous show and real elephants." Is this the year of grace '89 that the author speaks of and the Kiralfy management? No, it is the year 1817, with John Philip Kemble at the head of Covent Garden. "But for this," says Mr. Baker "Sheridan's reckless management at Drury Lane was chiefly responsible; for the author of the *School for Scandal* engaged performing dogs, or anything that would draw a tasteless, ignorant public." Two years later, in 1819, sweet-tempered Sir Walter Scott wrote his most scornful sentence (except where he "cut Lord Holland like an old pen") in reply to a suggestion that he should write for the stage. "On the whole I would rather write verses for mine honest friend *Punch* and his audience."

It seems to us that we see a great deal of comment such as this in the dramatic columns of the prints of to-day, and it seems to us that it must be written by gentlemen who, though omniscient, do not know that the history of the stage repeats itself more than any other history.

Mr. Baker has made a wonderfully compact competition of the stage history from 1576 to 1888 in two volumes. It is everywhere fair. There is a good deal in it that is new to those in front of the foot-lights, and where it is critical the criticism seems to be the outcome of trained judgment and good humor.

"The Confessions of an Historian" would be a good title for the very interesting introduction by Professor C. K. Adams of Cornell to the third edition of his "Manual of Historical Literature." It is difficult to recall the name of another writer who has been so frank as to the worthlessness of a vast amount of what is called history. He tells the story of Sir Walter Raleigh destroying the MS. of his "History of the World," because he could not accurately describe a brawl which was going on under his own window in the tower, and he seems almost to doubt, as Raleigh doubted, the possibility of ascertaining historical truth. He alludes to the destruction of the Pocahontas myth as a very pat illustration of the untrustworthiness of the history of heroism, and he quotes somewhat approvingly the exclamation of the English statesman, "Bring me a novel to read. Bring me something that is true; don't bring me history for that I *know* is a lie."

Still Professor Adams is not hopeless over this melancholy debris of shattered ideas. The necessity of scientific study is the lesson he learns from it and he sees that scientific methods are directing the study of history more every day. The manual of which the introduction is the most interesting part is little more than a catalogue with a brief recapitulation of the signal merits and defeats of each of the hundreds of authors classified.

Sir Richard Temple makes a good brief but not a good book. As a summary of the achievements of a man whose life exemplified more clearly than almost any other English life what great results may rise from matter-of-fact devotion to duty, his "Lord Lawrence," in the English Men of Action series, is a success. A picture of "Lawrence of the Punjab" it is not. What might not have Froude made of such material as this; this wonderful story of an East Indian civil servant who built a great governmental machine, complete in all the departments of civilized rulership upon the ruins of an Asiatic despotism; built it so strongly, too, that it not only resisted the shock of mutiny from within, but lent from its resources the strength that broke the force of mutiny without, so that Dehi fell and India was delivered!

The story of Clive, the story of Warren Hasting's, stories of brilliant conquest, loot and rapine, told even as they are told by Macaulay, are not more wondrous than this story of preternatural foresight, sagacity, justice and patience, told even by so dull a narrator as Sir Richard Temple.

There is a lesson in Lawrence's life that Washington's, Wellington's and even very few other lives teach. It is that from the seeds of wise and timely action, sowed along the narrow path of duty, fruits may spring as tropical in their magnificence, as those that planted by genius and tended by ambition, grow in the garden of empire.

Father Convers's ideas on "Marriage and Divorce" have already been heard in no uncertain tones from the pulpit of St. Clement's. He puts them now in book form and thereby secures a larger audience. There is no doubt as to their soundness. There is no doubt of the gravity of the situation he portrays. The only question is, Will books or sermons lessen the evil? To those who think the evil can be lessened, Father Convers's book is to be commended. It is gracefully dedicated to Bishop Whitaker.

In one volume, entitled "Ideals of the Republic," are bound up the Constitution of the United States, the first inaugural and the farewell address of Washington, and the two inaugurals of Lincoln. It is supposed, educationally, that every American citizen is familiar with these State papers. It is true that very few American citizens are familiar with them.

It is a matter of fact to be thoughtfully pondered by every American citizen that these State papers were as nearly inspired as any human writings since St. John was in Patmos. These were the words of men of action, not of men of letters. Could any men of letters have put those words together? It goes without saying, No! It is to be hoped that a great many people will read the "Ideals," and read them carefully.

THE SONNET.

What is the sonnet? 'Tis a flower whose seed
Is some sublime emotion of the soul,
That springeth into form as beautiful
As lily or violet, or winsome weed,
Or glowing rose or daisy of the mead;
Obedient to a lyrical control,
Bursts into bloom the theme of joy or dole,
Of hope or memory, noble thought or deed,
The wider realms of man's creative power
Lie open to the mighty kings of song,
To whom all things in heaven and earth belong;
But the kind muse hath many a secret bower
For humbler votaries,—the gentle throng
Who cultivate the Sonnet's fragrant flower.

Herbert New, in London Spectator.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards' first lecture in America will be delivered on November 7, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, New York, on the invitation of the Brooklyn Library.

THE DEAREST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

What was the highest price ever given for any book? We leave this question to be decided by competent authorities among book-lovers. We may, however, venture to say that we know of one for which a sum of 250,000*fr.* (\$50,000) was paid by its present owner, the German Government. That book is a missal, formerly given by Pope Leo X to King Henry VIII of England, along with a parchment conferring on that sovereign the right of assuming the title of "Defender of the Faith," borne ever since by English kings. Charles II made a present of the missal to the ancestor of the famous Duke of Hamilton, whose extensive and valuable library was sold some years ago by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of London. The book which secured the highest offer was a Hebrew Bible, in the possession of the Vatican. In 1512 the Jews of Venice proposed to Pope Julius II to buy the Bible, and to pay for it its weight in gold. It was so heavy that it required two men to carry it. Indeed, it weighed 325 pounds, thus representing the value of half a million of francs (\$100,000.) Though being much pressed for money, in order to keep up the "Holy League" against King Louis XII of France, Julius II declined to part with the volume.

Bulletin de l'Imprimerie.

AN ENGLISH TRIBUTE TO MR. WHITTIER.

America has no need to be ashamed of the productions of her Muse during the last half-century. She has not produced a great artist-poet like Tennyson, nor a profound poet-thinker like Browning; but she has given us a goodly number of poets whose words the world will not willingly let die—such as William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, among the departed, and James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and John Greenleaf Whittier, still happily spared to us. Amongst these Whittier holds a very high and distinctive place. His poems have not the artistic finish of Mr. Lowell's, nor the popular elements to be found in Longfellow's; but in some senses they are superior to both. For a peculiar and beautiful power of pathetic expression they are unrivalled, whilst on subjects which move him deeply, such as oppression or slavery, there is prophetic strength of conviction and utterance which stirs the soul to its depths. Indeed, his poems are not, like so many of our age, the result of mere culture and acquaintance with poetic forms; he owes little, if anything, to these; they are the outcome of a tender, passionate, poetic heart. The man is the poet. Of him the oft-quoted dictum is true to the uttermost: "The poet is born, not made." There is no writer of recent times with whom we are acquainted who without moralizing, does so much to waken a really religious and Christ-like feeling as Mr. Whittier. We are

convinced that a wide circulation of his works in England will do much to elevate religious feeling, to overthrow unworthy conceptions of God, and to promote that true sense of brotherhood among men and nations which more than legal enactments or the schemes of Socialists will tend to hasten on earth the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. We trust, therefore, that this complete and worthy issue will lead to as wide an acceptance of his works in our country as they have already received in the United States.

London Literary World.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Sir John Lubbock, fourth baronet of Lamas, in Norfolk, and the subject of this sketch, was born at No. 29 Eaton-place, London, S. W., on the 30th of April, 1834, and is now fifty-five years of age.

He comes of distinguished ancestry. The baronetcy was founded by his great-grand-uncle, an opulent merchant and banker, one of the founders of the great banking firm of Robarts, Lubbock & Co., of No. 15 Lombard Street, E. C., and who in 1706 was created first baronet. From that time to the present the title and the business have always gone together, and Sir John Lubbock, the present holder, statesman, and scientist, as he is, is also the present head of the banking firm; his brothers, Henry James and Beaumont William, being his partners.

His father, from whom he seems to have received the bent of his genius, besides being a worthy successor to the business of his ancestors, was a mathematician of no mean rank, a great astronomer, and the author of several astronomical works of great value.

His mother, Harriet Hotham, was the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel George Hotham, of York, and it is from her, possibly, that he derives those humanitarian instincts which seem continually urging him on to some further effort towards the amelioration of the social condition of the working classes.

He was educated first at a private school, whence he removed to Eaton, undoubtedly with the view of proceeding to a University career; but he lost this advantage through the sudden illness of two of his father's partners, which necessitated his entering his father's business-office at the early age of fourteen years; and such was his application and ability, that in 1856, at the age of twenty-two, his father took him into partnership.

He continued to show great capacity for business, initiating several important reforms in its conduct, among which are the "County Clearing System," and the publication of the "Clearing-House Returns." Indeed, his technical reputation as a financier and commercial man was such that he was early appointed Hon. Secretary to the Committee of the Association of London Bankers, eventually becoming first President of the Institute of Bankers; and for like reasons

he was appointed by the Crown to sit upon the International Gold and Silver Coinage Commission.

Natural history had an attraction for him from his childhood; and, whilst prosecuting his business with remarkable energy during the day, he found at his home, his father's country seat, the extensive estate of High Elms, Down, Farnborough, Kent, ample scope, and during his leisure time great opportunity for pursuing his inclinations in this direction. His father was wise enough to encourage his boyish tastes, which were stimulated not a little by the influence of the late Charles Darwin, who resided in the neighborhood.

His studies roused his interest principally in ethnology, physics, and natural science. So early as 1853, he contributed four treatises on special subjects to technical journals; and at the age of twenty-three he began to contribute to the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society," and to publications of the Entomological, Linnean, and other learned societies. He was one of the first scholars who elucidated the significance of the Lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland, and the "kitchen middens" of the Danish Coast, concerning which he wrote several articles in the reviews about 1860. Not a year has since elapsed in which he has not, in one or more of these, made known the results of some original research, and over one hundred "memoirs," all attesting to his indefatigable industry and persistent energy.

He married in 1856, Ellen Francis, daughter of the Rev. Peter Hordern, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, who participated in the scientific tasks of her husband, and wrote a work on "The Ancient Shell Mounds of Denmark," besides many admirable articles in the scientific and literary periodicals, especially the *Academy*. She died in 1879, leaving three sons and three daughters, the eldest son, John Birbeck, born October 4th, 1858, being heir to the baronetcy, and the second daughter Constance, being married to Sydney Charles Buxton, M. P. for the Tower Hamlets Division of Poplar. In 1884, Sir John married Alice Augusta Laurentia, daughter of Major General Augustus Henry Lane-Fox-Pitt-Rivers, by whom he has two daughters.

He succeeded, on his father's death, in 1865, to the title and business, and in the same year he published the results of his investigations into the vestiges of the human race, by which he gained his early fame in the book called "Prehistoric Times as illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages," a work, which, in 1878, had passed through four editions, has been translated into the chief European languages, republished in America, and characterized as "epoch-making" in the Anthropological sciences. In this book he entered into the long-continued discussion on the primitive condition of man. He based his conclusions on the hypotheses of natural selection and gradual improvement, being therefore in line with Darwin and Spencer's theory of

"evolution," as opposed to Whateley's theory of "revelation," and the "retrogression" theory of the Duke of Argyle.

Of his other works, his "Origin of Civilisation, and Primitive Condition of Man: and Mental and Social Condition of Savages," which was published in 1870, ran through two editions in the same year, and has since reached its fourth, has also been circulated nearly as widely, and translated nearly as often as its forerunner. His more recent work, "Ants, Bees and Wasps," which passed through five editions in less than twelve months, is a marvelous record of minute observation, treating scientifically and illustratively of the intelligence, affection, individual character, memory, and senses of these insects, and especially of ants: also their behavior under different conditions. His "Pleasures of Life" passed through thirteen editions in less than two years.

The distinguishing characteristic of his writings is their open-mindedness. He is never dogmatic or self-opinionated. He discloses in his treatment of a controversial subject a breadth of view which secures him the sympathy of those who hold contrary opinions, and has rendered his works very much more popular than any previous scientific treatises.

London Great Thoughts.

LALEHAM.

There were mild lights in the dim softened air,
Blue lakes in rifted skies,
I stood betwixt the yew and holly, there
Where the lost Master lies.

The lark's exuberant tremble of bright cheer
Soared the still graves above,
And a green linnet from the holly near
Piped his coy lay of love.

A year ago the "mighty Shadow" hushed
A clear, a lofty note,
More tender, wistful, pure than ever gushed
From lark's or linnet's throat.

A year ago was quenched a nobler light,
A more pathetic ray,
Than falls from the cleft ether's silvery height
On this gray stream to-day.

Thro' all the Easters of "the far-to-come"
Birds will in music yearn,
The pleading river wander by, and hum
Its litany eterne:

And primroses in countless Aprils throng
This tranquil "shy Thames shore,"—
The stately Poet with his limpid song
Shall ne'er break silence more.

'Tis well, at least, so much of lifted thought,
That placid voice sublime
In rich and moving cadences has brought
To the tired ears of time.

Joseph Truman, in London Spectator.

SOME AUTHORS' FULL NAMES.

Seeing Bret Harte's name on the title-page of his latest book the other day recalled to me how general had become the habit with authors of dropping one of their surnames. How odd Francis Bret Harte sounds, for example, yet such is the author's baptismal name. Bayard Taylor's first name was James; only a few others than Wilkie Collins' intimate friends, I imagine, know that his name is really William Wilkie Collins, and so is the case with many others. Austin Dobson was Henry Austin Dobson before he took up literature, and Edmund William Gosse is to-day known to the world only by his first and last names. "Henry R. Haggard" sounds strange to thousands of ears who know "Rider Haggard." Brander Matthews was christened James Brander Matthews, and Duffield Osborne is in reality Samuel Duffield Osborne. Laurence Hutton is a contraction of James Laurence Hutton, and Howard Seeley is Edward Howard Seeley, Jr. Frank Stockton is really Francis Richard Stockton, while Joaquin Miller is a corruption of Cincinnatus Hiner Miller. The principal reason for this contraction of names, I imagine, is that one surname is undoubtedly more striking and easier remembered by the public than two. *Bok's Literary Leaves*

JOHN BRIGHT'S TASTE IN LITERATURE.

The Bible he knew well, and if Bright's own incomparable style now and then suggests any original, it is the greater prophets of the Old Testament. Whether his reading was very various even among English poets may be doubted. It is singular that, next to Milton, the one whom he most quoted should be George Wither. I have his own authority for it. He said to me once: "If you come across a quotation in any speech of mine which you don't recognize, it is probably Wither." He could hardly explain what it was that attracted him in this obscure writer, for obscure he is, and hardly more than two or three of Wither's poems hold their place in literature. Late in life Bright read, I think, not very much except current writings on subjects that were nearest to him. He knew the latest pamphlet on Ireland, and the newest popular arguments for Free Trade. He had a habit which was not critical, of mentioning these ephemeral writings in some speech of his own with unstinted praise. No advertisement could be so effective. He sold countless thousands of Mongredien's treatise by such an allusion; and other thousands of a poor history of England. He was not critical. Even Milton had not formed his taste in poetry. He pronounced a panegyric on such very mediocre verse as is to be found in the "Epic of Hades." Mr. Lewis Morris's popularity, such as it is, dates from that sentence. Between Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone contrasts were more numerous than resemblances, but no contrast was stronger than between their habits of reading. Mr. Gladstone has read, and does read,

widely in at least half a dozen languages; and his reading of the best books is continuous. Both of them read the last thing before sleeping. Mr. Gladstone reads Homer. Mr. Bright read, not even his beloved Milton, but the last pamphlet somebody had sent him; and yet Mr. Gladstone's English style is one of his weak points, and Mr. Bright's English style is one of his strong points. What a natural genius in the use of words he must have had!

G. W. S., in the N. Y. Tribune.

THE AUTHOR OF "CAPE COD FOLKS."

Some nine or ten years ago a young woman of one and twenty found herself on Cape Cod, anxiously seeking her way to Cedarswamp, one of the wildest, dreariest, and most picturesque corners of Cape Codland. The girl went with a mission, and for two brief terms taught the school in Cedarswamp, at the same time entering unconsciously into one of the deepest experiences of her life with the people of the little village, endeared to her as they then became in a peculiar and lasting friendship.

By and by the girl left Cedarswamp. But she carried the memories of the place with her. Pleasant and painful they were, joyous and sad, but all wrapped up in a warm, impressionable heart, and firmly stamped on a keen, retentive memory. Before long these memories, artistically combined and shaped, were transferred to paper, quite as an experiment on the author's part, to while away the tedium of an uneventful winter. The complete MS. was then thrown aside, with no thought of publication, and lay for over a year untouched. It was simply a matter of chance and indirection that at the end of that time the book since published and known as "Cape Cod Folks" came under the notice of a member of a Boston publishing house.

Sally Pratt McLean, as her name appears on her books, comes of a well-known and influential family for many years resident in New England, with whose usually quiet life her own checkered career has formed a considerable contrast. She has written, besides "Cape Cod Folks," "Towhead: the Story of a Girl," a collection of short stories taken from the magazines entitled "Some Other Folks" and finally "Lastchance Junction," which has brought out a wide diversity of critical opinion. English editions of "Cape Cod Folks" and "Lastchance Junction" have made the author well known in London.

A few years ago Miss McLean returned from her travels in Europe to marry a member of a distinguished family in Fremont, Ohio. The happy period of her life immediately following was spent in some of the wildest and most remote, as well as some of the most populous and civilized portions of the West. The recent death of her two boys has turned her happiness into an almost tragic sorrow, and explains the simple but pathetic dedication of her last book.

REVIEWS.

THE TRAMP AT HOME.

By Lee Meriwether, author of "A Tramp Trip; or, How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day." Illustrated. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.04.

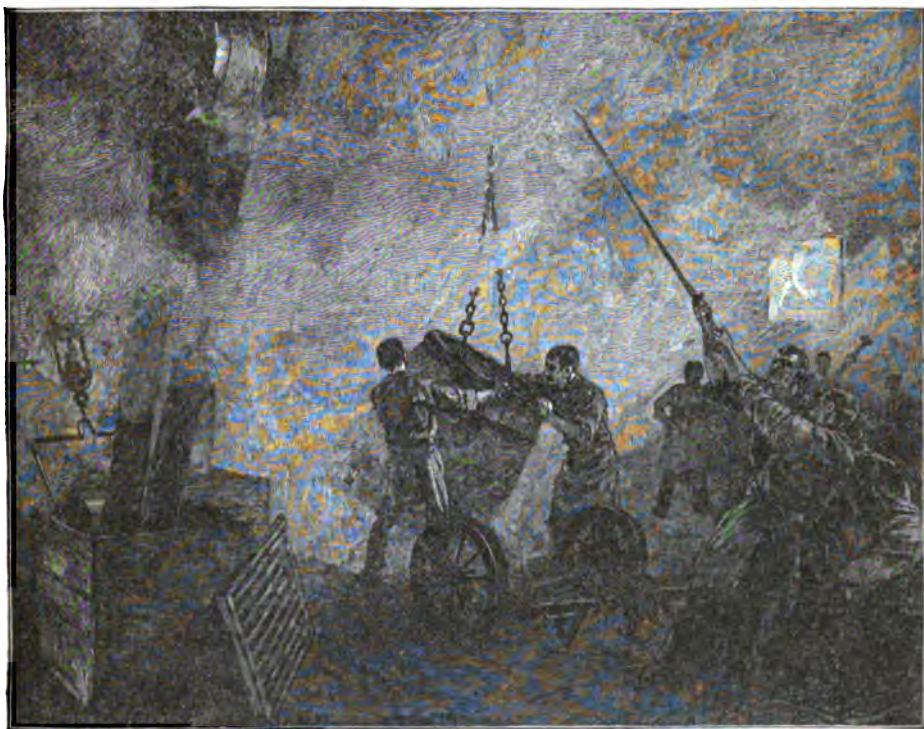
When Mr. Lee Meriwether returned from his famous "Tramp Trip" in Europe, a year or so ago, he was commissioned by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Washington to examine into the condition of the workingwomen in the large cities of America, and the results of his researches he now presents to his fellow-countrymen in an entertaining volume entitled "The Tramp at Home," full of startling facts and of realistic pictures of misery, ignorance, and crime. * * *

Mr. Meriwether begins his adventurous tramp in the cities of Brooklyn and New York; he shows how the factory operatives live in the New England States, the food they eat, the literature they read—literature in their case meaning anything that is printed; [he pictures the laborers and their condition, in New Orleans, and sketches farm-life in East Tennessee; he describes logging in Washington Territory, visits the Chinese quarters in the cities of California, and does not forget those laborers who go to sea in ships. He shows the crowded state of the poor in cities, how sewing-women, and even "sales-ladies," work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day for pittance scarcely sufficient to support life; and he then asks the pertinent question, How are these bad conditions to be bettered?

Five methods of making the working-men healthy, wealthy, and wise have been offered by the theorists, to wit: Organization, Coöperation, Education, Temperance, and Economy, any one of which Mr. Meriwether grants to be excellent in itself, but not all of which combined—as so often they are combined—will go to the root of the matter. They do not, and can not, remedy the evils created, nor can they prevent the evils to come in other generations. As

an official of the Labor Bureau Mr. Meriwether's duty is simply to discover and to lay before his readers existing facts; but as a keen observer and a public-spirited private citizen he ventures to enter a strong protest against what he feels to be unjust and invidious protection, and to urge some legislation which will counteract and prevent the abnormal concentration of population in cities. When, with a graduated tax, no man can own more land than will support his own family comfortably, and every man can possess land of his own, the cry of over-population in the United States he feels will be proved to be an absurdity, the billionaire and the tramp—the two excrescences of society, in Mr. Meriwether's opinion—will disappear entirely, and the great Labor Problem will be solved.

Harper's Magazine.



From Meriwether's "The Tramp at Home."

Iron-workers.

Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

AN AUTHOR'S LOVE.

Being the unpublished letters of Prosper Mérimée's "Inconnue." 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

Brilliant books are never common; they are so rare to-day that the appearance of "An Author's Love" may be hailed as a literary event. Whoever has not read the "Lettres a une Inconnue" of Prosper Mérimée, should make haste to do so in order adequately to enjoy this volume, which purports to contain the unpublished letters of Mérimée's "Inconnue." Whether, indeed, this enchanting Mariquita ever had an existence outside of the Frenchman's brain is a matter of small consequence to the imaginative reader. She, at least, whether a figment or a fact, gave rise to a collection of letters comparable only in grace of

style and charm of contents to the present amusing and fanciful sequel, by an anonymous author. One thing is quite sure, that this delightful work is not the first effort of the writer; it is a great success, and to make it so, a literary talent of a high order was taxed to its uttermost.

The dainty touches everywhere present in the volume rival the exquisite manner of Mérimée himself. One traces and unconsciously accepts as a veracious narrative the record of a fantastic though abiding love. No woman in the flesh could write more winsomely. Every caprice is here; every realistic detail. Here is a nervous passage, quite characteristic of the fictitious correspondence: "I could love you to-day as madly as you, even you, could wish, why are you not here? You would no longer jeer at me for being a marble statue, formal, cold, forbidding; it would be the old cry over again only more intensified—"I love you! Love me back!" To-night I hunger, and thirst for you, I love you with every fibre of my being, madly, unfearingly, with a passionate recklessness I have never felt before! Ah, thank God that you are not here."

Philadelphia Press.

We fear that in the days when criticism was outspoken to brutality some not incompetent Mr. Bludyer might have dismissed "An Author's Love," as the result of a silly idea badly carried out. The anonymous author, whom internal evidence shows to be a woman beyond all doubt, and an American in all probability, has (and it does her credit) a great admiration for Mérimée's delightful and wonderful letters. She seems to have been prompted by that admiration to endeavour to imagine and set down the letters to which Mérimée's were answers, or by which they were answered. A very clever person might possibly knock off one or two specimens as a literary *jeu d'esprit*. The writer before us has laboriously gone through the published volumes, and tried to recreate, by help of the suggestions therein given, the whole, or nearly the whole, epistolary complement. We are bound to say that we can but regard the result as an almost complete failure, barely redeemed here and there by certain touches of nature, but of nature quite out of keeping. Sentimentality of what Mérimée himself somewhere calls the *cuisinière* type, extravaganzas of symbolism and sermonizing, reminding one rather of a schoolgirl's attempt to imitate Longfellow's "Hyperion," scraps of doubtful French embodied in very distinctly American English—this sums up the staple of the book. A very paradoxical cynic or a very cynical paradoxer might say that the letters must, considering the kind of person with whom men of genius sometimes fall in love, be genuine. The Inconnue talks to Mérimée, of all people, of "Dean Swift's 'Sentimental Journey.'" This is a good instance; but there is even a better. In one of Mérimée's letters, dated April 15, 1843,

he says, "Vous avez fort bien fait de ne pas parler de Catulle," giving his reasons in very Mérimée fashion; and he afterwards compliments her on comparing Catullus and Musset, a comparison which certainly shows that the Inconnue was no mean critic. Our author in the letter which is supposed to have drawn this forth says not a word about Musset, and does say, "At dinner last night some one spoke of Catullus and his works, but I did not own to having read them." "Catullus and his works" is not quite so good as "all the works of Thucydides"; but certainly no one who knew anything about the Veronese would think of applying that ponderous term to his liqueur-glassful of the quintessence of poetry. "Blue devils and I are *très liés* [*sic*] to-day" will perhaps suffice as an example of the style. The bungling character of the whole book is all the more deplorable in that there are, as has been said above, certain touches of nature and a veracity of occasional feeling which might, if helped by rather better writing faculty, have produced by no means a bad book of the purely and frankly fictitious kind. *Athenæum*.

EMERSON IN CONCORD.

A MEMOIR. Written for the "Social Circle" in Concord, Massachusetts. By Edward Waldo Emerson. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.47.

One could hardly praise too highly Mr. Eliot Cabot's memoir of Emerson and yet there were certain familiar aspects of every-day life which were necessarily only indicated in it. How did the author of "Nature" appear in his family, to his neighbors, among his more intimate friends? This is what Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson has attempted to show in his account of "Emerson in Concord," a narrative written originally for the "Social Circle" of his native town and now discreetly offered to a larger audience. It is certainly an entrancing book. The view which it presents of Emerson the man is winning, attractive, and full of actuality, and no one can question its absolute truthfulness. It is in some measure a complete biographical sketch, for it traces the Emerson ancestry and deals with Emerson's life from boyhood. Written plainly and simply, with no thought for literary effect these pages are enlivened with piquant anecdotes and made memorable by copious extracts from Emerson's private journal. They can be read with profit by all Emersonians, and to the class who know Emerson only as a great name they ought to be no less than a revelation. Great as were Emerson's writings, he was greater than his books. The flavor of his gracious persuasive personality was something to be caught and cherished at a single meeting, and it is this flavor which has somehow got into Dr. Emerson's monograph. Of that famous aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, whose influence was so noteworthy a factor in Emerson's moral and intellectual development, we have in this readable volume many attractive glimpses, and so of

Emerson's mother in her brave struggle with penury, and her braver determination that her sons should possess what is of more value than gold. To William, who complained of his college accommodations, she wrote: "Everything respecting you is doubtless interesting to me, but your domestic arrangements the least of anything, as these make no part of the man or the character any further than he learns humility from his dependence on such trifles." Doubtless this principle of simplification in material things was the secret of Emerson's so-called shrewdness in worldly affairs. He lived simply, served himself, and went without things he could not afford; he had, his son tells us, no business faculty or even ordinary skill in figures (mathematics was a life-long abhorrence to him), and he could only with the greatest difficulty understand an account. He depended on his lectures for an income, and it was only in the closing years of his life that his books brought in any substantial remuneration. He had, however, always means to relieve the necessities of others. "Rich, say you?" he writes in his journal in 1841. "Are you rich? how rich? rich enough to help anybody? rich enough to succor the friendless, the unfashionable, the eccentric?" * * * The volume sins against no law of symmetry, has nothing superfluous, is not given up to any idle gossip. Dealing with minute details, it presents a reasonable portraiture, and in these days of idol-breaking biographies it is gratifying to know that the philosopher of Concord, far from losing, only gains mightily by the bringing of his every-day existence under the public eye.

Boston Beacon.

FAR IN THE FOREST.

By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

This striking book is well named; for, absorbing as is the human drama developed in its pages, the pathos and tragedy of the story are deepened by the powerful impression made by its background of an unbroken wilderness. From the first page to the last, the reader feels the silence and the isolation of the interminable stretches of primitive forest lands, full of lurking mysteries and dangers. The woods themselves, with the difficulties and perils they offer, the necessities they enforce, and the trained energies which they impel, are as much a part of the romance as the men and women who live among them. And one of the most forcible impressions gained from the book is of the author's rare knowledge of wild life; his trained eye and ear; his fine perception and observation; and of his careful garnering, besides, of the knowledge and experience of men who have lived all their lives in the forest, and to whom the sigh of the wind, the lull in the tempest, the turn of a twig, and the touch of bark, moss, and lichen supply the only almanacs and daily weather indications.

The scene of the story lies in the forest counties

of northern Pennsylvania where roads, if made at all, were so bad as to be almost impassable; where railroads were unknown, and where the only human activities in the great woods were hunting and lumbering. Life under these conditions is necessarily of a rather heroic cast, involving dangers, privations, and a sustained battle against the forces of nature. But with all the drawbacks to the beauties and refinements of civilization, Dr. Mitchell has yet given us in "Bessy Preston,"—who might be called the heroine of the story,—a character not often matched in actual life or in fiction for womanly force, sweetness, and that powerful radiating charm which is felt as much in this rude settlement in the woods as in city drawing-rooms. She is not a young woman; and when the story opens, she is watching by the bedside of her dying husband, a weak and self-indulgent man, whom she has brought to these lumber lands partly in the hope of removing him from temptation, and partly because the acres of forest she owns here are her last and only possession. While Preston lies dying, Bessy hears a moan outside the cabin, and going to the door finds an almost frozen man on the threshold. Thus destiny brings Riverius, a German hunter and scientist, into her life, just as she loses the husband for whom she has been forced to weep too many tears in life to have many left to mourn him now that he has gone. Riverius is, in his way, as fine a character as Bessy herself, but more narrow, more concentrated, impatient of inferiority, and obstinate in logic; judging his own requirements and those of others by the gauge of intellect rather than of the heart.

The plot of the story is delicate and intricate, and so naturally worked out that the various events—acting and reacting on the characters—seem not to be events at all, but mere steps in the unfolding of the situation. A lad's saucy mischief puts some of the strongest forces into operation, which once in play work on to their appointed end. Miriam Richmond, the wife of Philetus, a blind wood-chopper, is a personality who powerfully influences many lives, and who is herself the victim of a terrible catastrophe. Miriam is a very piquant creation. She has been an actress; but falling ill and left behind by the traveling company to which she belongs, she becomes the wife of a lumberman and settles down in the woods. A childish admiration for Riverius, which she expresses foolishly and unguardedly, rouses her husband's jealousy, which becomes one of the important factors in the development of the story.

There is not a single loose thread in the story. Every character and every incident is needed to bring about the startling and admirable *dénouement*. Nothing better than the dramatic climax of the fire in the woods, the escape of Riverius, and Ance Vickers' expiation, is to be found in any fiction of the day. Not, however, that the author has striven for any sensational effects. The power of the work

lies wholly in its naturalness, its fidelity to everyday life, and the logic of events. The writer has been everywhere true, and the artistic value is nowhere spoiled by redundancy and exaggeration. *American.*

THE OPEN DOOR.

By Blanche Willis Howard, author of "One Summer," "Guenn," etc. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

The scene of Miss Howard's novel is Wynburg, a German court-city, and its chief characters are members of the nobility. But a greater contrast could hardly be imagined than that which involuntarily occurs to the reader of fiction, between the common, heavy, lumbering novel of Germany by a German author, lacking lightness of touch and naturalness of movement, and this story by a practiced American novelist who has lived long enough in Germany to paint its scenery and set forth a section of Teutonic society with all the color and animation of life. It is a thoroughly attractive and charming story, despite the somber element which the title indicates. For "the open door" is the door of suicide. Count Hugo von Kronfels, a vigorous and handsome nobleman, fond of all the pleasures of gay society, is thrown from his horse in a race and is rendered a hopeless cripple. When the mere animal desire of self-preservation has faded, he questions whether his life is worth living—the life of one helpless and deformed. His mother, the Countess von Kronfels, is a bright and beautiful elderly woman, selfish to her finger-tips, and caring more, apparently, for her mongrel dog, "Mousey," than for all the world beside. The deeper elements in her son's nature repel her, and there is no real sympathy between them.

Now enters upon the artificial scene of Wynburg aristocratic society, Gabrielle, the young Baroness von Dohna, who becomes a companion for a year to the fickle Countess. Gabrielle had been brought up by her wifeless father as his constant companion. She looks at life with simple directness and pure desire to do womanly service. She hopes to cheer the Count; but the one woman he had loved when life was beautiful dreaded even to see him after the accident, and he turned his back upon womankind, fearing his own heart most of all. He needed the tenderest care, but sternly resolved to make no woman's life sad, should she be betrayed by compassion into loving him. He meditates upon suicide, but the words of Epictetus and other stoics feed the manly spirit in him, which rejects the essential cowardice of self-destruction. He lives an intensely thoughtful life, and becomes a noble, self-forgetful, compassionate soul, largely through the ministrations of Bernhard Dietz, a carver in stone, who is a very uncommon character, admirably drawn. Miss Howard describes with great skill the slow advance in the acquaintance of the Baroness and Hugo, the two

strong and strenuous natures of the novel. The results may be easily surmised.

"The Open Door" will increase Miss Howard's high reputation as a novelist. She has boldly entered a new field, and has written a story in which no touch indicates a foreign hand. Her style is direct and brilliant, and her characters, even when they speak most epigrammatically, talk the language of real men and women. The art of the book is firm and true; it makes for earnest thinking and noble living, and will help the reader to admire and imitate right models. The Countess is, perhaps, not allowed to show enough of the good side which she must have had. It is dangerous, of course, for a novelist to dislike any of her characters, as Miss Howard seems somewhat to dislike her Countess. George Eliot, again, we believe, was the first story-teller to make much of dogs in fiction, and we fear that the tendency is now overdone. "Mousey," the Countess's dog, is a remarkable and important character, but he takes up too much space here. The idolatry of pet dogs may be found in as extreme a degree in actual life, but in such a degree it is an unfit subject for good art. "The Open Door" is not so powerful a story as "Guenn," but it will please more readers because of its happy conclusion, and it is undoubtedly better written and more closely finished. *Literary World.*

BUREAUCRACY;

OR, A CIVIL SERVICE REFORMER. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

The last Balzac translation is not one of the best of the series. It is, as all Balzac's novels are, a careful study of one phase of Parisian life. The French name of the novel is "Les Employés." The title, "Civil Service" would perhaps convey the best idea of its subject to English readers. Those who have read all the volumes of this beautiful English edition of Balzac brought out by Roberts Brothers have been made familiar with intrigue in high life, intrigue in low life and intrigue where both kinds meet. Now the writer devotes himself to depicting official middle-class life. He shows us a whole society of individuals all engaged in petty struggles for enlarging their incomes. He shows us women whose whole life was spent in endeavoring to keep up appearances, and men whose only chance of promotion lay in their successful wire-pulling. What a tangled web of political life does he picture for us! Men and women sacrificing dignity, honor and all the higher things in life in a desperate, often hopeless scramble after promotion. In the midst of all this ignoble, covetous race, Balzac places one fine, strong character, Rahmadin, the would-be civil service reformer. He was a man of originality, force and energy, of political insight and of sincere devotion to the interests of the Government. He spent years in

preparing a scheme which he hoped would reduce the expenses of the great bureau where his work lay—with what result? His rivals discovered his plan, stole his private papers, made a base use of the information thus meanly gained, and Rahmadin, at the moment when he was looking forward to promotion he had honestly gained, was thrust out of office and obliged to begin life all over again; his rival, a man of mean capacity and no sense of honor, being given the desired position. Such is the injustice of the world!

There is not much that is exciting in the story; it is chiefly a study of political methods. Celestine, Rahmadin's wife, is an interesting type of the ambitious wife, who fails to appreciate her husband until it is too late to help him in the wisest way. She, too, had her pigmy plans and her silk wires, and worked in underhand ways to promote her husband's interests. But unlike many of Balzac's women, her purposes were pure. The love between Celestine and her husband and the pleasant family life we are given glimpses of are the only cheerful, optimistic parts of the novel. "Bureaucracy" is rather a dry study of the complex mechanism of the French Civil Service. It will be interesting to students of human nature, perhaps, but not to the average reader of fiction.

Boston Transcript.

MICAH CLARKE'S STATEMENT.

MICAH CLARKE: HIS STATEMENT. By A. Conan Doyle. 12mo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.34.

There is real descriptive power in the book, and the author never fails to rise to an exciting scene and to describe it graphically and well. It is curious that Monmouth's attempt, which has hitherto not been a favorite hunting-ground of the novelist, should have been simultaneously taken possession of this year by Mr. Besant in "For Faith and Freedom" and Mr. Doyle in this work. People who have not a taste for historical novels will probably not be converted by these 400 closely-printed pages, but those who have will find the book excellent of its kind. The narrative, which is evidently the result of careful study of contemporary history and documents, deals with the rebellion from its first mutterings to its final extinction under Judge Jeffreys. The hero who tells the story in the first person is the son of a brave fanatical Ironside; he is a good type of the honest youth who from inherited instinct rather than any enthusiasm of their own joined the rebel Duke, and gave his motley force a certain coherence. The opening chapters are lengthy and somewhat ponderous, but as soon as the start for the war is made there is plenty of movement, color, and variety to carry the reader along. The story is a succession of picturesque scenes. The ride from Havant to Taunton, the muster there of the men of the West round Monmouth, the hero's adventures at Badminton, and, finally, the Battle of Sedgemoor,

are all described in a spirited and life-like way. The author owes his success less to his characters, who bear too obviously the stamp of intelligent study, than to his power of filling in large canvasses with bold outlines and telling colors which bring the varied scenes vividly before us. The account of Sedgemoor is a masterpiece in this respect, and not only has it caught the spirit of that desperate onset when peasants and colliers sustained the fight with the King's army for more than an hour, but it is full of details which intensify and add to the impression as a whole. Although most of the personages have too much affinity with Madame Tussaud's correct but dusty creations, the conception of Decimus Saxon, the brave but unscrupulous soldier of fortune, is really lifelike; there is flesh and blood as well as historical picturesqueness in his personality.

Saturday Review.

LADY BULWER'S VINDICATION.

LETTERS OF THE LATE EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON, TO HIS WIFE. With extracts from her MSS. "Autobiography," and other documents. Published in vindication of her memory. By Louisa Devey. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

When the present Lord Lytton published the first part of the biography of his father (which, it may be remembered, was to a large extent an autobiography), it was asserted that only one side of the story was told, and that Bulwer's wife would yet be vindicated. It appears that Lady Bulwer preserved all the letters received from her husband, and bequeathed these, together with an incomplete autobiography and another MS. of autobiographic character, to a friend, Miss Louisa Devey, who now gives them to the world by way of posthumous justice to a deeply injured woman. Few persons, we imagine, can review the evidence here submitted without bearing away the conviction that the private character of Bulwer, the novelist, was repulsive and despicable, and that for his treatment of the woman who bore his name, he richly deserved to be whipped at the cart's tail. They show that his pretended affection for the beautiful and confiding creature whom he married was a merely sensual appetite, or, as she bitterly termed it, the love of a bashaw; and that he, who is not known to have displayed any particular virility in his dealings with his own sex, treated his unhappy wife with the brutality of a costermonger. These letters also show that Bulwer was as mean and vigilant in his expenditure on account of others as he was lavish in outlay on himself; that he was as incapable of honest friendship or candid admiration as he was of love; and that he was no more qualified to form high political or literary ideals than he was to comprehend the hunger of the human heart for a religion. In a word, the documents here spread before the reader reveal a man far more contemptible than Byron: perhaps the most contemptible human being in this century who

has managed to maintain a tolerably decent outside before the public eye. That is to say, Thackeray gave proof of divination when, without personally knowing him, he despised Bulwer and taught his readers to despise him. * * *

The publication of these papers seems to us fully justified by the wrong done to Lady Bulwer's memory in the so-called biography of her husband. She was made in that book the victim of the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* artfully interlaced and multiplied. Besides, her son there laid down the principle that his father's character would be best revealed by his own letters. The letters presented in this volume help to complete that revelation. *New York Sun.*

THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION.

A hand-book based upon M. Gustave Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation," Edited by Rev. J. Verschoyle, M.A. With illustrations. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

As the author very pertinently states, "the civilization of Greece, which was the outcome of individual thought, whether embodied in literature, art, or life, and the civilization of Rome, which was the outcome of corporate action, whether embodied in conquest, organization, or administration, are most fully understood in their influence on the development of mankind when viewed side by side with the earlier civilizations of the East." Such broad and comprehensive ground this little book is intended to cover,



Apollo.

the Hebrew nation, the Phœnician confederation, and the civilization of the Aryans, Hindoos and Persians. In an equally interesting manner the second part of the book deals with the Greek civilization—with their religion and politics, their literature and art, and the diffusion of

and in this the author has succeeded admirably. He begins by telling what history is, and the sources that can be relied upon, showing that the traditions, monuments, and writings combined act as a check upon each other, and serve to give a wonderfully clear account of the earlier civilizations. As Egypt was the cradle of the human race in its first gropings after civilization, the book fittingly begins with a short, succinct account of the monuments and art of that ancient people. From this we pass, naturally, to the Babylonians and Assyrians,



Aphrodite (the Caidian Venus.)

Greek genius. The last part of the book treats of the Roman world—first, the Roman republic; its laws, religion, and military achievements; then Roman society under the empire, and, finally, Latin literature and art. It is a very readable book, and, for the class of persons for whom it is designed, will undoubtedly prove of value.



Hermes (Mercury), by Praxiteles.

Public Opinion.



Entrance to the Tomb of Rameses III.

D. Appleton & Co. From "History of Ancient Civilization."

—Longmans, Green and Company issue this month the first number of *The New Review*, an English monthly, started by Mr. Archibald Grove, a young Oxford man. It is to be similar in character to *The Nineteenth Century*. Lady Randolph Churchill, Mr. Henry George, and Mr. Henry James are among the contributors to the first number.

MR. HOWELLS' FARCES.

THE MOUSE-TRAP AND OTHER FARCES. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

This very attractive volume does not contain all of the dramatic pieces that have proceeded from Mr. Howells' pen, but it does contain, we believe, all that have been published in the pages of the monthly periodical with which their author is now connected. The pieces are four in number, and are entitled respectively "The Garroters," "Five O'clock Tea," "The Mouse-Trap," and "A Likely Story," and each one of these is admirable in its particular way. Mr. Howells calls these little plays farces, but they are, although dealing with somewhat extravagant themes, for the most part on a higher plane than the farces which at one time were so popular, and without one of which no dramatic entertainment was regarded as complete. They are, in fact, comediettas in the very best sense of that term, and, in our opinion, they show Mr. Howells at his best. He has, in truth, a distinct genius for this kind of writing, and the only wonder is that he has not made some serious attempts to achieve success upon the stage. So far as we recollect, only one of Mr. Howells' pieces—and this by no means the best of them—has been seriously tried on the public stage. Some years ago Mr. Barrett made an essay with one of three pieces, and achieved a measurable success with it. But whether Mr. Howells' little dramatic attempts are suited for representation or not, they are very delightful reading, and as such we can cordially recommend them. *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

MR. FROUDE'S IRISH ROMANCE.

THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY; OR, AN IRISH ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY. By J. A. Froude. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

Mr. Froude's historical imagination, vivid insight into character, and brilliant force of style, are all conspicuous in the new departure in literature which he has just made by the publication of the "Two Chiefs of Dunboy." Yet, notwithstanding the supreme gift of literary expression which Mr. Froude brings to his task, this story of social life in Ireland during the last century, though here and there charged with much dramatic intensity, is somewhat disappointing as a work of art. One of the two "chiefs" is Colonel Goring, a gallant, earnest English officer, who is sincerely wishful to uplift and brighten the lives of the peasantry amongst whom his lot is cast; whilst his rival, Morty Sullivan, is a son of the soil, who has suffered expatriation in the defeated cause of the Stuarts, and has returned to Ireland with wrongs of his own to avenge. Both men are admirably described, but the strength of the romance lies in the portraiture of Colonel Goring, a high-minded enthusiast, of

Puritan simplicity and force of character:—"Colonel Goring belonged to an order of men who, if they had been allowed fair play, would have made the sorrows of Ireland the memory of an evil dream. But he had come too late; the spirit of the Cromwellians had died out of the land, and was not to be revived by a single enthusiast. Morty Sullivan slew him, and when slain in turn met his just reward. Yet, when the actions of men are measured in the eternal scale and the sins of those who had undertaken to rule Ireland and had not ruled it are seen in the full blossom of their consequences, the guilt of Morty—the guilt of many another desperate patriot in that ill-fated country, may be found to bear most heavily on those English statesmen whose reckless negligence was the true cause of their crimes." The book is lit up with many charming bits of local color; but, whilst it throws considerable light on Irish traits and the fierce conflicts of creed and race which lie at the root of so much misunderstanding, it cannot be described—from the novel reader's point of view—as a very enthralling story.

London Publishers' Circular.

GREIFENSTEIN.

By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23. When F. Marion Crawford wrote "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius" he proved himself to be a man of talent. When he wrote "Sarracinesca" he showed himself to be a man of genius, and then the question concerning him was whether his genius would expend itself in one or more works, or whether it would continue to grow by exercise. In "Greifenstein" his genius remains incontestable, though the book has flaws which suggest that Mr. Crawford is spurring his Pegasus more incessantly than is wise or just. The story is at once a painful and a noble one. It is not pleasant to say one word in dispraise of it; but there are a few such words to be said, and they may as well be said at once.

The scene of "Greifenstein" is laid in the Black Forest of Baden, and its characters are all Germans, yet the local coloring is dim. There is hardly a perceptible flavor of German nationality, and of Swabian peculiarities there is not an indication. True, we have a fair representation of the rigid notions of the German noblesse, some student duelling and drinking, an incidental sketch of one or two peasants and a graphic picture of two old castles of the Schwartzwald, but hardly any changes would be required if the scene were to be transferred from the Schwartzwald to the Tyrol, or even to the Pyrenees or the Apennines. Again, the disproportionately large space given to the social customs of students at German universities is not at all required for the development of the plot, and might not improperly be called superfluous "business." In like manner, too, the astrological nonsense

used in the introduction of so important a personage as Rex implies a purpose in the author to make of him either a charlatan or a sincere professor of occult science. At first Rex's astrology is kept conspicuously before the reader. After the duel it is occasionally glanced at. In the crises of the drama it is clean forgotten. When Rex turns out to be one of the noblest of men and makes no use of his astrology at times when a man who believed in it would surely try to apply it, one is driven to think that his character and functions in the story have been changed from their original form in the author's first plan of his work.

A graver objection is the extreme horror of the plot. The throttling of an old woman almost before the reader's eyes is none the less painful because the deed is done by two brothers, both of whom she has married and deceived; nor is the horror lessened when the two old men avenge their own breach of the law by blowing their brains out. True, these bloody performances produce the complications which are the very hinges of the drama; and yet one would wish that the same complications had been brought about in a less bloody way. One might also wish that Mr. Crawford did not seem to think that suicide is a rather heroic sort of thing in many possible circumstances of human life.

N. Y. World.

INDIAN LIFE.

INDIAN LIFE (HINDU AND MUHAMMADAN.) Religious and Social. By John Campbell Oman. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

With the incitements they must have to study and the opportunities for composition, it is somewhat strange that the members of the Education Department in India should write so little concerning the manners and customs, the history and religion of the people among whom they live and work. Nearly all our good books on India are written, not by the men who, being students by profession, might be expected to form a great literary caste in the country, but by overwrought officials engaged in the civil administration. The volume before us is one of the few exceptions to the literary unproductiveness of the Education Department; and even Mr. Oman is a professor, not of literature or the humanities, but of natural science. It is an unpretending collection of short essays, yet replete with valuable and suggestive information about less known by-paths of Indian sociology. Mr. Oman is a shrewd and conscientious observer, and takes the trouble, moreover, to see what other authorities have said on the subjects of his research. In his descriptions, too, whether it be of a Parsee theatrical performance, an interview with a Brahman soothsayer, a meeting of the Arya Somaj, or some strange religious rite of the older faiths, it is easy to see that we are in the hands of a guide who can tell us much that is worth knowing.

Most of the essays refer to the Punjab; and it may be as well to warn the reader that what is true of the

land of the five rivers—a province larger and more populous than Hungary and Belgium put together—does not always apply to India generally.

Mr. Oman's book opens with some striking chapters on what has been inelegantly termed Oriental occultism; and people who take a common-sense view of the miracles ascribed to *jogis mahatmas*, and *chelas* will find ample evidence in favor of incredulity. Asiatic thought has always displayed an inclination to whatever is mystic and unpractical. The same excursions into the land of the unreal are made to this day as occupied the sages of a prehistorical past; and men like the late Swami Dyanand Saraswati still live to recall the *rishis* of the Sanskrit epics. In regard to the Swami, Mr. Oman corrects Prof. Max Müller on one or two minor points, in which, as he speaks from personal knowledge, he is no doubt to be trusted.

Of the religion founded by Baba Nanak, Mr. Oman has but little to say. He believes, however, that Sikhism, which survived a cruel persecution by the bigot Aurangzeb, nor was shattered by the invasions of the Turkoman Timur, and the Afghan Ahmed Shah Durani, is now fast decaying. As a national faith, Mr. Oman says, its days are numbered. Perhaps I may mention that the so-called Sikh nobleman who attended the recent meeting of the National Congress at Allahabad is only a Sikh by descent, and has long been a member of the Brahmo Somaj. Chapter VII contains a capital account of the Golden Temple at Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs. Many of the worshippers in the temple are not Sikhs at all, but Hindus, mostly women—another instance of the versatility of the Hindu mind. In the sanctuary of the Golden Temple, which is so called from the gilt copper roofing of the dome and cupolas, is kept the *Adi Granth*, the sacred book of the faith. The chief act of devotion is to circumambulate the corridor surrounding the sanctuary three, five, or seven times, and to lay some small offering before the book. Another interesting chapter is devoted to the curious cult of the scavenger caste in Upper India, who pay reverence to the memory of Zahir Pir or Lal Beg. Further information about Lal Beg will be found in Captain Temple's "Legends of the Punjab." The saint's emblem, which may often be seen carried along the roads of a Punjab town in noisy procession, is a tall bamboo gaily decked with scraps of bright colored cloth and with a huge brush of peacock's feathers at the top. Fans and bunches of cocoanuts are slung to the pole, which is commonly taken as a glorified conception of the sweeper's broom. This, Mr. Oman points out, is a mistake. It is really intended to represent a bridegroom arrayed in his wedding garments and riding on horseback, the man who carries it taking the part of the horse. The procession commemorates Zahir Pir's home-coming after his marriage, the cocoanuts being the heads of his two half-brothers which he cut off at a single stroke.

Stephen Wheeler in London Academy.

WORDSWORTHIANA.

A selection from papers read to the Wordsworth Society. Edited by William Knight. 12mo, \$1.70; by mail, \$1.83.

It is observed in this volume that Wordsworth has been "fortunate in his eulogists;" but this is but half the truth. He has been fortunate in the whole class of minds he has attracted; and the names of those who have taken part in the proceedings of the Wordsworth Society, and whose contributions are here reprinted, are a striking illustration of this fact. From these gentlemen one would expect criticism either fine or solid, but it is a proof how completely the criticism of Wordsworth is exhausted to find that these papers are no more than gleanings after the harvest. The cardinal points, of course, are necessarily here. They are Wordsworth's philosophy, his morality, and his regard for nature.

The more interesting papers are rather about the poet than upon his works, or else deal with special aspects of the general subject, in essays that resemble extended notes. Mr. Rawsley's collection of the remarks of the peasants who still remember the poet is entertaining rather than valuable, but shows us clearly the way in which he was regarded by the country-side into whose judgment poetry did not enter. Mr. Ainger's remarks on the poets who helped to form Wordsworth's style are interesting, and so are the papers on the Chaucer modernizations, by Dowden, Wordsworth's treatment of sound, by W. A. Heard, and his relation to Science, by Spence Watson. The last shows that the poet was by no means unsympathetic with science, but, on the contrary, strongly impressed by its work. Mr. Knight's list of portraits is also a valuable contribution.

The most striking portion of the collection, however, consists of the speeches of the Presidents of the Society, Arnold, Lowell, Lord Houghton, and Lord Selborne, with the reply to Arnold by Lord Coleridge and that to Lord Selborne by Aubrey de Vere. These are all admirable examples of just what such exercises should be, uniting ease and intellectual refinement with a delightful personal touch. They belong to a kind of speech-making to succeed in which is a proof of social as much as of literary cultivation. The intellectual element was more pronounced in Lowell's speech, friendliness in the rest. Lord Houghton's account of the poetic revival at Cambridge, and the expedition of the undergraduates to enlighten Oxford, is a reminiscence in itself delightful with the charm of youth, and related with the pardonable complacency of age; and Lord Selborne's simple and straightforward confession of what he personally owed to Wordsworth in his own life could not be bettered. It is from such acknowledgments as this that one learns best to appreciate the reality of Wordsworth's influence, and of poetic influence in general, to ripen the principles inculcated upon English youth and make of them a spontaneous rule of duty, and also

to expand and refine the mind. The distinguished intellectual rank of many of those who have been mentioned, their marked literary taste, and the evident sincerity of their regard for Wordsworth as a helping influence, and not merely a source of æsthetic pleasure in their lives, show the deep mark he has made on the generation he taught, and usefully remind those of us who will not allow his moral weight to obscure in our minds his poetic limitations, how much an inborn race-sympathy and union in moral and national feeling may generate power out of genius even in the face of great deficiencies.

The Nation.

WORDSWORTH.

THE RECLUSE. By William Wordsworth. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 63 cents.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. With an introduction by John Morley. With portrait, 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.53.

The first book of the first part of *The "Recluse"*—some seven hundred lines—now printed for the first time, may be said to be a continuation of Wordsworth's poetical autobiography as given in *"The Prelude."* It tells of his arrival in Grasmere, and presents an imaginative study of the local features and spirit of the vale, a study of the character of its inhabitants, and a noble vindication of Wordsworth's devotion to the high calling of his life. Its appearance is a very important event for all who love the poetry of Wordsworth. I do not know that there are seven hundred consecutive lines to be found anywhere in his writings of greater interest than these.

With this word I dismiss the fragment of *"The Recluse,"* for I must speak somewhat fully of the edition of the *"Complete Poetical Works"* now put forth, with no editor's name, but seemingly with the authority of Wordsworth's representatives. I must try to speak plainly and strongly, though I hope without heat or temper. A serious wrong has been done to Wordsworth; a serious wrong has been done to Wordsworth's readers. What strikes one in the volume from first to last is the disrespect shown throughout to Wordsworth's judgment, the entire disregard shown to Wordsworth's wishes. And as a consequence the reader of Wordsworth suffers grievous loss. I propose briefly to make good these assertions.

Wordsworth did not leave his poems at haphazard or in disarray. He arranged them in an order of his own, presenting them as he wished them to reach his readers, in certain groups and in a definite sequence within each group. He may not have been always happy in his arrangement, but it was carefully considered and had his deliberate approval. It is in part connected with his critical theories, and in part it is independent of them. He classed some of his poems, for example, under the heading of *"The Fancy,"* and others under that of *"The Imagination."*

That arrangement is connected with a critical theory. Whether the groups be well or ill-named, within each group the poems are placed in such an order that they often reflect interesting lights each upon the other. There is, again, a series of "Miscellaneous Sonnets" in three parts; and here no critical theory is involved. The first part begins with a sonnet on "The Sonnet," following a dedication in verse; it closes with the memorial sonnet to Raisley Calvert. The second part begins in like manner with a sonnet on "The Sonnet," and closes with a poem entitled "Conclusion to—." Again, there is the noble series of "Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty," in two parts, each most judiciously arranged. In the present volume Wordsworth's design, in its larger lines and in its minor details, is swept away; and, as I shall presently show, some of the poems in consequence lose a special significance, and some become unintelligible.

The arrangement attempted throughout is chronological; but there are errors in the chronology. Now it is most interesting to read Wordsworth's poems in the order in which they were written. I may quote my own words from a review of Prof. Knight's edition of Wordsworth, which appeared in the *Academy* six years ago. I considered Prof. Knight's edition to be what I called the Student's Wordsworth, with a purpose of its own, but not as one designed to replace the authorized edition, superintended by Wordsworth himself, and I wrote as follows:

"Prof. Knight proposes to print the poems in chronological order, and for such an edition as the present [*i. e.* as Prof. Knight's] this is, undoubtedly the right plan. It has been generally felt that, with Wordsworth, the chronological study is of peculiar importance; that his poems fall naturally into groups, characteristic of his periods of visionary youth, grave-thoughted manhood, and tranquil decline. But we have felt this in a general way, and did not trace out details. Now we shall be able to follow the history of his intellect and his imagination from year to year, sometimes even from day to day."

But, then, Prof. Knight's edition was not intended, as I take it, to displace the authorized text. It was designed rather to be one of our aids to study. It was copiously annotated, so that any wrong done to the reader could be at once repaired by information conveyed in a note. It is not so in the present edition. The reader is nowhere informed that this poem or that has been wrenched from its true position. And all this has been done in violation of Wordsworth's well-known desire. In Wordsworth's "Prose Works," vol. iii., p. 474, we find the record of a conversation given by the Rev. R. P. Graves as follows:

"I expressed to Wordsworth a wish that his poems were printed in the order of their composition, assigning as reasons for the wish the great interest which would attach to observing the progressive development of the poet's thought, and the interpretive value of the light mutually reflected by poems of the same period. I remember being surprised by the feeling

akin to indignation which he manifested at the suggestion. He said that such proceeding would indicate on the part of the poet an amount of egotism, placing interest in himself above interest in the subject treated by him, which could not belong to a true poet caring for the elements of poetry in their right proportion, and designing to bring to bear upon the minds of his readers the best influences at his command in the way best calculated to make them effectual."

Part of the force of the reason assigned by Wordsworth has passed away; that which he would not do himself may be done for him. It is well that by a knowledge of the chronology of his works we should be able to trace the development of his mind; but it is an injury to a dead poet that in the edition which seems to bear his authority he should be forbidden the right to present his poems as he decided on mature deliberation that they ought to be presented. There is a loss here of what is needed even by the historical student of Wordsworth's mind; an interesting part of the document is obliterated. And for the reader who cares for the poems simply as poems a still more serious loss is caused by the injudicious application of the chronological principle. * * *

In the "List of Wordsworth's Poems arranged in Chronological Order," which serves as a table of contents and which seems to be identical with Prof. Knight's revised list as printed in the "Transactions" of the Wordsworth Society, I notice several errors as to the dates of first publication. But the list shows so much valuable research and contains so much useful information that it becomes us rather to be grateful than censorious. And in every considerable piece of work a margin of error must be allowed. * * *

Mr. John Morley has introduced Wordsworth to the readers of this volume in an excellent essay. If any Wordsworthian should say to me that the choice of Mr. John Morley as Wordsworth's presenter is somewhat curious, I should give a silent assent. If he should go on to assert that Wordsworth would look upon the choice of such a presenter with fervid indignation, I could not say "no"; only I would remind my interlocutor that literature is a noble eirenicon, and that in those worlds where Protesilaus and his poet dwell there is

"An ampler ether, a diviner air,"

than in our troubled planet. Mr. Morley writes as one who partakes in a large measure of Wordsworth's spirit, though perhaps, he does not feel its finer ecstasy—

"the bloom

And all the mighty ravishment of spring." * *

Let me say at the close how, in my opinion, the edition of Wordsworth, which we all desire, ought to be planned.

(i.) Wordsworth's latest text to be given. Wordsworth's arrangement of the poems to be followed.

(ii.) A chronological table, strictly tested, to be given, so that the reader should have it in his power

to ascertain the date of any poem, or if he should please, to read the complete poetical works in the chronological order.

(iii.) An appendix of "Poems by Wordsworth not intended by him to appear in the authorized text."

(iv.) Appendix of notes dictated to Miss Isabella Fenwick.

(v.) Appendix of select various readings, presenting the earlier text in the case of poems seriously injured by Wordsworth's rehandlings. Good judgment would here be needed, but in a few pages a valuable result could certainly be attained.

(vi.) Bibliography of Wordsworth's writings, not extending beyond the year of his death.

(vii.) No introductory essay, and no author's name but that of Wordsworth on the title-page.

Edward Dowden, in the Bookmart.

—M. Alphonse Daudet is still obliged to remain idle, owing to the return of his rheumatic and neuralgic pains.

—Macmillan & Co. have just arranged with Swan Sonnenschein & Co. of London, for the American sale of that firm's new Library of Philosophy—a series of works edited by J. H. Muirhead, and arranged in three departments, dealing respectively with schools of philosophers, the history of thought in particular departments, and the subject-matter of philosophy treated from an original point of view. In the first series, which will, it is hoped, ultimately cover the entire history of thought in the fields of metaphysics and ethics, the following volumes have already been promised: "Sensationalists: Locke to Mill," by W. S. Hough, D.Sc., of Ann Arbor, Mich.; "Modern Realists: Leibnitz to Lotze," by Professor Andrew Seth, of St. Andrews; "Early Idealists: Descartes to Leibnitz," by W. L. Courtney, of New College, Oxford; "Scientific Evolutionists: Comte to Spencer," by Prof. John Watson, of Kingston, Canada; "Utilitarians: Bentham to Contemporary Writers," by W. R. Sorley, of Trinity College, Cambridge; "Moral Sense Writers: Shaftesbury to Martinet," by Prof. Wm. Knight, of St. Andrews; and "Idealistic Moralists: Kant to Green," by Prof. Henry Jones, of University College, Bangor, Me. Of the volumes of the second series, already arranged for, may be mentioned a "History of Logic," by Prof. George S. Morris, of Ann Arbor, Mich.; "History of Psychology," by Prof. Adamson, of Owens College; "History of Political Philosophy," by D. G. Ritchie and J. H. Muirhead; "History of Economics," by Dr. J. Bonar; "History of Æsthetics," by A. Bosanquet; and "Evolution of Theology," by Prof. Otto Pfeiderer. As an introduction to the Library, Erdmann's (smaller) "History of Philosophy," in three volumes, has been translated by Dr. W. S. Hough, of Ann Arbor, and will appear very shortly. *Critic.*

NOTES.

—After twenty-four years of service, Professor Henry Morley is about to resign the Chair of English Literature at University College, London.

—The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford, is preparing for the press some hitherto unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

—The marriages of British peers with American heiresses will form the subject of a novel which the author of "Aristocracy" is now engaged in writing.

—Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, is said to be engaged on a biography of the late Laurence Oliphant. She has secured the help of Mrs. Wynne-Finch, Laurence Oliphant's mother-in-law, and other members of his family.

—The death is announced of Miss Mary Whately, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin. She was the author of "Ragged Life in Egypt" and other works. Miss Whately died in Egypt in the sixty-fifth year of her age.

—A copy of the first edition of Charles Lever's works lately sold in England for \$1,375. The craze for first editions is now at its height, and absurd prices are given for modern books which have little value as literature.

—Rider Haggard is about to make a journey to Asia Minor and Persia, visiting in turn Persepolis, Shiraz, and Bagdad in quest of local color for his new story, in which Queen Esther will probably be a conspicuous personage.

—Among the Boston authors who are to spend the summer in Europe are: James Russell Lowell, Colonel T. W. Higginson, Oscar Fay Adams, William H. Rideing, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, and Miss Louise Imogene Guiney.

—F. Marion Crawford is writing a book on Sir John Hawkwood for the English Men of Action Series. Mr. Walter Besant will prepare the volume on Captain Cook, Mr. Clark Russell that on Dampier, and Mr. Archibald Forbes that on Havelock.

—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett sailed for England last month. She was accompanied by her secretary, Miss Chiellini, and her son, Vivian, who is the real Little Lord Fauntleroy. She is to write and bring out a new play and intends to secure an English copy-right.

—Prof. Mahaffy, of Dublin, will visit the United States next August. He has undertaken to deliver two courses of lectures—on "The Everyday Life of the Greeks," and "The History of Civilization"—at the Chautauqua Assembly, Chautauqua, New York State

—Allen Thorndike Rice, the owner and publisher of the *North American Review*, died suddenly in New York, on May the 16th. Mr. Rice was a native of Boston, and was barely thirty-six years of age. He was on the eve of departure for Europe to fill the post of Minister to Russia.

—The scene of Mr. Julian Corbett's new novel, "Kophetua the Thirteenth," is laid in Central Africa, in a community founded in Elizabethan times on the ruins of the kingdom of that Kophetua whose romantic love story is so familiar to us from the ballads of "The King and the Beggarmaid."

—The Rev. J. W. Hardy, author of "How to be Happy Though Married," is a military chaplain; tall, with a ruddy, bronzed complexion and a Rabbinical beard. In conversation he is as a rule chary of his good things, which he reserves for his books, but a slightly drawing utterance and a thickening of brogue are effectively used on occasion to enhance his gift of dry humor. Contrary to a very widely-spread suspicion, he is a married man.

—The first number of Vol. III *American Notes and Queries* inaugurates several changes calculated to enhance its value. A table of contents is to be henceforth added to each issue, and the department of "Communications" is to be sub-divided into *Replies* to queries and *Communications* on original subjects, or on questions already discussed. A valuable feature is to be notices of books and periodicals. The publication is deservedly winning its way to popular favor.

—A work will shortly appear on Sir John Franklin's Fate, claiming to show that its discovery was through a revelation made to a little child seven years of age, to whom was revealed the locality where the ships would be found, and how they could be reached; and that after the great expeditions of the Government extending over a period of seven years had proved fruitless, the efforts of Lady Franklin, guided solely by the revelations of the little child, were crowned with complete success.

—This is a queer description of Wordsworth which a quaint old Lakeman gives: "Wudsworth for a' he had noa pride, nor nowt, was a man who was quite one to hissel'. He was not a man as folks could crack wi' nor not a man as could crack wi' folks. But there was another thing as kep' folks off, he had a ter'ble girt deep voice, and ya might see his faace again for long enuff. I've knoan folks, village lads, and lasses, coming over by old road above which runs from Grasmere to Rydal, flayt a'most to death there by Wishing Gaate, to hear the girt voice a groanin', and mutterin', and thunderin' of a still evening, and he had a way of standin' quite still by the rocks there in t' path under Rydal, and folks could hear sounds like a wild beast coming from the rock and children were scared fit to be dead a'most."

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

Reader—

The poem, "God Bless Us Every One!" is by James Whitcomb Riley. You will find it in his latest volume of verse—"Old-Fashioned Roses."

J. G. H.—

The *Book Worm* is published in London, by Elliot Stock. You can obtain it in New York through Lockwood & Coombes, 275 Fifth Avenue.

R. A. B.—

Although Miss Olive Schreiner's book, "The Story of an African Farm," was published several years ago, it did not acquire any considerable circulation in this country until last summer. The following brief biographical sketch was written by Miss Schreiner for the *Book Buyer*:

"My father was a German, born in Wurtemberg. He studied at Basel, and went to South Africa as a missionary. My mother is English, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and for generations my ancestors have been strict Puritans.

"I was born in the heart of South Africa, on a solitary mission station. I was many years old before I saw a town. My father died many years ago. My mother has become a Roman Catholic and is living in a convent in South Africa. I came to England for the first time seven years ago, and then published the 'African Farm,' which I had written in Africa. The first English edition was published in 1882. I have made stories ever since I could remember; long before I could write I used to scribble on sheets of paper imagining that I was writing them. I began 'An African Farm' when I was almost a child, but left it for some years before I finished it."

Subscriber—

Taine's "History of English Literature" is one of the best works on the subject. Prof. Henry Morley is now bringing out a critical and biographical series in half-yearly volumes on "English Writers." For an anthology of English poetry none is better than "The English Poets," by Thomas Humphry Ward. It contains selections with critical introductions. For the Victorian era, Stedman's "Victorian Poets" is a valuable review, as is also, for our own poetry, his "Poets of America." Prof. Richardson has published a work on "American Literature."

Kathrina—

"Sylvan Secrets" and "Byways and Bird Notes," by Maurice Thompson are published at sixty cents each volume, by John B. Alden, New York.

John Habberton's story, "At Last.—Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher," has not been published in book form. Mr. Habberton's most noted work is "Helen's Babies," of which nearly a quarter of a million copies have been sold in the United States, besides large editions in England, France and Germany.

L. T.—

"A Manual of Cheirosophy," by Ed. Heron-Allen, is the best book on Palmistry we know of. "Practical Cheirosophy" is a smaller work by the same author. Another small and evidently good treatise on the subject is Dick's "Mysteries of the Hand; or, Palmistry Made Easy."

DESCRIPTIVE

PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE WALDENSES OF ITALY, from their origin to the Reformation. By Emilio Comba, D. D. Translated from the author's revised edition by Teofilo E. Comba. 8vo, \$1.80; by mail, \$1.93.

READINGS IN CHURCH HISTORY. By Rev. James S. Stone, D. D. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

This book seeks to set forth the essentials of a very large subject, concerning which the majority of church members of all denominations, it is quite safe to say, know next to nothing. It is a subject that in the past has been left to the ecclesiastical doctors, and the average layman has not only not interested himself in it, but in not a few of the denominations the tendency of instruction has been to discourage inquiry into the particulars of ecclesiastical development. And yet unless the history of ecclesiasticism is in some manner understood, and well understood, the man who dares to inquire—and the number of them who dare to do this are rapidly increasing—will soon find himself floundering in a sea of savage controversy that will be likely to overwhelm him and his faith rather than to purge him of his unbelief. Mr. Stone, therefore, has written, with the very worthy object of stating the salient features of ecclesiasticism in a brief and understandable way for the benefit of plain people who are not students except in very limited sense, but who ought to be informed as to how and why certain things were and are. The especial merit of the compilation, in our judgment, is that it does give in brief space a fair survey of a great and very important subject, and so fills a space that is not filled by any other book that we know of.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. By John Fiske. The Riverside Library for Young People. 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 67 cents.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. From the reign of David up to the capture of Samaria. By Ernest Renan. Vol. II. 8vo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.10.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE PREACHERS OF SCOTLAND FROM THE SIXTH TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Twelfth series of the Cunningham Lectures. By William Garden Blaikie, D. D., LL. D. 8vo, \$2.40; by mail, \$2.55.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM AND LUCY SMITH. Edited by George S. Merriam. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

William Smith was a Scotchman, a scholar, a thinker and a man of letters, but little known to literary readers. Lucy Smith was his wife. Mr. Smith was a regular reviewer for *Blackwood's* from 1839 to 1871, and in that time he passed judgment upon many of the most noteworthy books of the epoch, both English and American. Among the latter were an essay on Emerson in December, 1847; an estimate of some American poets in May, 1851; a review of Prescott's "Philip the Second" in April, 1856; a review of Motley's "Dutch Republic" in December,

1859, and of Motley's "History of the Netherlands" in May, 1861, and July, 1868. Mr. Smith besides wrote "Thorndale" and "Gravenhurst." The former, which is the better known and was published in 1857, is a novel of religious philosophy and the most remarkable book of its kind in the language. In "Gravenhurst," although it is also a philosophical novel, will be found what Lucy was to William Smith. The story of two such lives and of the literary work of such a man is well worth the telling. What gives this book interest is the fact that this writer and thinker was almost a recluse, and that his wife was part of him.

Philadelphia Times.

LORD LAWRENCE. By Sir Richard Temple. Men of Action series. With portrait. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents; flexible cloth, 45 cents; by mail, 51 cents.

FRANCIS BACON: HIS LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY. By John Nichol. Part II. Bacon's Philosophy. With a sketch of the history of previous science and method. With portrait. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, 99 cents.

The first volume dealt solely with the life of Bacon; the present one gives an admirably concise account of Bacon's philosophy. We do not know where the "Instauratio Magna" can be found in such a satisfactory nutshell as this.

Philadelphia Press.

EMERSON IN CONCORD. A memoir, written for the "Social Circle" in Concord, Massachusetts. By Edward Waldo Emerson. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.47.

See review in this number.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. An historical biography. By Horace E. Scudder. The Riverside Library for Young People. 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents.

DESCRIPTION.

INCIDENTS OF A COLLECTOR'S RAMBLES IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND NEW GUINEA. By Sherman F. Denton. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.07.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE KASAI. Being some records of service under the Lone Star. By Charles Somerville Latrobe Bateman. With fifty-seven illustrations and two maps reproduced from the author's original drawings. 8vo, \$4.50; by mail, \$4.69.

THE HOME ACRE. By Edward P. Roe. New edition. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.11.

One of the best, if not the very best, of quite a multitude of works that endeavor to tell the owners of small plots of ground how to make the most of them for growing fruit and vegetables for family use. Mr. Roe, in addition to being a popular novelist, was a successful horticulturist, who made a specialty of small fruits, and so he wrote about the "Home Acre" from the most practical of standpoints. It is a particular merit of this book that, while it does not disdain particulars, it nevertheless deals with principles in a way that makes it doubly valuable to an intelligent man or woman who undertakes to use it as a guide in planting and nurturing.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

PICTURESQUE ALASKA. A journal of a tour among the mountains, seas and islands of the Northwest, from San Francisco to Sitka. By Abby Johnson Woodman. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

FROM JAPAN TO GRANADA. Sketches of observation and inquiry in a tour round the world in 1887-8. By James Henry Chapin, Ph. D. Illustrated, 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.26.

Beginning at Japan and China, he journeyed to the westward, visiting Singapore, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, Malta, Sicily, the Barbary States, and finally arriving in Spain. Much of the ground covered was that usually taken by travelers, though here and there he tells us of places that he visited which lie rather off the beaten tracks of travel. He saw, heard and learned a great deal that it is enjoyable to read of, and he has told about it all in a simple and easy style. Two chapters which claim particular attention are those entitled "Historic Scenes in Palestine" and "Zenobia's Capital." Mr. Chapin, who is professor of geology and mineralogy at St. Lawrence University, is already known as the author of an admirable work entitled "The Creation and Early Development of Mankind." *Public Opinion.*

Lacks that outdoor freshness which ought by nature to belong to a traveler's sketches. The threshing of old straw continues through three hundred and twenty-five pages, and pitiful indeed is the grain to be garnered at the end. The heavy and monotonous pages are seldom relieved even by a quotation. Still, the author insists that his book is "not intended in any sense as a substitute for the guide-book." In the title-chapter on Japan, despite the voluminous library containing fairly accurate information which the author might have consulted while correcting proofs, as he certainly read widely and uncritically before writing himself, we find a swarm of errors. Fugiyama, Yeddo, Yezzo, *hari-kari*, Keigé, instead of Fujiyama, Yedo, Yezo, *harakiri*, *keiki*, are bad enough, as is *habisha* for *hibachi*. Concerning the death of Mr. Richardson, an Englishman, whom Prof. Chapin speaks of as "an American citizen," the facts are better known than he imagines, as a dozen volumes will testify. The story told about the pony on page 43 shows how easily travelers are taken in by local guides, especially when pullers of *jin-riki-sha* act as ciceroni. A chance bit of geological information will here and there reward "the kind reader," to whom the author bids farewell from the Washington Irving hotel in Granada, on his closing page.

Nation.

HAYTI; OR, THE BLACK REPUBLIC. By Sir Spenser St. John K. C. M. G. New edition. 8vo, \$2.00; by mail, \$2.17.

The author's pessimistic views of this chronically disturbed nation are rather intensified in the revised and partially rewritten volume before us. The antipathy between blacks and mulattoes has, in his opinion, reached a crisis where one or the other race must be swept out of existence, with the chances by no means favorable to the mulattoes; voodoo worship and cannibalism are steadily increasing; the administration of the Government and the laws is almost a dead letter; agriculture, manufactures, and the arts, if such exist, are lapsing into decay, and the island is destined, before many years, to become the home of black men who have returned to their African barbarism or bestiality. Sir Spenser was for twenty years or more British agent or chargé in Hayti, and speaks with some knowledge of the subject, though possibly with prejudice, and if in this edition of his work he reinforces his original statements by evidence derived within a year or two from purely Haytian sources his remarks deserve attention.

N. Y. Sun.

HER MAJESTY'S TOWER. By William Hepworth Dixon. From the seventh London edition. With illustrations. Two volumes in one, 8vo. \$1.50; by mail, \$1.70.

STUDIES IN ARCHITECTURE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By C. D. Arnold. 20 plates, 4to, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.03.

THE CRUISE OF THE MARCHESA TO KAMSCHATKA AND NEW GUINEA. With notices of Formosa, Liu-Kiu, and various islands of the Malay Archipelago. By F. H. H. Guillemard, M.A., M.D. With maps and numerous woodcuts. Drawn by J. Keulemans, C. Whymper and others; and engraved by Edward Whymper. New edition. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.00.

INDIAN LIFE (HINDU AND MUHAMMADAN.) Religious and Social. By John Campbell Oman. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

See review in this number.

A CALIFORNIA TRAMP AND LATER FOOTPRINTS; OR, LIFE ON THE PLAINS AND IN THE GOLDEN STATE THIRTY YEARS AGO. With miscellaneous sketches in prose and verse. By T. S. Kenderdine. Illustrated with 39 wood and photo-engravings. 8vo, \$1.75; by mail, \$1.97.

The author is frank enough not to claim that his book was written to fill a long-felt want, nor does he even assert that its publication is due to the urgent solicitation of his friends. It is an account of an overland journey to California thirty years ago. The book is handsomely printed but the illustrations are fearfully and wonderfully made. As an account of the manner in which the journey across the continent was made in the days when there were no railroads across the plains and through the Rockies the book will prove interesting to many readers and reminiscent to some.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

RELIGION.

THE DIVINE LITURGY. Being the Order for Holy Communion, Historically, Doctrinally, and Devotionally set forth. In fifty portions. By Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D. 12mo, \$1.60; by mail, \$1.74.

Canon Luckock's "Divine Liturgy" is a set of fifty lectures upon the Order for Holy Communion, intended primarily to be read in church by way of homilies, or used for the instruction of classes of communicants. They are well adapted for either purpose, being simple, clear, well arranged, and accurate. There is perhaps an undue tendency to run back institutions and practices, which undoubtedly have a history, to the very earliest times; but those who are in sympathy with the author's views will find the book instructive and edifying.

Saturday Review.

LIVING QUESTIONS: STUDIES IN NATURE AND GRACE. By Warren Hathaway. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

The author is a writer and orator of a somewhat florid style, but his language, presuming that his delivery is effective, must touch the sensibilities of hearers. He is not in sympathy with any of the modern movements of unbelief or half-belief in the Bible, and yet he is not an intolerant teacher of its doctrines. Extensive miscellaneous reading supplies him with illustrations in speech derived from modern science and modern as well as antique history. So that his sermons are animated, not in the least gloomy and obscure, and quite upon the line of progress in religious belief.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

A PLAIN ARGUMENT FOR GOD. By George Stuart Fullerton. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 88 cents.

Three interesting lectures, delivered a year ago in this city before the Churchwoman's Institute. The author insists upon the necessity of keeping in mind the analogy between the argument for God and the reasoning which convinces us of the existence of minds in other men. It is his experience that in the light of this analogy, objections to the argument from the reign of natural law, from the eternity of the world, and from the doctrine of evolution are seen to be quite from the point at issue. No doubt the analogy will prove cogent to many readers. It is certainly set forth in plainest language.

Philadelphia Press.

THE WAY. The Nature and Means of Revelation. By John F. Weir, M. A., N. A. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

To the historical parts of the Bible little attention has been paid, as the purpose of the work is confined exclusively to the teachings of revelation. . . . The aim has been to exhibit the general teaching of revelation as pointing the way of salvation; to sketch the plan of redemption as marking the unfolding of a moral and spiritual consciousness in man; and to explain the nature of the means which constitute a channel of prophecy.

Extract from Preface.

GUIDE MARKS FOR YOUNG CHURCHMEN. By Howard Hooker Wilmer, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Alabama. 12mo, 45 cents; by mail, 52 cents.

The subjects touched upon are: The Church in England; The Church in America; How the Church was Planted in America; Different Religious Bodies in the United States; Roman or Latin Church; The Presbyterian Communion; The Baptists; Immersion; The Methodists; etc.

Publishers' Weekly.

ESSAYS AND TREATISES.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN THE UNITED STATES: AS THEY ARE AND AS THEY OUGHT TO BE. By D. Convers, S. S. J. E. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

The author has attempted to show in this volume that marriage and divorce in the United States of America are in an unsatisfactory condition. The work is not intended for specialists, but for that numerous community usually designated as "the general reader," who, the writer observes very justly, is remarkably ignorant of the laws touching one of the fundamental institutions of the life of the nation. How the Tie is formed, Who may not Marry, Divorce, are some of the subjects discussed.

Book Chat.

SENECA'S MINOR DIALOGUES. Together with the Dialogue on Clemency. Translated by Aubrey Stewart, M. A. Bohn's Classical Library. 12mo, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.50.

Is a book of much the same character as Plutarch's "Morals," but more argumentative in treatment and not so amusing. The dialogues are really sermons, in which the opinions of the adversary are sometimes quoted in order to be refuted. They deal with such topics as Anger, Consolation, and Mercy, and should, in Mr. Stewart's excellent version, form a valuable addition to the library of many a preacher. Apart from their intrinsic merits, the ethical opinions of Gallio's brother and Burrus's friend can never fail of interest to the thoughtful Christian. Montaigne had no less admiration for Seneca than for Plutarch, and professes—what is only partly true—that his own book is "wholly compiled" from these writers.

Athenaum.

THE FAMILY HORSE; ITS STABLING, CARE AND FEEDING. A practical manual for horse keepers. By Geo. A. Martin. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

AN OBJECT IN LIFE, AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT. By F. Leopold Schmidt, Jr. 12mo, paper, 45 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

A TREATISE ON CHEMISTRY. By Sir. H. E. Roscoe, F. R. S. and C. Schorlemmer, F. R. S. Vol. III. The Chemistry of the Hydrocarbons and their derivatives, or Organic Chemistry. Part V. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.50.

POETRY.

HORACE: THE ODES, EPODES, SATIRES, AND EPISTLES. Translated by the most eminent English scholars and poets, including Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Lytton, Conington, Calverley, Sir Theodore Martin, etc. The Chandos Classics. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 72 cents.

The difficulties of translating Horace are so well known that it was a happy thought not to confine the work to one author, but to select from all quarters the translation which might appear the most adequate and satisfactory. In addition to the well known translators of former days, the work of living and recent authors has been included, and examples of Lytton, Calverley, Conington and Sir Theodore Martin enable the reader to form some idea of the standard reached by the Horace translators of another age, while the inclusion of specimens from Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Addison and Francis provide an adequate standard for comparison or contrast. We do not propose to institute any such comparison in this place; we can only congratulate the editor on the comprehensiveness of his plan, and the success with which he has carried it into execution while the reader will perhaps be enabled to gather an idea of the many-sided views of Horace's genius, which no one translator could have given him. The selection appears to have been made with excellent judgment, and though, perhaps, in some cases others might have decided differently, all will, we think, agree that there is not very much room for individual complaint.

London Bookseller.

THE PASCHAL. Poems for Passion-Tide and Easter. By A. Cleveland Coxe. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 88 cents.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES. By James Whitcomb Riley. 16mo, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.45.

THE MASQUE OF DEATH AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Lotin Hildreth. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

A collection of one hundred and one verses, the "Masque of Death" being a timely reflection on the "grim respectable display" of Christian burial, a remnant of the savage past. Among the verses are further: "To an Obscure Poet," "The Chimes," "Midnight," "The Spirit of Poetry," "Ambition," "Nature," "Evening," "The Lotus Flower," "The Burden of Time," "The King and the Poet," "Fame," "Music," "Carlyle," "Hero Worship," "Toil," "Illusion," "Over the Mountains," "Random Chords," "Renaissance," "In Captivity," "The Song of the Scythe," "Italian Dreams," "Perennial Beauty," "Among the Mountains," etc.

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DRAMATIC WORKS OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER, WALLENSTEIN AND WILHELM TELL. Translated in the original metre. By S. T. Coleridge and J. Churchill, and Sir Theodore Martin, K. C. B., LL. D. Bohn's Standard Library. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. New edition. Vol. XIII. "Aristophanes' Apology," "The Agamemnon of Æschylus." 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.21.

THE CUP OF YOUTH AND OTHER POEMS. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.17.

PROSE FICTION.

ALMA; OR, THE STORY OF A LITTLE MUSIC MISTRESS. By Emma Marshall. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

THE STORY THAT THE KEG TOLD ME, AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW MUCH. By W. H. H. Murray. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24.

This series of "Adirondack tales" is to be completed in six volumes. Three volumes are already written, representing the graphic sketches of the Adirondack region published by Mr. Murray in the early days of his literary career, which gained him fame and the sobriquet of "Adirondack" Murray. The other three are yet to be written. These special stories have John Norton, the trapper for their hero; in fact, he runs all through the series, speaking words of wisdom on many subjects connected with the woods and with nature. He represents an ideal New England man who has spent his life in the woods. The first story introduces him to the reader; the second finds him the hero of a thrilling episode. Both stories are rich in sporting experiences.

Publishers' Weekly.

PLAYS OF SHERIDAN. Containing "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," "The Critic." Bohn's Select Library. 12mo, 45 cents; by mail, 52 cents.

ADELAIDE'S AWAKENING. A story of the City of Flowers. By Emma Marshall. Illustrated. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

The scene shifts from a rural nook in England, with its rector, the Squire and his titled wife, and two or three refined families with their bright young girls, to Florence, where the effusive Lady Anna Cowper-Smith takes her husband and invalid daughter and a long retinue of servants, including among her dependents the gifted Adelaide, who goes to study art. This gives opportunity for descriptions of the "city of flowers" and its picture galleries; but coördinate in interest, a clever story is carried along, in which certain wrongs are righted, certain persons find their level, some fine traits of character are developed, sweet charities and kindly courtesies are taught, and a precious little life fulfills its mission and passes away. Such books may safely be commended for a girl's library.

Literary World.

BALDY'S POINT. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

Is a capital story by Mrs. J. H. Walworth—probably the best of the series of popular American novels that she has written. The Americanism cannot be questioned, and it is better than any of the imitations of English novels that are so common. The time is at the close of the civil war and the scene in a little town in the South, peopled with proud whites who

cannot believe in Lee's surrender, and ignorant blacks who are insolent to their defeated former masters. Leaving out this part relating to race and freedom, the story is a real romance that appeals to the sympathies of the reader. Henry White, the returned soldier, who gets a position as toll-gatherer rather than be idle and dependent, is a character of force. So is "Cap Van Dorn," who has to struggle under a mysterious burden, which makes him an object of suspicion. So, too, is the Provost Marshal, Wesley Ford, who is naturally distrusted by all the people as the representative of the Government. The minor characters are well drawn, but all the women—strange to say of a book by a woman—are less interesting than the men. But the story is well told, is free from digressions of description and sentiment, and proceeds steadily on to a just conclusion.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

MISS CRESPIGNY. A love story. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New edition. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

MARGERY (GRED). A tale of Old Nuremberg. By George Ebers. Translated from the German by Clara Bell. In two vols. Gottsberger edition. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.24; paper, 60 cents; by mail, 72 cents.

The time is the first half of the fifteenth century, when Nuremberg was at the height of its glory as a centre of art and letters, and when its wealthy burgers lived in almost royal splendor. Margery is a daughter of the famous house of Schopper, an orphan at the beginning of the story, which is supposed to be told in her own words. She describes her school life, her friendship with the scrivener's daughter, beautiful Ann Spiesz, and the various romantic love affairs of which from childhood she began to take cognizance. Her brother, the bold and impetuous Herdegen, falls in love with Ann, but is for a time alienated by the machinations of a rich old uncle. There are festivities in city and country, adventures with gypsies, duels, and many tragic events to lend interest to the narrative. In the second volume is a glowing account of the visit to Nuremberg of the Emperor Sigismund and the Empress Barbara, and thereafter the romance goes on with increased vivacity. The characters are all so real and the scenes described are all so life-like that although the book is long it never for a moment becomes wearisome. Dr. Ebers has achieved another triumph in "Margery;" profound learning and a strong imagination were never more happily combined than in this memorable tale.

Boston Beacon.

MADEMOISELLE SOLANGE. By François de Julliot. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

"JERRY," AND OTHER STORIES. By the author of "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis," etc. 16mo, 35 cents; by mail, 43 cents; Lippincott's series of select novels, 16mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 19 cents.

The first is unmistakably pathetic—the tale of a poor little London waif who dies of starvation; but the pathos is rather overdone. The others are more in the Duchess's usual manner—little narratives of pretty young women with many suitors, who are very, very coquetish, who accept the rich and elderly lover, who make honest young men miserable, and who at last relent and marry according to the dictates of their hearts. It is a cheerful comedy played over and over again with infinite variation, and devoted admirers of the vivacious author seem never to tire of it.

THE LITTLE RED SHOP. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

A SEVENFOLD TROUBLE. By Pansy and her Friends. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

THE ENGLISHMAN OF THE RUE CAIN. By H. F. Wood, author of "The Passenger from Scotland Yard," etc. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

ALMEDA. By Dr. N. T. Oliver. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

NIKANOR. By Henry Greville. Authorized edition. Illustrated. 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

Nikanor is the illegitimate son of a Russian nobleman. His father carries him, when but a few hours old, to the house of a Greek priest on his estates, and obliges the priest to raise him as his own child. Nikanor has a taste for the priesthood as he grows up, and when but a mere boy enters the church. Before taking his vows he is obliged to marry, as all Greek priests do. From thenceforward his fate is a most unhappy one. His marriage is not a perfect union and his heart wanders to another. He then loses wife and child and dies broken-hearted because an impediment stands in the way of his second marriage. His real father plays a part all through the book. *Publishers' Weekly.*

DEB AND THE DUCHESS. A Story for Boys and Girls. By L. T. Meade. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.25.

"Deb" is a quick-tempered, dreamy child, who, by some freak of Nature, finds herself in the midst of a family of placid, matter-of-fact brothers and sisters. She is, as one may easily imagine, a very entertaining little person to read about. Mrs. Meade does her baby-talk to perfection, and describes with both pathos and humor the troubled and troubling life which she leads amongst uncongenial surroundings. Deb has a great ally in one Michael, the neglected son of a neighbor, and a bosom friend in a terrier, "Flopsy" by name. "Flopsy," too, is a character of no little interest. The writer must have drawn from an original when describing him. The story leads Deb and Mike into some curious adventures which, we must confess, are not so much to our liking as the domestic scenes.

London Spectator.

THE LADIES' GALLERY. By Justin McCarthy, M. P., and Mrs. Campbell Praed. Globe Library. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

JOHN CHARÁXES: A TALE OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA. By Peter Boylston. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

The scene is laid in Boston. The story has barely opened before the heart of a coquette, who has made havoc with her many admirers, is itself touched and a love affair is under full headway. This is very happily managed, however, and after widely separating the leading characters, we are introduced to John Charáxes, a true cosmopolitan of wide experience with the world, highly cultured, in easy circumstances, benevolent, and somewhat eccentric. From this point the narrative assumes an unusual interest, new lovers appear in due time, and under the patronage of our friend Charáxes difficulties are removed and all ends joyously. *Publishers' Weekly.*

TIME'S SCYTHE. By Jane Valentine, author of "The Old Stone House." Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS; OR, MIRTH AND MARVELS. By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire. 3 vols. Routledge's Pocket Library. 18mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00; gilt top, uncut edges, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

THE LIFE OF JOSHUA DAVIDSON; OR, THE MODERN IMITATION OF CHRIST. A theoretical novel. By E. Lynn Lynton. New edition. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 72 cents.

VAGABOND TALES. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

Most of the tales in Mr. Boyesen's entertaining volume have already found welcome and appreciation through the pages of various popular magazines; but in less transient form they will be no less welcome. They are seven in number, and vary in merit from the thoroughly artistic and most pathetic idyl of "Crooked John" to the somewhat strained and theatrical talk of "Monk Tellanbach's Exile," with its ineffective anti-climax of the hero's departure, stricken by conscience only after winning the love of his friend's sweetheart, declaring his own for her, and standing with her "for a long time silhouetted against the sky, clasped in a close embrace." Mr. Boyesen's style, though rarely quotably brilliant, is always fresh, pleasant and virile, and his power of observation trained and keen. *Boston Transcript.*

THE LION'S SHARE. By Mrs. Clark Waring. 12mo. paper, 20 cents; by mail, 24 cents.

Is a bright, interesting little novel, somewhat resembling in style the popular stories by the "Duchess." A very beautiful young girl, the daughter of poor and obscure parents, is sent away to school and receives an education, and gets a knowledge of life that renders her very discontented with her farmhouse home. After her return from school she forms the acquaintance, in an accidental manner, of a handsome and polished young man who occupies a high station in society, and they fall in love with each other. This young man, Jerome by name, wishes to meet her clandestinely, but refuses to visit her at her house, or to recognize her in the presence of any of his friends. Melville, which is the somewhat peculiar name of the young woman, discovers after a time the cause for this, which is that Jerome is engaged to Clara Rutland, the daughter of the great man of the village, and he wishes to marry her for her wealth. Then Melville's wrath rises against him and in her pique she promises to marry "Rupe" Rutland, the son of the great man, and brother of Clara. This condition of affairs produces various interesting and dramatic situations, which are well treated, and carried out to a dénouement which it will perhaps interest the reader to find out for himself. *Boston Beacon.*

IVAN THE SERF. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., author of "The Gunmaker of Moscow." 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

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Digitized by *Boston Beacon.*

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See review in this number.

GRANDISON MATHER; OR, AN ACCOUNT OF THE FORTUNES OF MR. AND MRS. THOMAS GARDINER. By Sidney Luska (Henry Harland), author of "The Yoke of the Thorah," etc. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

The scene of it is, as usual with this writer, in New York, and especially in the artistic, literary and semi-Bohemian circle. There is passion as well as humor in the story. The struggle for the means of existence is carried on bravely by Tom Gardiner and his wife, Rose, a true loving comrade who helps him and saves him in a direful strait by finishing a literary job which nearly drove him mad. The trials of authorship are relieved by Rose, and the moral of the story is that the marriage of congenial and loving souls should not be put off on account of limited means—a very pretty moral when there is perfect congeniality and loving bravery on both sides.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

A LONDON LIFE, THE PATAGONIA, THE LIAR, MRS. TEMPERLY. By Henry James. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

Four of Mr. James' characteristic stories are represented by the title. The heroine of the first is a "fast" American girl—such as Mr. James likes to paint—married to a stupid Englishman. The pair are in the "Swim" of fashionable London life, and are both equally heartless and unprincipled. After many shocking scenes of domestic infelicity, the climax is reached with the wife's elopement and a subsequent divorce. "The Patagonia" is the name of an ocean steamer. It is the scene of a tragedy. An American girl going out to England to marry a man for whom she does not care very much is flirted with by a handsome Bostonian. Finding he is trifling with her, she jumps overboard. "The Liar," which appeared in *The Century*, is a capital character study, as is also "Mrs. Temperly." The first story, "A London Life," appeared in *Scribner's*.

Publishers' Weekly.

THE REPROACH OF ANNESLEY. By Maxwell Gray, author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 71 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

The house of Annesley is supposed to be under a curse—the heir having for several generations met a strange or violent death. Shortly after this story opens Paul Annesley, a village doctor, inherits the estates most unexpectedly—four persons having stood between him and his inheritance. Next to him in succession is his cousin Edward Annesley, an officer in the English army. They both love the same woman and many scenes of jealousy and anger are the result, all heightened by the duplicity of a third hero, who also loves Alice Lingard. This third party is the villain of the story. When Paul Annesley disappears in a most mysterious manner he makes every effort to cast suspicion upon Edward as having murdered him. This is "The Reproach of Annesley;" but time clears up the mystery, and Edward's good name is free from all suspicion.

Publishers' Weekly.

MICAH CLARKE: His Statement as made to his three grandchildren, Joseph, Gervas, and Reuben, during the hard winter of 1734, wherein is contained a full report of certain passages in his early life, together with some account of his journey from Havant to Taunton with Decimus Saxon in the summer of 1685. Also of the adventures that befell them during the Western Rebellion, and of their intercourse with James, Duke of Monmouth, Lord Grey, and other persons of quality. Compiled day by day, from his own narration, by Joseph Clarke, and never previously set forth in print. Now for the first time collected, corrected, and rearranged from the original manuscript. By A. Conan Doyle. 12mo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.34.

See review in this number.

THE BLACK BALL. By Ernest DeLancey Pierson. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

In his sub-title, "A Fantastic Romance," the author seems to depreciate the value of his own work. Fantastic it is, no doubt, in some degree, but it is its honest, straightforward portrayal of real character and every-day incident which will chiefly impress the reader. He may smile with a pleasant sense of humor at the somewhat impossible Aladdin's palace of Paul Rexton and the antic philosophy of Sprowley, "professional manufacturer of freaks for dime museums"; but the author intended that the reader should be amused, and his exaggerations are, frankly, exaggerations, not unconscious excursions of the pen.

American Bookseller.

THE SLEEPING-CAR AND OTHER FARCES. By William D. Howells. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

TOM'S STREET. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. Yensie Walton series. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.11.

THE STORY OF PATSY. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol." Illustrated. 8vo, 45 cents; by mail, 52 cents.

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Philadelphia Press.

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A novel that marks a sure advance in the author's art of story-telling. It is a quiet, conscientious bit of fiction, far better than "Love and Theology," the school life in its pages being exceptionally natural and interesting.

Philadelphia Press.

REFERENCE.

A POSTAL DICTIONARY. Being an alphabetical handbook of postal rates, laws and regulations for all who use the mails. Compiled from official sources. By Edward St. John. 18mo, 15 cents.

AN HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Townsend MacCoun. Small 4to, 80 cents; by mail, 90 cents.

AN EXPLANATORY AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE NOTED NAMES OF FICTION. Including also familiar pseudonyms, surnames bestowed on eminent men, and analogous popular appellations often referred to in literature and conversation. By William A. Wheeler. New edition. With appendix, by Charles G. Wheeler. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

Mr. Charles G. Wheeler, a nephew of the compiler, has now added an appendix, which not merely is measurably a continuation to date, but repairs omissions in the body of the work, as appears from such entries as Abou ben Adhem, Baalam's Ass, Banker Poet, Black-eyed Susan, Jim Crow, Sword of Damocles, Gordian Knot, Cranes of Ibycus, Jewels of Cornelia, Lever of Archimedes, Tom Brown, Handy Andy, Midshipman Easy, Eva (in "Uncle Tom"), etc. All George Eliot's prominent characters and some of Dickens's are cared for; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Robert Elsmere are admitted, while "She" is ignored. In American fiction, Elsie Venner keeps company with Daisy Miller, but we have looked in vain for Silas Lapham or any character of Howells's, or for Aldrich's Marjorie Daw. Uncle Remus is in his place. Among the new pseudonyms are the Autocrat, Josh Billings, Charles Egbert Craddock, Mark Twain, and P. V. Nasby. Political terms, like "Bloody Shirt" and "Mugwump," are recorded. Much might be said concerning omissions, as in the case of Dumas and Victor Hugo, both neglected by the elder Wheeler; and Turgeneff and Tolstoi, unknown to the younger, who misses Anna Karénina along with Bazaroff. The index to the real names of pseudonymous characters has not been enlarged to take in the appendix, as it should have been. On the whole, the new portion, though useful as far as it goes, can hardly be called a first-rate performance. *Nation.*

A MANUAL OF HISTORICAL LITERATURE. Comprising brief descriptions of the most important histories in English, French and German. Together with practical suggestions as to methods and courses of historical study. For the use of students, general readers, and collectors of books. By Charles Kendall Adams, LL. D. New edition, revised and enlarged, 8vo, \$1.90; by mail, \$2.12.

The revisions to which this work has been subjected consist of alterations and additions that are thus described: 1. All titles have been changed, whenever change has been necessary, in order to note the appearance of new editions or continuations. 2. A few of the older books have been excluded in order that their places might be given to new works of greater importance. 3. Some of the descriptions have been condensed, and thus room made for others without greatly enlarging the volume. 4. At the end of each chapter, under the head of "Suggestions to students and readers," a new section has been added, entitled "Recent works of importance." 5. The table of contents and index have been amplified so as to include all the titles now inserted.

Publishers' Weekly.

A SATCHEL GUIDE FOR THE VACATION TOURIST IN EUROPE. A compact itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria and Italy. With maps. Revised annually. New edition for 1889. 12mo, leather, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.43.

The "Satchel Guide Book" differs from most of its kind, in describing one continuous route, arranged to take in the maximum of what is best worth seeing

with the minimum of time. However lavish of money our tourist may be, he will be something less than Yankee if he can afford to waste his time. However, to save the tourist from penny-wisdom is one part of the plan, and the editor is careful to mention where it is advisable to take local guides. The "Satchel Guide" is annually revised, unlike most the guide-books that are re-edited as to trains and hotels once in two years or five. Especially useful is a new railway map of the British Isles, upon which the enterprising can lay down their own routes. The book furnishes a complete itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland, Austria and Italy. *Philadelphia Ledger.*

CASSELL'S COMPLETE POCKET-GUIDE TO EUROPE. Revised and enlarged edition. 18mo, leather, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.15.

GREECE. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. With a panorama of Athens, 6 maps, and 14 plans. 12mo, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.08.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTERS TO A KING. By Albion W. Tourgée, LL. D. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

Tourgée addresses the young men of the country who have just attained the right to vote. It is designed to impress upon young men that they are recipients not only of a priceless political inheritance, but of a commensurate responsibility, bequeathed to them by a generation which did not hesitate to shed its blood to perpetuate the idea of "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," on the soil of America. "A soldier," says Judge Tourgée, "might as well claim to have discharged his duty by merely pulling the trigger in the hour of battle, as a citizen console himself with the idea that nothing more is required of him than merely to cast a ballot." The author is especially and deservedly severe on that class of citizens which shirks its political duties, and then complains that the party is controlled by tricksters, and asserts that there has never been a day or an hour in the history of any State or city of the land when those claiming to be the especial representatives of its best forces—its Christian citizens—might not have controlled its politics. * * * The book is one which should be read by every young man, whether a voter or not. Its teachings are needed and never more than now.

Boston Transcript.

ENGLISH CULTURE IN VIRGINIA. A Study of the Gilmer Letters and an account of the English Professors obtained by Jefferson for the University of Virginia. By William P. Trent, M. A. Johns Hopkins University Studies. 8vo, paper, \$1.00.

THE PRIMITIVE FAMILY IN ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT. By C. N. Starcke, Ph. D. International Scientific series. 12mo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.48.

LETTERS OF THE LATE EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTON, TO HIS WIFE. With extracts from her MSS. "Autobiography," and other documents. Published in vindication of her memory. By Louisa Devey. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

See review in this number.

NEEDLE-CRAFT: ARTISTIC AND PRACTICAL. Metropolitan Art series. Fully illustrated. 4to, 80 cents; by mail, \$1.00.

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Publishers' Weekly.

EVOLUTION OF ANIMAL LIFE. By Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph. D. 8vo, paper, 10 cents.

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THE QUINTESENCE OF SOCIALISM. By Dr. A. Schäffle. English edition. Translated from the eighth German edition under the supervision of Bernard Bosanquet, M. A. 12mo, 80 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

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Christian Union.

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PHYSIOLOGICAL NOTES ON PRIMARY EDUCATION AND THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE. By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D. 8vo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

The three essays contained in Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's book are entitled respectively "An Experiment in Education" (this is divided into two sections), "The Flower and the Leaf," and "The Place for the Study of Language in a Curriculum of Education." These all relate to the science of education, in the very strict sense of that term, and we account it a fault in them that they seek to push the strictly scientific idea further into the region of pure metaphysics than is worth while for practical problems to be pushed. There is excellent and most valuable matter, however, in all three of the essays, and intelligent teachers and parents will find them suggestive in an eminent degree. The fundamental proposition of Dr. Jacobi is that "Perception and memory should be indissolubly associated;" and this proposition strikes at one of the radical defects of the advanced educational methods of the day as they are expounded by many not unintelligent teachers. *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION. A hand-book based upon M. Gustave Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation." Edited by Rev. J. Verschoyle, M. A. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

See review in this number.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? A modern symposium. Edited with a preface, by Harry Quilter, M. A., and containing the most important letters on the subject in the London *Daily Telegraph*, and a paper on the philosophy of marriage. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, etc. "Globe Library." 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

A HAND-BOOK OF CRYPTOGAMIC BOTANY. By Alfred W. Bennett, M. A. B. Sc., F. L. S., and George Murray, F. L. S. With 378 illustrations. 8vo, \$4.00; by mail, \$4.16.

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Mr. Thomas Davidson has conferred upon all lovers of true poetry an inestimable favor by publishing his "Prolegomena to In Memoriam." Mr. Davidson is convinced not only that "In Memoriam" is the greatest English poem of the century, but one of the great poems of all time. "It belongs," he says, "to the same class of works as the 'Divine Comedy' and 'Faust'; only whereas the first of these, despite its title, is epic, and the second, dramatic, this is lyric. The hero of 'In Memoriam,' like the hero of the 'Divine Comedy,' is the poet himself. . . . Tennyson's Arthur does for the deeply religious and cultivated man of the nineteenth century what Dante's Beatrice did for the similarly endowed man of the fourteenth. . . . In both poems the fundamental thought is the same. Man's true happiness consists in the perfect conformity of his will to the divine will, and this conformity is attained, through love, first of man, then of God." This problem of the destruction and rebuilding of a moral world as set forth in Tennyson, Mr. Davidson elucidates by means of a careful prose analysis and the citation of many parallel passages from other writers who have dealt with the same theme. A large number of the quotations are from the "Divine Comedy" and the similarity of thought between Tennyson and Dante is made clearly evident. Metempsychosis, trance, ecstasy, the conditions of immortality, and the spiritualization of love are among the topics concerning which Mr. Davidson has a good deal that is valuable to suggest. The book is a small one, but it contains much wisdom in a little space. The index to "In Memoriam," filling some fifty pages, is a most welcome addition to what must prove to be a helpful and ennobling book.

Boston Beacon.

THE CHARMS AND SECRETS OF GOOD CONVERSATION. By Theodore E. Schmauk. 16mo, paper, 10 cents; by mail, 11 cents.

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Mr. Rufus E. Shapley's political satire has taken its place as a classic. As long as the evils of boss-rule are rampant it will be read and its lessons laid to heart. The book, which has been for some time out of print, is now issued in a new edition illustrated with a series of telling cartoons by Thomas Nast.

Boston Beacon.

MY RELIGION. By Count Lyof N. Tolstol. Translated from the French by Huntington Smith. New edition. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

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An author who has the rare satisfaction of finding that a book which he timidly launched has passed through thirteen editions in less than two years may be forgiven for finding that he has something additional to say on "The Pleasures of Life." Sir John Lubbock, like the confirmed optimist that he is, writes pleasantly in this supplementary volume concerning wealth, health, ambition, love, art, poetry, music, religion, and a few other themes. Some of his reflections are rather obvious and commonplace; but then Sir John explicitly states in the preface that he has not "striven to be original." The volume abounds in striking quotation, and is marked by mellow wisdom and genial urbanity. There is a distinct literary flavor in the book, and occasionally the thoughts expressed rise far above the level of their surroundings.

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—Miss Olive Schreiner's new novel is almost finished and it is probable that the book will be brought out this summer or in the early fall.

—M. Jules Barbey d'Aureville, one of the last, or the very last, of the French romantic writers of the time of Théophile Gautier and his *gilet rouge*, has just died in Paris.

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BOOK NEWS

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D. APPLETON & COMPANY.

The Ice Age in North America,

AND ITS BEARINGS UPON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. By G. FREDERICK WRIGHT, D. D., LL. D., F. G. S. A., Professor in Oberlin Theological Seminary; Assistant on the United States Geological Survey. With an Appendix on "The Probable Cause of Glaciation," by Warren Upham, F. G. S. A., Assistant on the Geological Surveys of New Hampshire, Minnesota, and the United States. With 147 Maps and Illustrations. One vol., 8vo, 640 pages, cloth. Price, \$5.00.

- The writer has personally been over a large part of the field containing the wonderful array of facts of which he is now permitted to write, but he is one only of many investigators who have been busily engaged for the past fifteen years (to say nothing of what had been previously accomplished) in collecting facts concerning the Glacial period in this country. His endeavor has been to make the present volume a fairly complete digest of all these investigations.

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THE BOOKLESS HOUSE.

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

My father's useful life was that of a village doctor. As he went about his practice, by day or night, in the town or the surrounding country, he used to keep his eyes open, and to try to minister to something more than the sick bodies of his patients. The word of friendly counsel, the promotion of schools and their work, the development of the children's musical powers, all such things interested him; but most of all, as he was a book-lover, the growth of the town library and of the reading habit. The need of the last was constantly manifest to him, for in his ceaseless rounds he never failed to enter house after house which he aptly described as "literary Saharas," without a living leaf of literature, or a single refreshing draught from the springs of genius.

One does not need to be a doctor or a minister to be sadly familiar with such dreary abodes. They are less numerous, perhaps, than when my father died, but they are plenty enough still. Their dearth of reading-matter may not be so absolute as that of a railway-station or a hotel parlor, but it is pitiful. You and I often visit such houses, and we know by heart the very titles of their melancholy "libraries," if their few books deserve that name, or gathered as they have been by the irony of luck. There is a huge "family Bible," the neglected fetic of the unwarmed parlors, resting on the chilling marble-top table in lonely and begilt grandeur. Grouped about it, in various awkward attitudes that never suggest actual use, are a subscription-life of Abraham Lincoln, a "fringed" copy of some famous hymn, a "Friendship's Offering" of 1842, given to mother as a wedding present, and an autograph album, perched

on top of the inevitable collection of family worthies whose counterfeit presentments, in most unnatural attitude and expression, have been caught by the photography of the past two decades. Elsewhere, if bookcases or "whatnots" there be, one may find half-a-dozen text-books, neither very new nor very valuable; Mrs. Hemans and Mr. Tupper; "The Wide, Wide World," well-worn; a few juveniles, ill-worn; and a campaign life of General Garfield or Samuel J. Tilden. A couple of hymn-books, maybe, repose on the cabinet organ; and if by chance you find a stray presentation copy of a real poem like "Snow-Bound" or "Evangeline," or an actually readable miscellany of the "Harper's Magazine" or "Century" type, you seize it with an avidity very unlike the impartial indifference felt toward it by its owner, who regards it as exactly on a level with the pamphlet novel bought by a guest on his hitherward railway-trip, and accidentally left behind.

Now, for actual poverty I have the highest respect, but for literary Saharas I have none, when their owners live in five-thousand dollar houses, keep a horse and carriage, spend two hundred dollars a year for an individual's clothing, take a trip to the city once a year, contribute liberally to their church, and are willing to send their sons and daughters to school or college. How can you educate a child without accustoming him to an atmosphere of books? As well expect him to grow to be an artist with only a few daubs on the walls of his childhood home. Few can paint, but all ought to read. I never knew a child to acquire the reading habit after fifteen years of age; and yet parents expect their progeny to get the most of learning at school and of piety at Sunday-school. Saharas will starve them, though their sands be golden. If men are content to read nothing but the daily paper, and women nothing at all, or nothing better than an occasional borrowed novel or Sunday-school book, let them say, at least, with Frœbel; "Come, let us live for our children."

We call ourselves a nation of readers, and so we are. But when we think of the discouraging circumstances of the case, let us remember that there is plenty of work left for the literary helper to do. Doctor, minister, school-teacher, librarian, editor, bookseller, book-lover, must all pull together. They must tell house-holders that the standard reference Shakespeare, or the best-type Bacon's Essays can be bought for a dollar, and very respectable editions of most of our principal English poems or prose works for half that sum. Ten dollars will give you standard or

interesting—and standard books are the most interesting after all—works adequate for six months' leisure. Let us intimate to friends, subject to the canons of courtesy and good judgment, that it is poor policy to spend twenty-five dollars for a table, and then leave it to support a miserable array of hap-hazard literature of the humblest order. A good set of Bancroft or Motley is a better piece of furniture than a handsome rug; and if we must choose between Dickens and a plaque, let us take Dickens. Our latter-day art-revival in the home is meritorious, but a book revival would be better in every way. Even ceramics cannot make us learned.

This bookish poverty is by no means restricted to the country. There are city folk in plenty whose annual house-rent is ten or twenty times the value of all the books they own in the world. Folks will spend four dollars a day at a hotel, or toss a quarter to an officious hall-boy, who never dream of buying a book. In fact, actually *buying* anything to read is, to many minds, the last resort, to be accepted only as a grim necessity. Among readers, and rich ones at that, there are some who will wait a year for their turn in the town library or reading club, or will walk five miles to hunt up a book that may be borrowed, but never dream of an actual purchase, so long as humble begging, or belated sponging on a neighbor's good-nature or respectable deodorized stealing is possible. They want little but fiction, and their fiction must be extracted in some way that does not inure to the good of author, printer, publisher, bookseller. Fifty dollars for a luxury—or for a really praiseworthy charity—comes readily from bookless house-owners who are horrified that "John Ward, Preacher" isn't published in one of the pamphlet libraries, and who complain that Cousin William never even sent them a copy of his "History of the Non-Combatants in the War of the Revolution"—on which Cousin William spent ten years' patient toil, and from which his copy-right receipts to date have been \$9.82.

Good reader, this little sermon of mine, despite its seeming bitterness, is of the pleasantest sort. It doesn't "hit" me, who used in earliest childhood to pick up old iron that I might sell it at the junk-shop and buy long-longed-for volumes at the book-shop. Nor does it rebuke you, for your interest in literature is shown by the fact that you are reading this periodical. Severity is easily endurable when it falls upon somebody else. But we really have a duty in the matter, a duty demanding all the tact we possess. Let us become determined literary missionaries, as zealous as the Jesuits Mr. Parkman portrays, and as discreet as Penn among the Indians, for the conversion of all the bookless homes within our acquaintance.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet and critic, was born October 8, 1833, in Hartford, Conn. He is the son of Col. Edmund Burke Stedman and Elizabeth C. Dodge, a lady distinguished for her literary ability as well as for her beauty. After the death of Col. Stedman and Mrs. Stedman's subsequent marriage with the Hon. William B. Kinney, United States Minister to Turin, Edmund, then in his sixth year, was transferred to the care of his great-uncle at Norwich, Conn. Here he remained until he was sixteen, when he entered Yale College, where he distinguished himself by his Greek and Latin compositions, and his poem, "Westminster Abbey" (printed in the *Yale Literary Magazine*), gained for him a first prize. He left college at the age of nineteen, and became editor of the *Norwich Tribune*. In 1853 he married Miss Laura Hyde Woodworth, and the following year became editor of the *Winsted* (Conn.) *Herald*.

In 1856 he moved to New York City, where he contributed to *Vanity Fair*, *Putnam's Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other periodicals. At the outbreak of the Civil War he went to the front as war-correspondent to the *New York World*, his crisp, incisive style, keen powers of observation, and fine imaginative faculty making his communications models of what such articles should be. In 1865 he settled down in New York as a broker in Wall Street, in which business he is still engaged, his literary work being all done after office hours and during his vacations.

Edmund Clarence Stedman ranks as one of the foremost of the later American poets. His most original vein is, perhaps, best seen in his light and essentially lyrical pieces. But this is not to say that these do not frequently show native power, fine fancy, dramatic vigor, and tender and true sentiment. "Pan in Wall Street" and "The Lord's-Day Gale," are among the best of these.

Mr. Stedman's poems which first attracted the public attention were "The Diamond Wedding," a brilliant social satire, "Lager Bier," and "How Old John Brown Took Harper's Ferry." These first appeared in the *New York Tribune*, in 1859, and were published later in book form, with other poems, under the title, "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic." "Alice of Monmouth," a picture of war experience in Washington and Virginia, during the first two years of the war, written while he was in Washington, was his next poetic production. This was followed by "The Blameless Prince," published in 1869, one of the longest and most elaborate of his works.

In 1874, with T. B. Aldrich, he edited "Cameos," selected from the works of Walter Savage Landor; also, with an introduction, the *Poems of Austin Dobson*. About 1875, Mr. Stedman began to devote himself to critical writing, and contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* a series of sketches of the poets and poetry of Great

=Edgar Saltus has in preparation a volume of short stories to be entitled "Annochiature."

Britain from the accession of Queen Victoria to the present time.

These were rewritten and published as "Victorian Poets." This volume is an elaborate review of contemporary English verse, constituting a most valuable hand-book to the poetic literature of this period. Ten years later he brought out in a similar manner "Poets of America," a critical review of American poets and poetry than which we are unable to recall any truer estimate of the literature of our age and country or one expressed in a clearer and more captivating style. The book has met with deserved success, having gone through several editions. In 1877 was published "Hawthorne, and other Poems;" this tribute to the great novelist being the finest yet paid to his memory. In 1884 a "Household Edition" of Mr. Stedman's poems was brought out, and his whole works in three volumes in 1885. He is now engaged with Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson on "A Library of American Literature," to be completed in ten volumes, of which six are now published. This when completed will be the most thorough *résumé* of this great subject that has ever been given to the public.

Mr. Stedman has on different public occasions read his own poems, such as his "Gettysburg," at the annual meeting of the Army of the Potomac in Cleveland, and the "Dartmouth Ode," before that college in 1871, and his "Monument to Greeley," at the dedication of the monument to that great journalist, of whom, especially in his younger days, Mr. Stedman was an ardent admirer.

He has been engaged at intervals during many years on a complete metrical translation of the Greek idyllic poets.

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

By A. E. WATROUS.

There are signs and tokens of the formation among us of a Balzac cult, with all its attending prodigies of Balzac societies, circles and symposia. Balzac translations have been increasing to a marked extent within the last five years, but it was left for Mr. George Frederic Parsons to load down the novelist's fantasy of "Seraphita" with a ninety-page introduction. Mr. Parsons has all the outward and visible signs of the interpreter of genius. He abounds in what the late Mr. Titmarsh called the "hoight of foine language." He delights in capitalizing the first letters of words that usually begin in lower case type. He is as familiar with Plato as he is with Madame Blavatsky, and as certain of Goethe's inner meaning as he is of Swedenborg's. At the same time it is greatly to be doubted if the interest in Balzac will be greatly increased by Mr. Parsons' introduction or Miss Wormeley's translation. The creator of the "Comédie Humaine" was much more at home "on London (Paris) stones" than by Norwegian fiords. Intense humanity, particu-

larly frail humanity, is his province, and his genius shines with a much more steady flame through the earthiness of "Pere Goriot," (or even, alack! of the "Contes Drolatiques") than through the strained spirituality of "Seraphita." There are people who like that sort of thing, but those people will have found Mr. Sonnett's "Karma" or Theophile Gautier's "Spirite" more entertaining metaphysics than the great Honoré's essay in Swedenborgianism.

"The Queen of Bedlam" is not the diary of an amateur lunatic or the story of a keeper, but another of Captain King's pretty little romances of army life on the frontier. "Bedlam" is merely "the ramshackle, two-story frame rookery (at Laramie), once sacred to the bachelor element." The story is said to be one of the Sioux war of 1876, but one sees more of the hospital than the camp. By this means the love-making is facilitated and if Captain King prefers Venus to Mars it is probably because he is an old and modest soldier, and if he is not a Charles Lever to the American cavalryman it is perhaps because there are no Charles O'Malleys in the service.

There is not a fish nor a fisherman in or about Pennsylvania waters who has not had cause to bless A. M. Spangler, President of the Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania, for his constant defence of their mutual though widely differing rights. It is the fishermen, however, who have to thank him this time, for in a little pamphlet of less than a hundred pages he has betrayed the haunts of perch, shad, catfish, moccasin, carp, pike and bass to the veriest amateur of the patient art, and moreover has added stores of sound advice as to how to line the finny tribes from their hiding places. "Near By Fresh and Salt Water Fishing," is the title of the little book which tells where, when and how to go and will make two anglers grow where one grew before.

It is doubtful if Thomas Moore ever had a more devoted admirer than Mr. Henry H. Goodrich, of Philadelphia, who has, written, dedicated to the Irish National League, and had published a memorial birthday poem to the Irish Bard, in fifty-three semi-Spenserian stanzas. Mr. Goodrich chronicles nearly everything Moore ever wrote, from "Lalla Rookh" to the "Fudge Family," describes all his travels from Teheran to Wissahickon, and apologizes for his strictures on America. The verses are permeated with an affection for Ireland as deep as the veneration they show for Moore, and one can readily imagine the enthusiasm they aroused when read to the Irish ears for whom they were written. The book is prettily illustrated.

Mr. William L. Snyder, a New York lawyer, has designed and put together a legal crazy quilt in the shape of a compilation of the laws affecting marriage in the various States of the Union. It reflects great credit on his industry, and it is called "The Geography of Marriage." Of course its purpose is to advocate uniformity in the marriage laws of the several States, and the way which the author thinks best to secure this is by a convention of States, which shall recommend a constitutional amendment limiting the power of State courts and legislatures, and which shall also agree upon a separate law to be adopted by the separate legislatures. This seems to Mr. Snyder to be a better plan than the transfer of the whole subject to the Federal Government; but he seems to forget that while such a convention might agree very easily upon such an excellent marriage law as that, for instance, of New York, it would have no power whatever to bring the separate legislatures to its way of thinking. Such are legislatures, and such are politics that the morganatic alliance of any State "boss" might upset in any State the execution of the neat plan which Governor Hill devised and Mr. Snyder approves. The difficulties in the way of remedying this evil seem almost insurmountable, but the end will probably be in the stretching of the elastic United States Constitution by amendment to meet the situation. The end will be achieved when the whole country is aroused to the ever-growing encroachment of the divorce court upon the sanctity of the marriage relation. Such books as Mr. Snyder's, and that of Father Convers, noticed last month, do unmitigated good in arousing the country to that encroachment.

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There is not much that is new or hitherto undiscovered in John Fiske's "Beginnings of New England," but there is much that is broad, comprehensive and philosophical. Mr. Fiske's method is well known. History to him is not of the doings of men, but of the progress of ideas, and the book traces the course of the development of the Separatist idea in the English church polity to the American idea in the Declaration of Independence. For Mr. Fiske finds the germ of American liberty in New England, and the reader is apt to forget in his company that when the beginnings of the Union were arrived at the great parts in them were not taken by New Englanders, but Virginians, New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians. In truth, the original New England idea of government was not American nor democratic, nor even English, but Jewish and theocratic. It is a very old fling that the Puritans hanged Quakers, but it puts a new and strong light on the Puritanic theocracy to recall the fact that after the clergy had counseled the magistrates to put the Quakers to death the bloody business was stopped by a missive from an English King, Charles II, who, Mr. Fiske, a little ungenerously says had no

desire to save the Quakers, but desired to establish a precedent of toleration in favor of his friends, the Catholics.

Still, as Mr. Fiske points out—and he is nowhere more successful than in his discrimination between the various ideas shaping the various governments of the handful of 26,000 people who made their exodus from England in the years 1620-40—if it was theocracy in Massachusetts it was pure democracy in Connecticut, and tolerant paternalism in Rhode Island.

Jefferson himself could not have, and did not phrase the American idea more clearly in 1776 than did the Rev. Thomas Hooker, pastor of the Newtown church, in 1635, saying, "In matters which concern the common good, a general council, chosen by all, to transact businesses which concern all I conceive most suitable to rule and most safe for the relief of the whole." And three years later, after he and his flock had migrated to Connecticut, the statesman-dominie, in his sermon before the opening session of the new colony's General Court, laid down the principle that "the foundation of authority is laid in the free consent of the people." This was high ground in 1638 and Mr. Fiske may be justified in calling Thomas Hooker the father of American Democracy.

Incidentally Mr. Fiske deals rudely with a Pennsylvania tradition, when he says that the immunity of the Quaker colony from Indian raids was not the result of Quaker methods, but of the fear of the Delawares for the Iroquois, the firm allies of the English.

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Whatever kind of government they had these same New Englanders wanted plenty of it. Here is a part of the list of town officers collected by Professor Howard of the University of Nebraska, in his "Local Constitutional History of the United States."

Sealers of weights and measures, sealers of leather, sealers and inspectors of brick makers, cutters of fish, cutters of staves, inspectors of hides for transportation, measurers of grain, measurers of boards, measurers of salt, packers of flesh and fish, inspectors of the killing of deer, preservers of deer and deer beeves, surveyors of lumber, corders of wood and overseers of wood corders, rebukers of boys, persons to keep dogs out of church, town cannoneers, town fishers, town grubbers and town doctors. This list with its references to the records of a dozen New England towns is a fair example of the enormous labor undertaken and accomplished by this western scholar in the preparation of his great work. It were a titanic task to search out the municipal history of these New England towns as he has done, but the New York county, the Maryland manor, the Virginia parish have received the like attention at his hands, where the records permitted, and the result is a most astounding volume of curious information arranged as symmetrically as its huge bulk allows. And yet

acter. The materials for it are in the book, collected with great care, but the reader has to form the picture for himself. We do not find it anywhere said for instance, though it says itself to any one even superficially familiar with English history, that the first of the Tudors was pre-eminently England's statesman king. Before the Tudors the great kings were warriors, after them were no great kings, but tyranny, rebellion, and then in due evolution constitutional government by party. While each of the Tudors was a statesman, the last two (Henry VIII and Elizabeth) were undoubtedly devoid of the diplomatic temperament which distinguished their great progenitor. But the story, although it lacks breadth of touch can not fail to interest and enlighten. It is the story of the ruler who, coming with a cloudy title to a distracted kingdom and a slippery crown, left behind him the glorious England of the reformation.

From Henry the conqueror of Ireland to Henry the deliverer is a natural step, which the American edition of Robert Dunlop's "Life of Grattan" enables us to take. There was a time difference of several centuries between these two great Henrys, but of difference in their Irish experiences very little. One thought that he had firmly established English rule in the volatile island; the other, Irish independence. Yet English rule did not remain established longer than the king's life, when it was left for his strong-handed son to establish it over again, and the "Squire" lived long enough to know his dream of constitutional government only as a recollection to him fighting in an English Parliament for the rights

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printing

they have aided materially in making the circulation and the reputation of the paper with which Sir Edwin is identified, and they have raised him from the post of editorial writer to nominal editor-in-chief.

London Correspondent of N. Y. World.

HOW EDWARD BELLAMY CAME TO WRITE "LOOKING BACKWARD."

I accept more readily the invitation to tell in *The Nationalist* how I came to write "Looking Backward" for the reason that it will afford an opportunity to clear up certain points on which inquiries have been frequently addressed to me. I never had, previous to the publication of the work, any affiliations with any class or sect of industrial or social reformers nor, to make my confession complete, any particular sympathy with undertakings of the sort.

In undertaking to write "Looking Backward" I had, at the outset, no idea of attempting a serious contribution to the movement of social reform. The idea was of a mere literary fantasy, a fairy tale of social felicity.

In order to secure plenty of elbow room for the fancy and prevent awkward collisions between the ideal structure and the hard facts of the real world, I fixed the date of the story in the year A. D. 3000.

Emboldened by the impunity my isolated position secured me, I was satisfied with nothing less than the whole earth for my social palace. In its present form the story is a romance of the ideal nation, but in its first form it was a romance of an ideal world.

The idea of committing the duty of maintaining the community to an industrial army, precisely as the duty of protecting it is entrusted to a military army, was directly suggested to me by the grand object lesson of the organization of an entire people for national purposes presented by the military system of universal service for fixed and equal terms, which has been practically adopted by the nations of Europe and theoretically adopted everywhere else as the only just and only effectual plan of public defense on a great scale.

Something in this way it was that, no thanks to myself, I stumbled over the destined corner-stone of the new social order. It scarcely needs to be said that having once apprehended it for what it was, it became a matter of pressing importance to me to show it in the same light to other people. This led to a complete recasting, both in form and purpose, of the book I was engaged upon. Instead of a mere fairy tale of social perfection, it became the vehicle of a definite scheme of industrial reorganization. The form of a romance was retained, although with some impatience, in the hope of inducing the more to give it at least a reading.

Instead of the year A. D. 3000, that of A. D. 2000 was fixed upon as the date of the story. Ten centuries

had at first seemed to me none too much to allow for the evolution of anything like an ideal society, but with my new belief as to the part which the National organization of industry is to play in bringing in the good time coming, it appeared to me reasonable to suppose that by the year 2000 the order of things which we look forward to will already have become an exceedingly old story.

Abridged from The Nationalist.

THE FORTY IMMORTALS:

A full list of the "Forty Immortals" of the Famous French Academy, as revised and published for the year 1889:

1. Sully-Prudhomme, best known by his popular poetry.
2. Victor Duruy, a famous historian and Minister.
3. Léon Say, best known through his works upon political economy.
4. Octave Feuillet, a leading novelist and dramatist.
5. Greard, a well-known French administrateur.
6. Legouvé, dramatist: wrote "Adrienne Lecouvreur."
7. Joseph Bertrand, a celebrated mathematician.
8. V. Sardou, the most successful modern dramatist.
9. Leconte de Lisle, best known by his political works.
10. John Lemoine has been prominent in politics.
11. C. Rousset is a well known historian.
12. Maxime du Camp is a distinguished litterateur.
13. Xavier Marmier wrote books of travel.
14. Duc de Broglie, politician, son of an ex-Minister.
15. Jurien de la Gravier, a writer on maritime subjects.
16. F. de Lesseps of Suez and Panama Canal fame.
17. Taine, author of "History of English Literature."
18. De Vogué, authority on Russian literature.
19. Emile Augier, moralist of dramatic literature.
20. Alexandre Dumas, dramatic works, of which "La Dame aux Camelias" is the most famous.
21. Pailleron is the wittiest French dramatic writer.
22. Jules Claretie, director of the Comédie Française.
23. Mezieres is a professor and litterateur.
24. Renan, the famous religious controversialist.
25. Cherbuliez, a distinguished novelist.
26. Ed. Hervé, a French publicist and journalist.
27. Emile Ollivier, lawyer, politician and ex-Minister.
28. De Mazade is a prominent publicist, and has published standard books on Spain and Italy.
29. Rousse, lawyer and French jurisprudence.
30. Duc d'Audiffret Pasquel, politician and Senator.
31. Pasteur, the famous scientist.

32. Henri Meilhac, a favorite playwright and novelist.
33. Camille Doucet, a well-known dramatic author.
34. F. Coppée, one of the most popular French poets.
35. Gaston Boissier, professor of literature.
36. Duc d'Aumale, fourth son of King Louis Philippe.
37. Mgr. Perraud, prominent ecclesiastical writer.
38. Ludovic Halévy, a successful dramatic writer and former collaborator of No. 32, with whom he furnished the libretti for Offenbach's most popular operettas.
39. Jules Simon, a renowned politician.
40. Comte d'Hauteville, Senator and political writer.

Gil Blas.

When do I love you most, sweet books of mine ?
 In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore,
 Austerely bent to win austerest lore,
 Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine ;
 Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine
 About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
 Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
 Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign ?
 Yea ! ye are precious then, but most to me
 Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
 To whispering twilight in my little room,
 And eyes read not, but sitting silently
 I feel your great hearts throbbing deep inquire
 And hear you breathing round me in the gloom.

Bookworm.

THE IMPROVED MANNERS OF THE NOVEL.

The manners of the novel have been improving with those of its readers; that is all. Gentlemen no longer swear or lie drunk under the table, or abduct young ladies and shut them up in lonely country houses, or so habitually set about the ruin of their neighbor's wives, as they once did. Generally, people now call a spade an agricultural implement; they have not grown decent without having also grown a little squeamish, but they have grown comparatively decent; there is no doubt about that. They require of a novelist whom they respect unquestionable proof of his seriousness, if he proposes to deal with certain phases of life; they require a sort of scientific decorum. He can no longer expect to be received on the ground of entertainment only; he assumes a higher function something like that of a physician or a priest, and they expect him to be bound by laws as sacred as those of such professions; they hold him solemnly pledged not to betray them or abuse their confidence. If he will accept the conditions, they give him their confidence, and he may then treat to

his greater honor, and not at all to his disadvantage, of such experiences, such relations of men and women as George Eliot treats in "Adam Bede," in "Daniel Deronda," in "Romola," in almost all her books; such as Hawthorne treats in the "Scarlet Letter;" such as Dickens treats in "David Copperfield;" such as Thackeray treats in "Pendennis;" and glances at in every one of his fictions; such as Mrs. Gaskell treats in "Ruth Barton;" such as most of the masters of English fiction have at some time treated more or less openly. It is quite false or quite mistaken to suppose that our novels have left untouched these most important realities of life. They have only not made them their stock in trade; they have kept a true perspective in regard to them; they have relegated them in their pictures of life to the space and place they occupy in life itself, as we know it in England and America. They have kept a correct proportion, knowing perfectly well that unless the novel is to be a map, with everything scrupulously laid down in it, a faithful record of life in far the greater extent could be made to the exclusion of guilty love and all its circumstances and consequences.

William D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

METHODS OF READING.

In regard to methods of reading I should say that, first of all, we must be interested in what we read, otherwise our time will be spent uselessly. We should read according to subject, learn to read rapidly, and master the art of "picking out" of a work only the information we want, paying no attention to the portions of the book that are of no immediate use to us. We should learn to read as reviewers read. It is just as necessary to learn what to refrain from reading as to know what we should read.

On the subject of the art of reading I think that the suggestions laid down in Pycroft's "Course of English Reading" have not been improved upon, although the book was published quite a number of years ago. Of course many of the books he recommends on special subjects have been supplanted by publications of a later date, and, on that account, his list would not be suitable at the present time.

We live in an age of enormous book production, but if the reader's power to *discriminate* keeps pace with this literary activity he need not be discouraged at the large number of books published. The more experienced a reader becomes the more grateful he is for the large number of works from which he can make his choice. When it is remembered, too, that scarcely any new book is worth reading word by word—that much of the information contained in it has not been produced, but *reproduced*—the difficulty of making use of our growing literature is not as great as, at first sight, it seems.

A suggestion made nearly twenty years ago by Emerson in his lecture on books would seem to be, particularly pertinent at the present time. He said :

"In comparing the number of good books with the shortness of life, many might well be read by proxy, if we had good proxies; and it would be well for sincere young men to borrow a hint from the French Institute and the British Association, and, as they divide the whole body into sections, each of which sits upon and reports of certain matters confided to it so let each scholar associate himself to such persons as he can rely on, in a literary club, in which each shall undertake a single work or series for which he is qualified. . . . Each shall give us his grains of gold, after the washing, and every other shall then decide whether this is a book indispensable to him also."

Good conversation helps greatly to keep our intellectual resources alive and active, and we stand very much in need of it. The remark of old Dr. Johnson in regard to certain company in his day is applicable to many social gatherings in the present time: "No, sir; we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation*; there was nothing *discussed*."

Ellen M. Coe, in the Independent.

BALLADE OF THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

There *is* a Heaven, or here, or there—
 A Heaven there is, for me and you,
 Where bargains meet for purses spare,
 Like ours, are not so far and few.
 Thuanus' bees go humming through
 The learned groves, 'neath rainless skies,
 O'er volumes old and volumes new,
 Within that Book-man's Paradise!

There treasures bound for Longepierre
 Keep brilliant their morocco blue,
 There Hookes' *Amanda* is not rare,
 Nor early tracts upon Peru!
 Racine is common as Rotrou,
 No Shakespeare Quarto search defies,
 And Caxtons grow as blossoms grew,
 Within that Book-man's Paradise!

There's Eve—not our first mother fair—
 But Clovis Eve, a binder true;
 Thither does Bauzonnet repair,
 Derome, Le Gascon, Padeloup!
 But never come the cropping crew,
 That dock a volume's honest size,
 Nor they that "letter" backs askew,
 Within that Book-man's Paradise!

ENVOY.

Friend, do not Heber and De Thou,
 And Scott, and Southey, kind and wise,
La chasse au bouquin still pursue
 Within that Bookman's Paradise!

A. Lang, in Longman's Magazine.

REVIEWS.

THE CRUISE OF THE MARCHESA.

THE CRUISE OF THE MARCHESA TO KAMCHATKA AND NEW GUINEA. With notices of Formosa, Liu-kiu, and various islands of the Malay Archipelago. By F. H. H. Guillemard, M. A., M. D. With maps and numerous wood-cuts. Drawn by J. Keulemans, C. Whymper and others; and engraved by Edward Whymper. New edition. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.00.

The *Marchesa*, an auxiliary screw schooner yacht of 420 tons, owned and commanded by Mr. C. T. Kettlewell, left England in January, 1882, and proceeded by the Suez Canal route to Ceylon, Singapore, Formosa, the Liu-kiu (better known as Loo Choo) Islands and Japan. Between July and October a visit was made to Kamschatka. In the spring and summer of 1883 explorations were made among the little known islands of the Sulu Archipelago, and some time was spent in visiting the territory of the North Borneo Company. Later the yacht touched at Sumbawa, Celebes, and other Malaysian islands and at various points in Dutch New Guinea, returning to England in April, 1884.

The objects of the voyage, besides the satisfaction of visiting new and little known parts of the Eastern world, were combined in a judicious mixture of sport and scientific research. Such an opportunity for study, recreation, and adventure would seem to offer the *ne plus ultra* of a naturalist's desires. Several such voyages of British yachtsmen have been recorded in book form during the last few years, and have contributed to the entertainment and instruction of thousands of readers. Lady Brassey's charming journals may be cited as a conspicuous example of this growing department of literature. The present volume is a second edition, differing from the original two-volume edition in the omission of an historical chapter on Kamschatka, of sundry technical appendices, and two colored plates. It practically furnishes the general reader all that the first edition contained of popular interest. It is beautifully printed and the illustrations are of the first quality. The text is admirably written—clear without formality, entertaining without flippancy, amusing, yet free from slang.

It would be, of course, impracticable to attempt any summary of the book as a whole which should do it justice. The voyage, which serves as a thread upon which are strung descriptions of Oriental scenery and people, of the striking features of the flora and fauna, is discreetly kept in the background, yet is sufficiently prominent to give the needed unity to the narrative. Among the most interesting bits of description is the account of the eastern shores of Formosa, which tower seven thousand feet or more above the waves in nearly vertical cliffs. These walls are nearly one-half higher than those of the Yosemite, and rise abruptly from the sea. Here and there at the mouth of some canon is spread a short beach of boulders

where a landing in the dry season may be had. In the wet season these openings discharge a prodigious amount of drainage, and at this time the whole coast is practically inaccessible. Another chapter which will be read with more than common interest is that which tells of the journey in Kamschatka from Avatcha Bay through the interior and down the Kamschatka River to the sea. We believe this to be the fullest and best account of the sublime volcanic peaks of the peninsula, where these orographic marvels reach a development varying from twelve to seventeen thousand feet in altitude. Within the same area elsewhere such an assemblage cannot be paralleled either in number, height, or perfection of conical form.

The book is an example of thoroughly good workmanship throughout, and we heartily commend it to our readers.

The Nation.

BUDDHISM.

BUDDHISM, IN ITS CONNECTION WITH BRAHMANISM AND HINDUISM, AND IN ITS CONTRAST WITH CHRISTIANITY. By Sir Monier Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E. Illustrated. 8vo, \$4.75; by mail, \$5.00.

At the present time, when so many thoughtful people are interested in the investigation and discussion of the many curious forms of ancient religious belief, particularly those of India, Sir Monier Monier-Williams's new work on "Buddhism" will find an earnest welcome. It is the result of long and patient study, and it may be said, perhaps, without exaggeration, to be the clearest and most authoritative setting forth of the Buddhistical doctrines ever presented to English readers. The author spent many years in India, Ceylon and Thibet, and is one of the best living Sanscrit scholars. His study of the subject may be said to have been lifelong, and in its treatment he shows an impartiality at which one cannot help wondering.

At the outset he refers to the popular belief that Buddhism numbers more adherents than any other country on the globe. This he declares to be utterly erroneous. Those who are mere sympathizers with the doctrine are not true Buddhists. In China the great majority are Confucianists, and in Japan Confucianism and Shintoism coexist with Buddhism. He asserts that there are not more than 100,000,000 Buddhists in the world, and that Christianity, with its 450,000,000 of adherents, has now preponderance over all other religions. "I hold," he says, "that Buddhism contained within itself from the earliest times the germs of disease, decay and death, and that its present condition is one of rapidly increasing disintegration and decline." It has disappeared from India proper, although it dominates in Burmah and Ceylon. Next in numbers the religion of the world is set down as Confucianism, and the next Brahmanism and Hinduism. Brahmanism is the belief in the

universal diffusion of an impersonal spirit, which manifests itself in mind and in countless material forces and forms, including gods, demons, men and animals, which, after fulfilling their course, are ultimately reabsorbed into one impersonal essence and again evolved in endless evolution and dissolution. Hinduism is based on this doctrine, but the majority are merely observers of Brahminical forms with their accompanying cast usages. Regarding the real character of Buddhism, we can do no better than to quote the author's own words:

Starting from a very simple proposition, which can only be described as an exaggerated truism—the truism, I mean, that all life involves sorrow, and that all sorrow results from indulging desires which ought to be suppressed—it has branched out into a vast number of complicated and self-contradictory propositions and allegations. Its teaching has become both negative and positive, agnostic and gnostic. It passes from apparent atheism and materialism to theism, polytheism and spiritualism. It is under one aspect mere pessimism; under another, pure philanthropy; under another, monastic communism; under another, high morality; under another, a variety of materialistic philosophy; under another, simple demonology; under another, a mere farrago of superstitions, including necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry and fetichism. In some form or other it may be held with almost any religion, and embraces something from almost every creed. It is founded on philosophical Brahminism, has much in common with Sankhya and Vedanta ideas, is closely connected with Vaishnavism, and in some of its phases with both Saivism and Saktism, and yet is, properly speaking, opposed to every one of these systems. It has in its moral code much common ground with Christianity, and in its mediæval and modern developments presents examples of forms, ceremonies, litanies, monastic communities and hierarchial organizations scarcely distinguishable from those of Roman Catholicism; and yet a greater contrast than that presented by the essential doctrines of Buddhism and of Christianity can scarcely be imagined. Strangest of all, Buddhism—with no God higher than the perfect man—has no pretensions to be called a religion in the true sense of the word, and is wholly destitute of the vivifying forces necessary to give vitality to the dry bones of its own morality; and yet it once existed as a real power over at least one-third of the human race, and even at the present moment claims a vast number of adherents in Asia, and not a few sympathizers in Europe and America.

In various chapters are discussed the law, the philosophy and morality of Buddhism; Nirvana; theistic, mystical and hierarchial Buddhism, with a description of its ceremonies, rituals, festivals and domestic rites. The sacred places, temples, shrines and monasteries are also described, as also are the images, idols and sacred objects. In the closing chapter Buddhism is contrasted with Christianity, and Guatama's claim to be called "The Light of Asia" is examined. It would be impossible to give any adequate idea of the remarkable character of the contents of the book in a mere newspaper review. The author's treatment of the subject is exhaustive, and so clear and complete are his statements that the

reader will hardly need to ask an additional question for information on any point. The text contains a number of illustrations. *Boston Transcript.*

PICTURESQUE ALASKA.

A Journal of a Tour among the Mountains, Seas, and Islands of the Northwest, from San Francisco to Sitka. By Abby Johnson Woodman. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

A pleasant account of a trip from San Francisco to Sitka made in the early spring of 1888. The author has the faculty of close observation, she is responsive to all that is grand and impressive in nature, she possesses a graceful and rather poetic style, and she does

restless energy displayed was building hopefully for the future. The great mountain ranges, the glaciers, the waterfalls, the Indian settlements, the industries of the Alaskan coast are all agreeably described by Mrs. Woodman, who wastes no words on unpleasant incidents, but depicts always the bright side of things. *Boston Beacon.*

KOPHETUA THE THIRTEENTH.

By Julian Corbett. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

If the reader will throw himself into the fantastic mood of Mr. Julian Corbett, and advance in the path of delusion just as his guide is pleased to lead him, he may find "Kophetua the Thirteenth" a taking



Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Sitka.

From "*Picturesque Alaska.*"

not ignore minor details which may be of value to travellers who follow in her wake. The journey takes us through the Sacramento valley, which is described as one of the garden spots of the earth, to Portland, Oregon, where, if she had to choose a home on the Pacific coast, Mrs. Woodman would select her "five acre lot." She found there nestling among the mountains a beautiful, well-paved city with handsome residences, tasteful public buildings, great business blocks, and street cars running in every direction. "The winters," she says, "are mild and delightful, the seasons have the same diversity as in New England, with less extremes of either heat or cold. The country is very fertile, the surface undulating, the rivers large and navigable, and the people refined, cultivated, and very hospitable." Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle are the three rival cities of the northwest, and of the three Mrs. Woodman is inclined to award the palm to the latter for "enterprise." Everywhere she found that it was a young man's country and the

romance and one to be remembered. From the first page he plunges into the heart of the Renaissance, into the African colony of Oneiria, which has been planted by an Englishman in the watershed of the Drâa, on the spurs of the Anti-Atlas. Oneiria, one of the Utopias of the sixteenth century brought back to human knowledge and to the realm of the credible, "was, without a shadow of doubt, founded on the ruins of the kingdom" of the real and original Kophetua, and the founder ascended his new throne under the style of Kophetua II. Oneiria was "entirely destroyed soon after the happy reign of Kophetua XIII and his beloved Queen came peacefully to an end." There are the basis and the background of the story. The hero is a refined monarch of an eclectic and a philosophic people, surrounded by the elegances and almost the *convenances* of European civilization. He lives in the days of the great revolution, and the red fool-fury of the Seine reaches the banks of the Drâa. When we are intro-

duced to him he is young and handsome, and the Queen Mother expects him to marry the daughter of an errant French marquis. Indeed, there is a dire penalty attached to his disobedience; but he braves it for the sweet eyes of a beggar maiden—and, to be brief, plays out again the drama of *Kophtua I.* At any rate he resolves to play it out; but Mr. Corbett tells his own story so well that no one else would be justified in taking the words out of his mouth. The beggars in *Oneiria* were a most important folk at the end of the eighteenth century, and the author describes in most entertaining fashion the court of the Beggar Emperor and the emperor himself. Altogether Mr. Corbett has woven a pretty romance, which will suit the fancy of many readers. *Athenæum.*

STEVENSON'S LATEST STORY.

THE WRONG BOX. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

"Nothing like a little judicious levity," Robert Louis Stevenson quotes one of his characters as saying in the preface to the story which he has written, with his step-son Lloyd Osbourne, and entitled "*The Wrong Box.*" It is as "a little judicious levity" of a very amusing sort that this fantastic tale must be received. In it there are many indications of the same grotesque fancy which gave us "*The Dynamiter*" and the "*New Arabian Nights.*" Perhaps it is broader farce than these, and not so finished a piece of work; a fastidious reader might say that the fun was occasionally a little strained, the eccentricities pushed a little too far.

But, all in all, it is of its own kind, outside of comparison with the work of any other writer, and interesting from first to last. The strange wanderings of a corpse in a water-butt are not a very pleasant subject for a tale, even after a Broadwood grand piano is substituted for the cask as a receptacle for the body. But in a burlesque, one considers all such things as inanimate properties—a part of the stage setting.

The most humorous characters in the story are Michael Finsbury, the attorney, and William Dent Pitman, the unfortunate artist. The episode of Finsbury's holiday is the best fun in the book, full of vivacity and incongruity. Very near it is Gideon Forsyth's delightful idea to masquerade as the Maëstro Jimson, who retires to a dilapidated house-boat to compose an opera. To his surprise his uncle and sweetheart are his neighbors in a boat anchored within a stone's throw.

The chief merits of the story are its abundant incidents, ingenious complications, and rapid movement. If it were a play the actors would be changing costumes with celerity, frequently darting in and out, while the scenery would continually creak upon pulleys and ways as it slid about before your eyes.

Dreck, in Life.

POEMS AND BALLADS.

By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Third series. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.20.

It is something to be able to say of a poet in these days that his last volume is his best. But that may certainly be said of this book, having regard, in making comparisons, to Mr. Swinburne's other miscellaneous volumes only. "*Atalanta*" and "*Erectheus*"—but especially the former—will always keep a pre-eminent rank of their own as distinct poems. In this third series of "*Poems and Ballads*" the poet is not only eloquent and impassioned, but he is also wise. The revolutionary ardors of earlier days have given place to a thoughtful and temperate patriotism. He is no less eager for the right, no less earnest and hopeful, all great causes and all good efforts command his sympathy and aid as much as ever; but he pauses now to see that a thing be true and just before giving it the wings of his song. He is the poet of freedom still, but, like Tennyson, he recognizes that freedom without law is a fatal tyranny. * * *

One of the most familiar and most welcome qualities of Mr. Swinburne's verse is its sympathy with the stronger and more buoyant moods of nature. If he ever gave a thought to the namby-pamby trivialities that please smaller poets it was at a time that one does not want to remember. His delight now is in blowing winds and breaking seas. Like Kingsley, he rejoices even in the wind that drives from the northeast, whose breath, he says, "is freedom, and freedom's the sense of thy spirit, the sound of thy song." It was autumn and the west wind that most affected Shelley.

"O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being!"

was an invocation as full of melancholy pathos as of music. Mr. Swinburne's apostrophe to March,

"March, master of winds, bright minstrel and marshal of storms that enkindle the season they smite,"

is in another key, a less profound one perhaps, but still true to the same nature, in its keener humor, when the sap is fresh in the leaf and the year is young. The poem "*To a Seamew,*" witnesses to the like sympathy with these rougher moods. It seems to the poet that the life which "thrills and quickens the silence" of the seamew's flight carries a "lordlier exultation than man's." He rejoices in the cry "clanging from windward;" in the "call" that "salutes the morrow."

In perfect harmony with this quality of robust strength is the tenderness towards children, the full understanding of a child's feelings, which are always observable in Mr. Swinburne's poetry. This volume contains five poems, either addressed or relating to children, in which it would be impossible to find a fleck of demerit. They are as sweet, as gracious, as free from blemish as the gentle creatures they concern. In one of them Mr. Swinburne has repeated

Wordsworth, but it was inevitable so to do. How could he recall the ante-natal heaven without at the same time recalling him who first put the idea into living words? But the idea loses nothing, it may even gain something, from its reproduction in this stanza :

"Babes at birth
Wear as raiment round them cast,
Keep as witness toward their past,
Tokens left of heaven; and each,
Ere its lips learn mortal speech,
Ere sweet heaven pass on past reach,
Bears in undiverted eyes
Proof of unforgotten skies
Here on earth."

The same idea is in part expressed by the following poem, which is one of the gems of the book :

"IN A GARDEN.

- "Baby, see the flowers!
—Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.
- "Baby, hear the birds!
—Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.
- "Baby, see the moon!
—Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.
- "Baby, hear the sea!
—Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.
- "Baby, see the star!
—Baby's hand
Opens, warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.
- "Baby, hear the bells!
—Baby's head
Bows, as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.
- "Baby, flower of light!
Sleep, and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night."

I have only indicated part of the treasures contained in this volume. It is, as its title implies, a collection of poems and ballads, but the extracts I have given are taken from the poems only. The ballads occupy a subordinate place, though of their kind they are of equal merit with the poems. "The Weary Wedding" might have been written by Dante Rossetti, except that there is a life-likeness in it which would

perhaps have been overwrought by shadow and dream if it had come from his hand. "A Jacobite's Exile" and "The Tyneside Widow" are genuine north-country ballads, into which have been put the heart of another time and the voices of another race. Much more might be said of this volume, but there is no need to say more. It is sure to have many readers and every reader will discover in it thoughts and beauties which I can only generally point to as being present on every page.

George Cotterell, in London Academy.

HOW TO STUDY GEOGRAPHY.

By Francis W. Parker. International Education series. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

Perhaps the most useful book which has yet appeared in the "International Education Series." We call it the most useful because on the one hand there is nothing a thorough knowledge of which is so indispensable to education as geography, while on the other hand no field of knowledge has been so much neglected. So far as the popular methods of instruction are concerned, the teaching of geography has been generally restricted to an admeasurement of the areas of the various countries of the world, their population and that of their chief cities, the length of the great rivers, the altitude of the high mountains. This is of course, the mere husk of geography, and the mere recollection of such data is but of small assistance to the comprehension of history. What geography, rightly understood, can tell us is how it happened that this city grew and the other dwindled; why one country lost its liberties and another for centuries retained its independence; why certain qualities became characteristic of the inhabitants of certain localities, and by what, so to speak, inevitable process of accretion the mighty empires of the ancient and modern world came into being?

So imperfectly have the ordinary teachers of geography performed their task that the most capable among the recent writers of history have found it indispensable to give their readers some lessons in the topographical conditions of the peoples whose development they have undertaken to trace. * * *

To redress the defects in the present methods of studying geography is the purpose of Col. Parker's manual. He omits none of the data ordinarily found in geographical treatises, but these names and superficial facts constitute the smallest part of the knowledge which he shows the teacher of youth how to communicate. In the first place, he points out that all maps, to be really illuminative, must be relief maps; that is, their surfaces must be raised or depressed in correspondence with the actual configuration of the region under review. Then topographical are examined in connection with climatological conditions, for it is obvious that a river basin means one

thing to the inhabitants of Egypt and quite another thing to the half-frozen denizens of northern Siberia. What brings about, in other words, the fertility of soil which is the prerequisite of civilization, is the fundamental problem solved by geography in the wide and truly scientific sense of that term. Then come the secondary questions with regard to the physical guarantees against predatory inroads and conquest, and again with relation to the facilities for commercial intercourse.

In the sections of the book grouped under the subtitle of "Sixth Grade Notes" will be found the latest conclusions and surmises of the most accomplished geographers concerning the least-known portions of the earth's surface. There are paragraphs here worthy of Petermann's Mittheilungen. We have read with especial interest what the author has to say regarding the highlands of Asia, the triangular Indian peninsula, the peninsula of Arabia, the Sahara, and the interior and the least known coasts of Australia.

* * *

In the appendices are lucid and detailed instructions as to the method of making relief maps. There is also a comprehensive list of books useful to students of geography, that term being understood in the capacious sense which the author never loses sight of. We may say in conclusion that this little volume may be perused with pleasure and profit at the fireside as well as in the school room. There is no subject of conversation more interesting than geography, when the interlocutors are well-informed men possessed of the trained imagination which enables them to bring the distant near and to resuscitate the past.

New York Sun.

THE STORY OF VERMONT.

By John L. Heaton. The Story of the States series. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27.

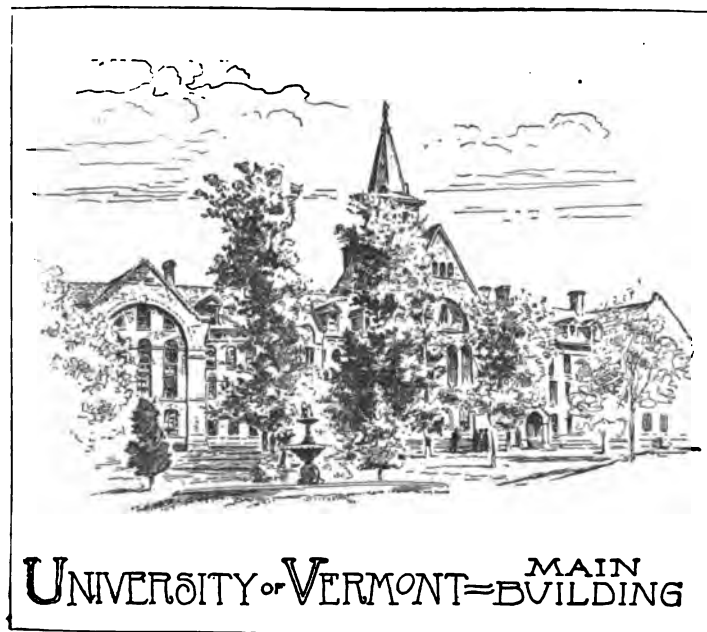
The series has a distinct charm in that the story of each State is told in an individual way and not in pursuance of any hampering scheme of formation. And



D. Lothrop Co. From "The Story of Vermont."

this charm is well suggested by the volume in hand, in which the writer's method, while unmarred by any eagerness for novelty, is emphatically personal and distinctive and well suited to the theme. The style is clear, straightforward, and pungent. The progression of the story is consistent as well as pictorial, and the essential exactness of a historical narrative is well united throughout with an inviting story-like flavor.

It is, perhaps, doing no injustice to Mr. Heaton to say that the State whose history he has so attractively written is one having a most available and inviting record, and her historian is required to exercise no ingenuity to secure for it a prominent place in the chronicle and in the affections of the Union. The author himself expressively says: "If that land only is happy which has no history, then has Vermont been most unfortunate. Vermont has, indeed, had a most interesting past, a past with more than one touch of the heroic and romantic. Picturesque in its physical traits, it has bred strong, ready, and efficient people who have perhaps been chiefly noted for their quiet in times of peace and their energy in times of war. Unless Mr. Heaton's narrative misleads, Vermont has shown itself a plucky State. Her people, moreover, interest the outsider in an unusual degree, and the reader will enjoy those numerous passages in this pleasant story in which the writer contrives to make us acquainted with the



D. Lothrop Co.

From "The Story of Vermont."

personality of the Green Mountain native. The homelier concerns of the people are not overlooked in the recording of wars, disputes, and agitations, and in the end the reader rises with a sense of something stalwart and worthy in the citizenship of the brave old State. A fact worthy of remark is that Mr. Heaton has found it expedient to write a popular history of a State without indulging in a monotony of praise. Vermont in this writer's chronicle has the lights and shadows of the purely human character. Yet Mr. Heaton's frankness is not inconsistent with a generosity of spirit and a hopeful and expectant feeling in dealing with the prospects of the State.

Speaking of the Vermont of to-day Mr. Heaton says that in many respects the State is an exceptionally favored one. "Even in material things it faces a future bright with promise. It will never attain the enormous aggregate wealth of such States as New York and Pennsylvania, but its wealth is well distributed. There are relatively few of the very rich and of the very poor. The people are mostly of that great middle class which, removed from the fear of penury on the one hand and from the temptations of affluence on the other, forms the hope and stay of the Republic."

No general history of Vermont has appeared in many years, and this new and well-told "story" will be a useful, as it is certainly an entertaining contribution to the histories of our States. *Brooklyn Times.*



"THE FIRST WHITE MAN."

D. Lothrop Co.

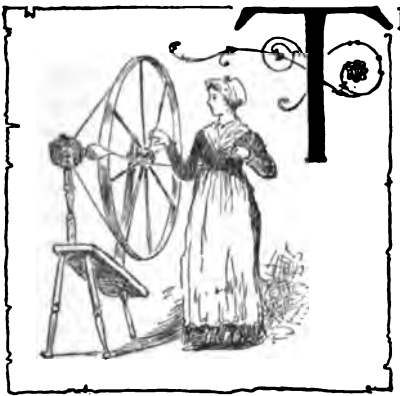
From "*The Story of Vermont.*"

AMIEL'S JOURNAL.

THE JOURNAL INTIME OF HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.
Translated, with an Introduction and Notes by Mrs. Humphry Ward. New Edition. With portrait. 8vo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.49.

The issue of a second edition of the translation of Amiel's "Journal Intime" would have considerable interest for many intelligent people, simply because the author of "Robert Elsmere" Englished it; but those who have known the work will welcome this sign of the growing circulation of one of the notable books of the age, as much greater as it is different from the masterpiece of Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is of little consequence what the talented translator's uncle, the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, said by way of disparagement of Amiel. This "Journal Intime" must be passed upon by every reader for himself. What it yields of wisdom or wit depends wholly upon intellectual moods and tenses. Knowledge of nature or of self it can not impart to him who shuns the woods or has never learned to look critically inward.

Henri Frédéric Amiel was 60 years old when he died in 1881. During his lifetime the world knew little of him; he was born at Geneva, where for the most of his tranquil life he lived and worked; and there he died. Even the Genevese were disappointed by the slender fruitage of his confessedly noble intellect. At the age of 28 he was made Professor of Æsthetics and French Literature at the Academy of Geneva; exchanging this post four years later for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy. He was a man of brilliant parts; everything was expected of him; his friend and ablest celebrant, the distinguished critic, M. Edmond Scherer, constantly goaded him



D. Lothrop Co. From "*The Story of Vermont.*"

—Messrs. Crowell & Co. will publish in paper covers during this month the following books: Tolstoi's "Ivan Ilyitch" and "Family Happiness," "My Confession;" "Paying the Penalty," and "Three Times Tried," by G. Manville Fenn, and others; "The Marquis of Pefialta," "Maximina," by Valdés; "Her Only Brother," by W. Heimburg; and "A Happy Find," by Madame Gagnebin.

on to worthy efforts in literature; and yet at the time of Amiel's death all that he had published worth reading were a few essays, a few *pensées*, and a few poems. No wonder M. Scherer was impatient with him.

But, quite unconsciously it would seem, Amiel had meanwhile, in the solitude of his chamber wrought a masterpiece. He had kept a journal, his "Journal Intime;" and on its sensitive pages he had photographed his soul; and when, in the last days of 1882 his friends printed a first volume of the 17,000 folio pages of MS. which he had secretly penned during thirty years, an answer was ready to his mournful query, "To whom and to what have I been useful? Will my name survive me a single day, and will it ever mean anything to anybody?" The confessions took instant rank with those of Rousseau; critics began to compare his finer passages with Oberman's.

* * *

Buy this "Journal Intime" and read it. Read every word of it. It will do you good. Amiel was a thinker.

Philadelphia Press.

DARWINISM.

An exposition of the theory of Natural Selection with some of its applications. By Alfred Russell Wallace. With maps and illustrations. 12mo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.52.

The mass of intelligent people interested in the progress of science have either been sorely puzzled or have imbibed the most defective and erroneous notions of what Darwinism really is. To correct these notions, to give a clear and simple exposition of what is the Darwinism of Darwin, is the task which Mr. Wallace has set himself, and which he has accomplished with a success which probably no one else could attain. Mr. Wallace's peculiar relation to Darwinism specially fits him for the service he has performed to his old friend and to the more thoughtful section of the reading public. It can never be forgotten that the two men, living on opposite sides of the world, quite unknown to each other, and quite ignorant of each other's pursuits, propounded simultaneously a theory of the origin of species which was practically identical. But there was no rivalry between them. While Mr. Wallace continued to work on his own lines, and to make valuable contributions to the new theory, he loyally acknowledged that the elaboration of its salient features could not be in better hands than those of the man who could afford to make it his life-work. With equal loyalty he comes forward now to tell us what Darwin's theory really is. He does not hesitate to supplement Darwin's illustrations with further facts, nor even to indicate the very few points in which he differs from some of the applications of the theory; but the book, as a whole, may be taken as a *résumé* of the volumes in which Darwin propounded and illustrated the

doctrine which goes by his name. Mr. Wallace's volume may be taken as a faithful exposition of what Darwin meant. It is written with perfect clearness, with a simple beauty and attractiveness of style not common to scientific works, with a dignity and freedom from anything like personal bitterness worthy of Darwin himself, and with an orderliness and completeness that must render misconception impossible.

Mr. Wallace begins by recalling the precise title of Darwin's great work, which ought to be constantly borne in mind. He then briefly tells us what attempts had previously been made to solve the great problem of the origin of species by Lamarck and others, and we do not remember to have seen the various stages so clearly stated, and the distinction pointed out between these and the solution advanced by Darwin, which at once commended itself to all inquirers in the same field, and within a marvellously short time almost revolutionized our ways of looking at the universe. He then, with admirable precision, clearness and brevity, states what the theory of Natural Selection really is.

* * *

But it is unnecessary to follow Mr. Wallace throughout all the chapters in which he summarizes, expounds and illustrates the various researches of Darwin in applying and amplifying his theory. Four chapters are devoted to color and ornamentation in their many aspects. Another deals with the Geographical Distribution of Organisms, which is Mr. Wallace's own special subject. In another he examines the geological evidence of evolution. One chapter deals very fully with difficulties and objections, in which such topics are discussed as difficulty as to smallness of varieties; as to the right variations occurring when required; the beginnings of important organs; origin of the eye; instability of non-adaptive characters, and so on. In another chapter, on Fundamental Problems in relation to Variation and Heredity, Mr. Wallace discusses the various theories that have been advanced as modifications of Darwin's theory, or supplements to it, or substitutes of more or less important aspects of it, advanced by such writers as Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Geddes, Mr. Romanes, Dr. Weissmann, and others. He shows, very satisfactorily in our estimation, that the proposed substitutes cannot stand, that the proposed supplements to Darwin's theory are either based on misconceptions of what that theory is, or are only part of the material utilized by the forces which the theory calls into play.

One word must be said about the last chapter, which to many readers will be the most interesting of all—"Darwinism applied to man." It is well known that Darwin and Mr. Wallace did not agree as to the influences that have been at work to raise man to his present advanced stage of development, that have enabled him to shoot far ahead of those lower animals with which he stands in such close physical

relationship. Darwin maintained that it was unnecessary to call in any other forces than those implied by his theory—those which have been at work from the beginning to produce the immense variety which now exists among organized beings. Mr. Wallace, on the other hand, maintains that, to account for man's mental and spiritual nature, some other force must have come into play at a certain stage of his development; and it is commonly thought that he believes that force to be of a supernatural character. But the last chapter—which in some respects will appear to the unprejudiced thinker unsatisfactory and not throughout scientific in its reasoning—seems to us clearly to obviate this objection, if at least we may judge from the analogy which Mr. Wallace introduces.

Saturday Review.

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW ENGLAND;

OR, THE PURITAN THEOCRACY IN ITS RELATIONS TO CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. By John Fiske. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

It is perhaps not too much to say that Professor John Fiske is the best equipped of all living writers, for treating in a dispassionate and impartial manner the history of the genesis of the American commonwealth. His early studies were in the direction of philosophy and the broadening influence of the ideas thus acquired is perceptible all through his later work. To the great questions of human progress as exemplified by the colonization and growth of this country he applies the positive method and his conclusions are always marked by rigorous logic and sound common-sense. Professor Fiske is no theorist. His chief aim is to see things as they are. He has an insatiable desire for facts, and yet a mere enumeration of facts is far below his purpose. He is an ardent believer in evolution; he is capable of taking broad views; he is quick to trace analogies; and he can discern in what we are apt to pass over as small events, the germs of a far-reaching political revolution. Add to these qualities a style of singular lucidity and a power of marshalling ideas that gives them the force of a mathematical demonstration, and we have summed up the chief characteristics of Professor Fiske as an historian. His lectures on "The Beginnings of New England" are more or less familiar to Bostonians; collected now into book form, they make a definite and significant impression. The author in this volume is not concerned with a mere narrative of events.

Professor Fiske does not join with the superficial critics and cheap humorists who have made it of late years their mission to disparage and deride the Puritans. As he justly observes, "in forming historical judgments a great deal depends upon our perspective;" and his own perspective is never narrowed by personal or social prejudice. What to our finer sensibilities is crude, unlovely, grotesque, and even

sinful in early Puritanism, Professor Fiske frankly acknowledges, but he is not contented with a surface investigation. He looks deeper for those "elements of wholesome strength" which have made this nation what it is to-day. * * * As a trustworthy, enlightened, and highly readable narrative his work has unquestioned significance; but its chief value to more thoughtful persons will be in its firm grasp of philosophical truths and in its demonstration of the important conclusion that the American revolution was a result in a long chain of cause and effect; that it was not a sudden quarrel over an abstraction, but the inevitable product of an extended historical evolution.

Boston Beacon.

A NEW EDITION OF THACKERAY.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. With illustrations by the author, and with introductory notes setting forth the history of the several books. In twenty-two volumes. Vols. I and II, *Vanity Fair* and *Lovel the Widower*. Vols. III and IV, *The History of Pendennis*. Each vol. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.25.

Editions of Thackeray have been multiplying of recent years—a plain and gratifying testimony to the increasing number of persons whose taste in literature demands and admires something higher than Dickens' caricatures of actual life. But these editions have been, for the most part, either too expensive for the common reader or, on the contrary, so cheaply gotten up that no true admirer of the incomparable novelist could buy them with satisfaction. An edition handsomely printed and strongly bound, in volumes of convenient but not small size, retaining the many characteristic illustrations from the author's own hand, which lend such a charm to "*Vanity Fair*" and "*The Newcomes*" in particular, and yet of moderate price, has been a desideratum. This lack Houghton, Mifflin & Co. seem to us to have fully supplied, in a manner which leaves little if anything to be desired, in the illustrated library edition of which the first four volumes have just been issued. The first two contain that moving picture of *Vanity Fair* in modern life to which the lover of Thackeray returns again and again with a fresh delight; the second couple (there will be two volumes a month) are occupied with the fortunes of the lively Arthur Pendennis. How quickly does right judgment on great masterpieces assert itself! It has taken but forty years to correct the shallow criticism which found "*Vanity Fair*" "cynical." Who now will write himself down such an ass as to repeat in the face of Thackeray's "*Letters*" such a brainless declaration?

This edition is to consist of twenty-two volumes, and it is promised to be more complete than any other edition now published. It will contain, in all, over sixteen hundred illustrations, large and small. The volumes are a trifle wider and longer than the post-octavo size in which the great Boston firm prints its

standard novels and solid works. The type is small pica, unleaded, and very pleasant to the eye; the paper is just opaque enough not to let the pages of a leaf interfere with each other, thus keeping the volumes as light as they could well be made. The binding is of the chastely handsome style in which the *Riverside Press* takes a just pride. In every mechanical respect these volumes come up to the high standard of this press. There is no need of straining language to say more.

The Introductory Notes are a new feature of great value in this library edition. These notes are meant to give every interesting detail about the origin and fortunes of separate works that can be gathered from the literature about Thackeray. The introduction to "Vanity Fair" is thoroughly done; it brings together the needful bibliographical details, and adds to them delightful ana pertaining to the novel from Thackeray himself, James Payn, Mr. Hannay, Mr. Rideing, and others. Especially good is the story of the old gentleman who claimed that "in the highest and noblest sense" Pindar wrote "Vanity Fair"—as he did all other modern literature! Abraham Hayward's *Edinburgh Review* article and Mrs. Procter's letter to him supply the more solid part of the "note" in their just estimate of Thackeray's powers.

Literary World.

DR. MITCHELL'S NEW VOLUME.

THE CUP OF YOUTH AND OTHER POEMS. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.17. In this latest collection of Dr. Mitchell's verse, charmingly printed and bound, we find some inequality. The title story, "The Cup of Youth" is a variation of a familiar theme, and has its merit, as we conceive, more in the novel conception of the old legend of the *elixir vite* than in the poetical skill of the narrative which sets it forth. The lines, though their flow is dignified and technically correct, do not carry the reader with them into the passion or tenderness of the story. The learning of the writer is evident, his reflections on life are subtly and felicitously expressed, but at those crises of the poem where the meaning should be unmistakably direct a vagueness of expression leaves the reader in a mist of doubt through which the really fine outlines of the tale only dimly penetrate. Yet lines like these:

"The man who has no mirror save himself
Blurs the clear image conscience shows us all"

redeem by their imagination some of the less satisfactory passages, and compel a higher measure of praise.

That which pleases us most is a poem of less length and smaller assertions, but which deserves the permanent place it will probably take in American poetry. "My Chateaux in Spain" is, in rhythm, in fancy, in imagination, and in that personal element

which puts us into hand-shaking contact with its writer, a charming production. It is free from all defects of self-consciousness, and is like nothing else so much as the outpouring of a genuine boyish emotion which has passed through the alembic of wiser age:

"Or will you see my pictures old,
The landscapes hung for my delight
In window-frames of fretted gold,
When, glowing, shines in color bright
That Claude of mine at full of noon,
When the strong passion throb of June
Stirs bird and leaf, and everywhere
The world is one gay love-affair?
Or shall we linger, looking west,
Just when my Turner's at its best
To watch the cold stars one by one
Crawl to the embers of the sun?"

This is merely a taste of its quality, but it shows conclusively the evidence of a nature open to poetic impressions, and capable of translating them into poetry of a high order.

Among the remaining verses in this slender book "Forget-me-nots" is noticeable for its chaste sentiment and almost Wordsworthian repose, and "Minerva Medica" for a spice of wit such as we usually look to Lowell for. And the poem, "The Violin," though like "The Cup of Youth," it fails in dramatic completeness, contains a notably charming little song.

American.

THE ICE AGE.

THE ICE AGE IN NORTH AMERICA AND ITS BEARINGS ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. By G. Frederick Wright, D. D., LL. D., F. G. S. A. With an appendix on "The Probable Cause of Glaciation," by Warren Upham, F. G. S. A. With many new maps and illustrations. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.05.

Professor Wright's work is great enough to be called monumental, and yet circumstantial enough to be regarded as a minute account of the results of glacial action on our continent. So vast a field for the study of the phenomena of the age of ice, which is now a recognized part of terrestrial history, has never before been entered upon by a student of enterprise full of the spirit of research. The glaciers of Switzerland are very curious, but they are toy-like as compared with those of Alaska, and all Europe does not show plainly so wide an area in which the results of glacial action are seen as does a portion of the old United States. Professor Wright proves incontestably that the projections of the New England coast, including the long stretch of Cape Cod, are the moraines of glaciers of immeasurable age and magnitude; that the great lakes, the great rivers, the valleys of the Ohio, the Mississippi and others, the rifts through mountains that we see on the Delaware, the Lehigh and the Susquehanna—all are the results of the motion

through incalculable ages of the slow but irresistible flood of ice from the north.

Professor Wright, though not unimpressed with the awful majesty of the subject he has studied for years, treats it in his book with the reserved coolness of a sober student of science, and brings the general grand results before his reader's mind by illustrations of local results. He began his inquiries in New England in 1874, and wrote and lectured on his subject for some years. He then accompanied Professor Lesley and the lamented young Professor H. Carvill Lewis, of this city, in their work on the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania. Afterward he visited the Western States, the Pacific coast and Alaska, in which the grandest living and moving glaciers exist. Added to all this personal study he had extensive knowledge derived from the books of others respecting the "Ice Age." With the mass of material thus acquired he has composed a consistent, lucid and extremely interesting work, for the use of all who are intelligent and curious, even though they may not be classed as scientific. He gives simple explanations of remarkable objects on the earth's surface, which many might regard as the effects of internal heat, whereas they are those of external cold.

There are chapters relating to the date of the glacial period, and the light that discoveries have thrown upon the antiquity of man, that are novel; not that they present any fixed and indisputable facts, but that they do disturb some speculations founded largely on conjecture. Professor Wright does not assign to the glacial period so early a date as others have done. The epoch he thinks may not have lasted more than from fifteen to twenty-five thousand years; that in the post-glacial period Niagara and the Falls of St. Anthony are not more than ten thousand years old, and as for the human remains discovered, they do not, in his view, indicate the extreme antiquity that some geologists have believed in. He finds better reason for serious study in the remains found of other animals that have become totally extinct, and whose extinction was probably one of the results of glacial action. There is not a page of this great work, on this particular point or on any other, that is not instructive and suggestive. *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—There are three classes of people who take an interest in letters. There are the persons who read books; the much larger class which reads reviews; and, again, they who merely skim over the advertisements of new works. The last set live in a constant enjoyment of the pleasure of expectation; they pretend to themselves that some day they will find time to peruse the volumes in the birth of which they are interested, but, in fact, they live in the future. They are a month ahead of their friends who read reviews, and six months of the students who actually devour books themselves. *Andrew Lang.*

NOTES.

=A new United States History, to be brought out on an elaborate scale by one of the large publishing houses, is one of the promises for the fall.

=Over 5,000 copies of the paper edition of "John Ward, Preacher," were ordered before the edition was off the press.

=An outcome of Prof. J. T. Mahaffy's "Tour of Greece" will be a book on the Monasteries of that country.

=Margaret Deland's new novel will be entitled "Sidney Page." Though not dealing directly with theology, it will have a religious motive.

=We hear that Mr. William Black is just finishing a new novel dealing with theatrical and literary life in London, and describing deer-shooting and salmon-fishing in the Highlands.

=Sir Edwin Arnold has had an Imperial Persian order conferred upon him, the Shah having recently been made acquainted with Arnold's poem, "With Sa'di in the Garden."

=At a dinner party in London, recently, it was announced that Miss Elizabeth Balch was the writer of "An Author's Love" (the answer to Prosper Mérimée's Letters).

=Max O'Rell has accepted a second invitation to lecture in the United States and Canada. His first appearance will be in January, at Boston, under the auspices of the Press Club.

=Just before Mr. Lowell sailed for England he put in Mr. Aldrich's hands a long poem entitled "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes." It will appear in an early number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

= "Hans Breitmann" (Charles G. Leland) has just recovered from a lingering illness in Italy. He is now at work upon a series of handbooks of the minor arts and industries which will be published by Rand, McNally & Co.

=Roberts Bros. announce for fall publication "The Life of Louisa M. Alcott," by Ednah D. Cheney, her life-long friend. Miss Cheney has written her biography of the author of "Little Women" in a manner to interest the youngest readers of that wonderfully successful book. Two portraits will be included in the book.

=With the personal help of Eli Jones and from the letters and diaries of the venerable preacher and his wife, Rufus M. Jones, M. A., has prepared "The Life and Work of Eli and Sybil Jones." For over fifty years this worthy pair have held the most prominent place as preachers and missionaries in the Society of Friends. The book is published by Messrs. Porter & Coates.

—The thickest octavo volume in the world has just been published. It is the new edition of Whitaker's "Reference Catalogue of English Literature." The book weighs twelve pounds and measures eleven inches in thickness, and is prefaced by an index of 68,000 books. The book is invaluable to dealers, libraries and book-lovers. The price at which it is sold in this country is less than its actual cost of publication.

—Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have begun the issue of a Riverside Paper series of novels, most or all of them copyright. The initial volume of the series is "John Ward, Preacher." Other early issues will be "The Scarlet Letter;" "Where the Battle was Fought," by Charles Egbert Craddock; "The Queen of Sheba," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "The Story of Avis," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Fued of Oakfield Creek," by Josiah Royce; "Agatha Page," by Isaac Henderson; "The Guardian Angel," by Dr. Holmes; "A Step Aside," by Charlotte Dunning, and "An Ambitious Woman," by Edgar Fawcett.

—"When Gen. Lew Wallace strides up Broadway," says a New York writer, "he does not look like a man who fought in the Mexican war over forty years ago, though he looks old enough to be a veteran of our civil war. His eye is piercing, his movement is light, and his spinal column is unbent. He has held the offices of Governor of Utah and Minister to Turkey; he has written novels and religious books; he has studied law and practiced it. But those who talk with him can easily find out that he has not forgotten his adventures in Mexico before he had reached the age of manhood. He is now in the sixty-third year of his busy life."

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

A Searcher—

Your quotation is from Joel Barlow's poem "Hasty-Pudding." It was inspired by this national dish being set before the author in a Savoyard inn; and is a fine example of mock heroic and pastoral verse. We find the whole poem reprinted in the recently published "Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, LL. D.," by Charles Burr Todd.

W. W. D.—

We cannot tell you to whom Tennyson refers in his poem of "The Dead Prophet." The *Saturday Review*, which is a good authority, says "it may be Shelley, or Keats, or perhaps Byron." We are inclined to think he means Shelley, and still there are some allusions in the poem which seem to point to Byron.

E. R. C.—

We do not know who "Czeika" is, and her publishers tell us that they are not at liberty to give us any information in regard to her. "An Operetta in Profile" is her only book.

K. M. B.—

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz was born in Plymouth, Mass. In early youth she was a zealous abolitionist. Later she became a teacher and began writing for magazines. "The William Henry Letters," one of her first efforts, appeared first in *Our Young Folks*. Mrs. Diaz is a remarkably bright energetic woman. She is the president of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. Her home is in Belmont.

L. H. B.—

"Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,"

Are the opening lines of Boker's "Dirge for a Soldier," written in memory of General Philip Kearny. You will find it in his volume of "Poems of the War."

Your other quotation is from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Afterward," the first poem in "Songs of the Silent World." The best dictionaries of quotations from the poets are Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," which costs \$2.40; and that compiled by Henry C. Bohn, and Anna L. Ward, price, \$1.80.

C. L. H.—

"A Baby's Epitaph," which you ask about, appears in Swinburne's latest volume of "Poems and Ballads." We give it here:

April made me; winter laid me here away asleep.
Bright as May-time was my day-time; night is soft and deep:
Though the morrow bring forth sorrow, well are ye that weep.

Ye that held me dear beheld me not a twelvemonth long;
All the while ye saw me smile, ye knew not whence the song
Came that made me smile, and laid me here, and wrought you wroeg.

Angels, calling from your brawling world one undefiled,
Homeward bade me, and forbade me here to rest beguiled:
Here I sleep not; pass, and weep not here upon your child.

E. L. S.—

The works of Frederika Bremer, which have been translated into English, are "The Neighbors, and Other Tales," "The President's Daughter," "The Home" and "Strife and Peace," "A Diary" and "The H. Family." These four volumes are published in Bohn's Library. Harper and Bros. publish in paper the following three books: "New Sketches of Every Day Life," "The H. Family," and "Brothers and Sisters," "Homes of the New World," and some short stories, published by Harper and Bros., have also been translated, but are now out of print.

Of Emelie Carlen's Works, "Twelve Months of Matrimony," and "The Brilliant Marriage," are published by Ward, Lock and Co. "Two Wives" is published by Remington, and "The Brother's Bet," and "The Guardian," are published by Bentley and Son. These are all London firms, but you can get them through any importer.

DESCRIPTIVE

PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

THE CRUSADE OF RICHARD I. 1189-92. Selected and arranged by T. A. Archer, B. A. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

Its execution is certainly all that could be desired. It could not have been difficult to make interesting selections to illustrate an event so conspicuous and romantic as the Third Crusade; but all the accessories—notes, tables, bibliography, illustrations, and historical introduction—are of the best. Every reader of Scott's "Talisman" ought to read these selections. He will find, we think, that, whatever may be the errors of the novelist in detail, the spirit of the times is well maintained. *Nation.*

A POPULAR HISTORY OF ROME. Under the Kings, the Republic, and the Emperors. From the foundation of the city, B. C. 753, to the Fall of the Western Empire, A. D. 476. By D. Rose. Edited by H. W. Dulcken, Ph. D. Illustrated. 8vo, 65 cents; by mail, 81 cents.

THE STORY OF VERMONT. By John L. Heaton. The Story of the States Series. Illustrated. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.27.

See review in this number.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SOCIAL CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By George E. Howard. Vol. I. Development of the Township, Hundred and Shire. 8vo, \$3.00.

The history of local institutions has thus far been treated almost entirely in monographs dealing with special topics, or relating to particular phases or periods of development. Moreover a large and valuable portion of this literature is dispersed through the voluminous publications of learned societies, and therefore inaccessible to the general reader. Besides much of the material requisite for a comprehensive view has never been explored. There is needed, in short, a book which shall gather up, sift, and skillfully arrange the results already obtained by the host of writers on Græco-Roman, Germanic, and English institutions, and supplement them by further investigation, particularly for this country. Such is the scope of the present work. Each institution is followed through every stage of evolution, from its ancient prototype under the tribal organization of society, to its existing form in the new States and Territories of the West. The author has aimed at presenting a clear and logical statement of constitutional facts—the details of offices, powers, and functions; while bringing into special prominence the process of organic growth, differentiation and decay. The work is, however, very largely the result of independent study of the original records; and many topics are treated from the sources for the first time. Particular attention has been given to the bibliography, which is brought down to date. *Publishers' Weekly.*

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW ENGLAND; OR, THE PURITAN THEOCRACY IN ITS RELATIONS TO CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. By John Fiske. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF HENRY GRATTAN. By Robert Dunlop. International Statesmen series. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents.

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HENRY THE SEVENTH. By James Gairdner. Twelve English Statesmen series. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 67 cents; flexible boards, 45 cents; by mail, 52 cents.

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WELLINGTON. By George Hooper. English Men of Action series. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents; flexible cloth, 45 cents; by mail, 53 cents.

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DESCRIPTION.

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Publishers' Weekly.

BIRD-KEEPING. A practical Guide for the Management of Singing and Cage Birds. By C. E. Dyson. A revised and enlarged edition. With wood-cuts and colored plates. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

BIRDS THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS. By Florence A. Merriam. Riverside Library. 16mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents.

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Publishers' Weekly.

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American.

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Publishers' Weekly.

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Boston Transcript.

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Publishers' Weekly.

THE NETHER WORLD. By George Gissing. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 35 cents; by mail, 37 cents.

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Publishers' Weekly.

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THE DIAMOND BUTTON. WHOSE WAS IT? A tale from the diary of a lawyer and the note-book of a reporter. By Barclay North. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail 41 cents.

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Boston Beacon.

NEAR TO HAPPINESS. (A Coté du Bonheur.) Translated from the French by Frank H. Potter. Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 70 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

Mr. Potter has been successful in throwing into idiomatic English a very tender and delicate French novelette. The end of the story is sad but heroic in the French view of heroics, the steps that lead to the catastrophe have the usual amount of matrimonial complications: there are scenes from the Franco-Prussian War, and the action is involved to some extent in the reign of the Commune, but the prevailing note of the romance is pain, and the book is laid down with a sense of dissatisfaction.

Churchman.

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Philadelphia Times.

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FREDERIC STRUTHERS' ROMANCE. By Albert Ulmann. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

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ZIT AND XOE. By the author of "Lady Bluebeard." Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

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See review in this number.

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Opens in the little town of Wiregrass Ridge in southern Georgia, some ten or fifteen years after the late war. The scene is a plantation, with negro help in whom remain many of the old characteristics of slavery days. In the first chapter there is a "ghost," which is the forerunner of a mystery which prevades the story. This family mystery almost separates a pair of lovers, and causes the death of the chief woman character. An excellent picture of the Southern life of to-day. The "Cracker" element is well described. *Publishers' Weekly.*

FRATERNITY. A romance. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 30 cents; by mail, 31 cents.

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THE PHANTOM FUTURE. By Henry S. Merriman. Franklin Square Library. 8vo, paper, 30 cents; by mail, 31 cents.

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Boston Commonwealth.

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London Academy.

REFERENCE.

A DOCTOR'S DON'T'S. By Fred C. Valentine, M. D. 16mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 24 cents.

The negative form of instruction is perhaps not the best for hygienic manual, and yet there is something to be said in its favor, for health is largely, after all, dependent on letting injurious things alone. Dr. Valentine's injunctions appertain to the relations of physician and patient, mental work, exercise, sleep, sanitary conditions, digestion and food, the treatment of emergencies, matrimony, maternity, the care of children, and nursing the sick. On all of these topics the advice given is usually sensible and practicable though not always easily followed, as, for instance, the rule not to allow "the temperature of the sleeping-room to rise above or fall below sixty degrees."

Boston Beacon.

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MANUAL OF ORIENTAL ANTIQUITIES. Including the Architecture, Sculpture, and Industrial Arts of Chaldaea, Assyria, Persia, Syria, Judæa, Phœnicia, and Carthage. By Ernest Babelon. Translated and enlarged by B. T. A. Evetts, M. A. With 241 illustrations. 8vo, \$2.40; by mail, \$2.57.

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Preface.

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Preface.

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See review in this number.

TRAGEDIES. To which are added a few Sonnets and Verses. By T. N. Talfourd. Routledge's Pocket Library. 32mo, 30 cents; by mail, 34 cents; gilt top, uncut edges, 45 cents; by mail, 49 cents.

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See review in this number.

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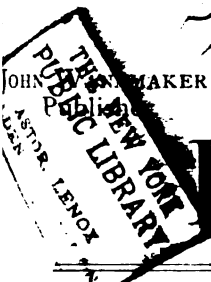
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MY BOOKS.

They dwell in the odor of camphor,
They stand in a Sherraton shrine,
They are "warranted early editions,"
These worshipful books of mine ;—
In their cream-colored "Oxford vellum,"
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
With their delicate "watered linings,"
They are jewels of price, I grant ;—
"Blind-tooled" and "morocco-jointed,"
They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust, no less ;—
For the row that I prize is yonder
Away on the unglazed shelves,
The bulged and the bruised octavos,
The dear and the dumpy twelves,—
Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
And the little old cropped Molière,—
And the Burton I bought for fourpence,
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd,—
For the others I never have opened,
But these are the ones I read.

Austin Dobson, in Longman's Magazine.
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VOLUME 7.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1889.

NUMBER 84.

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sort of a man am I? That'll tell who I am, unless through a variation of the law, I've been blown to some place I should not occupy. No; that method's too long. Isn't there just one test? What sort of a man am I to my family? There, I've struck it. A truthful answer to that question covers the whole. And I must begin at the beginning, and for all practical purposes that was the day I married. I shan't describe Mary. No ardent poet's fancy would suffice for that. All that men have dreamed in all time and wished and prayed for, all and more than that she was; BUT SHE DIDN'T HAVE A DOLLAR! I had accumulated nothing but liabilities so far, and we were equals pecuniarily. But right here I had shouldered the weightiest, tenderest, most harassing, lovable responsibility of my life. Queer compound—joy, care, duty, delight. And without a dollar! What first? To labor manifestly, and then income and what? What? The thought was anxious. What if I should die—die without a cent of provision for Mary! There was surplus from my income—a few dollars—barely enough for a shroud; but it was enough, enough to create an estate for Mary, and God bless the day a meek, threadbare and loquacious stranger taught me how.

That few dollars of surplus—it only footed \$100 in a whole year—was ample to insure my life, for Mary's benefit, to the amount of \$5,000. Years have gone since then; fortune has been fickle; at times wealth has been ours; oftener we found it difficult to make ends meet. Looking back through all those thirty years, the anxious period when our children were to be fed and clothed and fitted for strife with the world, nothing gave me so much comfort as that \$5,000 policy in the THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE. Other policies I had and have—they all served and serve to give a peace of mind, obtainable no other way so safely and cheaply—but my first is the one most prized. It meant so much to me then, upon the threshold of my life; and now, the few dollars, less than fifty, required to sustain it are gladly paid. But I have wandered. The inquiry was How I treated my family? I made them safe—sure of an inheritance from the start—sure now to reap all and more than I have sown. That tells "Who I am."

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NUMBER 84.

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IMPROPER NOVELS.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

The reading tendency of the age is towards fiction. Fifty years ago scholars and divines not only never opened a novel, they unhesitatingly condemned them; now they are largely the literary offspring of clergymen's brains, and the religious novel is the nineteenth century version of the Hebrew parable. Fiction also has become the recognized vehicle for "views" of all kinds, philosophical social and occult. So that in some shape or other novels now enter into the education of every one, because from a well-wrought book there comes incorporeal forms, which fix themselves in the memory and exercise the same kind of influence over readers as actual acquaintance exercises over living persons.

That a force so powerful and so universal should be pure and helpful in character is self-evident, but that society has lately suffered from an epidemic of wicked novels is also an indisputable fact. The saddest feature of this epidemic is, that the contaminators of moral purity are mainly women—women, to whose care the sacred flame of chastity is entrusted, and who have quenched what they ought to have kept burning. Where men have hitherto feared to tread, women have rushed in, and with an almost Mænadick recklessness sought either a shameful notoriety, or the wages of a shameful ministering to the lowest instincts. In certain cases the flush of youth and beauty has given a false literary value; in others it is only charitable to suppose that the young women were handling subjects of which they understood neither the significance nor the impropriety.

Concerning such novels there is really no argument—a bad book is a bad book beyond all controversy.

To argue about it is like arguing about a vile odor. If people swear that a dunghill smells sweet to them, they could not be otherwise persuaded by any power on earth.

The first object of a novel is to give pleasure, and the test of its morality or its immorality is the elevating or debasing tendencies of that pleasure. It is easy to say "to the pure all things are pure," but this is one of those mischievous half-truths that are worse than lies, for unfortunately a large part of any community has a morbid capacity for assimilating what is vicious, and rejecting healthy mental food. There is an old proverb about touching filth very applicable to this subject. It is easy to talk of the beauty of absolute truth, of the necessity for broadening the intelligence of women, of the innocence of whatever is natural, and the insipid character of those feminine dolls who will not discuss with uncompromising frankness the most delicate subjects in life; but it is an indisputable fact that they who will listen to indelicate talk will do indelicate things. Through the ear the whole body may be prostituted. This way danger lies in improper novels. They are the worst of all bad companions.

Of course women cannot be debarred from any line of action they wish to adopt. If some of the sex will have nothing veiled, and nothing hidden, if they are proud of a sort of womanhood remarkable only for the absence of the usual characteristics of the state, if they delight to write nasty novels, and handle publicly questions not fit for them to meddle with, there is no law but that of a virtuous popular opinion to prevent them.

The broad characteristics of such novels are uniform and easily defined. The heroine gives the keynote. She is selfish and frivolous. She has no good father or mother, no checks of any kind. Instinct or Fatality take the place of all nobler sentiments. We are expected to consider her charming, because she is undisciplined and the victim of passionate impulses. She makes a constant appeal—and with a preference—to the animal in our nature, as if power and intensity came that way! She is continually apostrophising herself; we hear of her "low cries" her "wailing cries" her "sobs of despair"—sounds which would be intolerable in real life, and which are not heard. We are shown her serpentine arms, her lithe twisting figure, and expected to be awed by her "writhing," and coiling and "padding" with bare feet about the floor.

It is one of the worst features of this class of novels

that these sirens—who do not even pretend to be angels—are adored as sirens. Now for a man to love a bad woman because she is pretty, when he is under no illusions about her worthlessness, is for him also, a simple baseness. The dominion of the five senses—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, may not be boldly professed, but the women usually balance themselves—as one woman novelist puts it—"on the narrow line between propriety and disgrace." As if there really was any such debatable ground! That the heroine pulls up somewhere before things go too far, is one of the most abominable and dangerous of its teachings. If the tale was allowed to run its legitimate course, and sin to bring forth its certain fruits, the young would be in less danger. But the lesson of all such novels is, that women may play with fire and not get burnt.

Now, however, an author may protest, crime is inseparable from sympathy with crime. In a book we cannot love and admire the sinner and hate the sin. In real life this may be possible, for the real person is a human being with human qualities, but the fictitious one is a sin personified and made attractive. The sin is the primary idea, to embellish which the rest of the characters are made to order. Novels of this kind carry their readers easily over the three stages to vice—to endure, to pity, and then to embrace. And this is but the beginning. From vice to crime—from the divorce court to the police court—is a single step.

The whole infamy of impure novels rests upon a mistaken conception of the passion of love. The notion that if two people who have a violent passion for each other marry, they have necessarily acted wisely, is as unfounded as the converse, that if two people marry without it they act unwisely. No one disputes the existence of such a passion as this class of novels builds everything upon, but it is just as certain that it is very uncommon, and a very doubtful good if it does exist.

The love which the Book of Common Prayer seems to consider the effect of marriage is fortunately much more common and much more sensible and enduring; and the divines who wrote "The Form of Solemnization of Matrimony" have proved themselves to have been far more shrewd observers of human nature than the novelists. The hero of the novel spends his breath in vowing "I do love;" the hero of the marriage ceremony looks forward to mutual kindness and affection and says, "I *will* love." The prominence given to this passionate love in novels naturally ends the book with marriage, because it supposes that people marry to gratify their passions. If this were the real case the "failure" of marriage would be beyond controversy and divorce its natural sequence.

A bad novel is worse than any other bad book. A book inculcating atheism, socialism, robbery, etc., would have but a circumscribed audience; a novel goes everywhere, and appeals especially to the young; and it is the peculiar mischief of a bad book, that

when once printed, it is scarcely possible to eradicate it. Lately it has been said, "that the success of such novels implies the right to produce them." It is not so. We have only to apply this dictum to bad deeds as well as to bad books to see how fatal to virtue of every kind it would be. If because a certain class desire impure literature it is to be supplied, why should not every other vice be provided for? "Liberty of thought! Liberty!" the demanders of such books cry, but they do not mean Liberty, they mean License.

It is unpleasant to accuse any good writer of being foul-minded, and the more so, as the accusation is easy to make; but impure images are just as impure though the author talks in the character of another person; and the frank decision of every thoughtful mind must be, that immoral writing comes from a prurient mind. It is a vice which cannot be indulged without injury both to the writer and the reader. At any rate if moral scavenger work is to be done, let men do it; for feminine delicacy is not only a great fact, it is also a great social power, and if women take to writing nasty novels, from whom shall we expect the conservation of purity and religion?

It is also said in extenuation, "that this passionate physical instinct of sex exists all around, and that it is folly to ignore it:—That it is in fact, as legitimate 'material' for the novelist, as any other." Setting aside all morality, and all decency, it is. But it must be remembered, that no one is made bad by simply knowing that bad people exist; yet the majority would become wicked if their intimate friends were so. No personal contact is more debasing than a bad book. Its characters enter into the mind and continually deprave it; nor can they be turned out, or "cut" as a disreputable acquaintance might be.

In Southern swamps there is a gorgeous flower whose odor is that of carrion, and whose taste is death. But because of it, no one denies to the jasmine growing by its side, or to the rose growing in the garden, the praise of their sweetness and beauty. And in like manner, the good novel is not prejudiced to the general mind because hiding under its reputation, the bad one sneaks out into the haunts of good men and women. For neither story-telling nor story-reading is a vice, or else humanity always has been, and always will be, hopelessly vicious.

And the good novel carries its own atmosphere. It has characteristics which none can mistake. It holds in solution a great deal of experience. It opens the eyes to the joys and sorrows of prosaic and humble people, widens our sympathy with them, and make us sensitive to the great issues hidden under ordinary affairs. There may be no evident moral, but it modifies conceptions and gives wholesome mental refreshment. For most people like to reflect on life and its problems, but the experience of one individual is too confined, and the suppositious cases of the good novelist increase the area of reflection.

In the good novel the characters portrayed for our

admiration are not driven by animal instincts, by passion, and impulse; they rise from this low level to the empire of reason and self-control. They teach or they comfort, or they leave images of self-reliance. The thick unhealthy atmosphere of passion and crime is not made intoxicating with the lights and perfumes of luxury and sensuality. If the exigencies of the story carry the reader into it, he is made to feel the horror of its darkness, and the deathly dangers that lurk there. But by preference, the writer of good novels sees the world through the eyelids of the morning, and finds it full of beauty and of goodness. He believes in God, and man, and will not have it that they are so far apart as sin desires them to be. He believes in goodness and in doing daily duty in hope and rejoicing. No one is more sensitive to the weariness, and the disappointment, the brooding pain, and strange shadows which darken life; but he always sees the way out of them. There is no cry of despair in his own heart, and he will not suffer his pen to write one. A really good novel is better bread than was ever made of wheat, for it nourishes and cherishes emotions and sentiments, that will live for ever. No one can doubt its influence, it has made our souls thrill to loftier thoughts than those that stir our daily life, and it has enriched our memory with some holy or noble character who will be forever a part of our best self.

But bad is linked to good as shadow to light, and vice will have its interpreter as well as virtue. Bad novels must be recognized as a fact of this day, and a very unpleasant one. They are the pustules and eruptions of the social body, indicating a threatened moral epidemic. If a physical one of cholera or smallpox were imminent, there would be every effort made to arrest its progress; and it seems as reasonable for the State to protect the purity, as the goods and chattels of its citizens; to punish with fitting justice both the criminals who defile the one and who steal the other.

ON THE BRIDGE AT GLENN'S.

A REMINISCENCE OF COOPER.

Blank shadow here. The heights on either hand
Sparkle with lamps. Around me foams the bold
Loud Hudson—swiftly into darkness rolled.
These vanish all, and memory takes her stand
In that wild cave, among that famous band,
Girt round by unseen terrors manifold,
Revealed in that enchanting fiction old,
Blown hence through many an alien tongue and land.
I see the haughty Uncas, and the wise
Fierce Sagamore; hear Hawkeye's cheery call,
The Singer's strains, of sacred sounds compact;
And then I hear the holy hymn arise
From the sweet Sisters' lips; and, borne through all,
The plunge and tremble of the cataract.

O. C. Auringer, in *The Critic*.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Miss Jewett was born and reared in South Berwick, a pretty manufacturing village near the Maine sea-coast. Her father, Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, for many years a physician of wide reputation and practice, died several years ago, leaving a widow and two daughters, who still reside in the pleasant family mansion. Aside from his professional acquirements, Dr. Jewett possessed historical and antiquarian tastes, the natural outgrowth, perhaps, of a residence in one of the most interesting neighborhoods in New England, where almost every foot of ground has its history or its tradition. His daughter, to some extent, no doubt, inherited these tastes; only, in her case, they speedily developed into an active and absorbing sympathy with the lives and fortunes of the people whose story she learned while accompanying her father on his professional rounds. So as Dr. Jewett drove along the road he recounted to this highly imaginative and impressionable young mind fragments of family history, anecdotes and observations gathered during his long medical experience. Miss Jewett thus amassed a fund of information from which many of those inimitable character-sketches and those equally admirable reproductions of sea and shore in and about York, Kittery, and Berwick have been drawn. No one who reads Miss Jewett's stories can fail to perceive how strongly these surroundings have impressed themselves upon her character. To a spiritual and imaginative nature, such as hers, the grandeur and mystery of the sea furnishes an inexhaustible theme. The emotions it awakens are clear and unmistakable. Yet she is always simple, natural, and unaffected. The tens of thousands who go to the New England coast for a summer's vacation see it all again in her stories. Every well-known head-land, clump of pines, or heap of rocks in the offing, is to her a personal friend. She loves it. And we love it, too, immediately we enter the charmed atmosphere she moves in, which is as invigorating as the salt breath of the ocean itself.

Miss Jewett also finds much inspiration in the habitations of a former generation and the tales they have to tell. Sometimes it is a humble roof, but the story reveals that life is everywhere the same. The simple annals of the poor are touchingly narrated. Sometimes it is a decayed colonial mansion and a sad story. And what is so saddening as the ruin of a family that has seen better days! Sometimes it is a mere wreck with a poor half-crazed creature clinging to it. Charles Lamb has said that nothing moves the imagination like an old house. Miss Jewett sees in old houses so many mysterious conductors into the past, so many monuments to the lives and fortunes of their occupants. A keen sense of humor is also characteristic of this author. Her humor has a healthy and contagious quality denoting appreciative discernment and feeling for all sides of

character. Even while assisting at a country funeral we find the odd sayings and doings of the mourners sometimes too much for that decorous gravity suitable to the occasion. But this is in no irreverent spirit. It is simply a genuine touch of human nature. Her people are all very life-like. They talk naturally and not a bit by the book. We at once recognize in them old acquaintances. Miss Jewett varies occasionally the writing of short stories, so evidently her true vein of literary success, with poetical composition. In this field she has already written and printed what would make a small volume if collected. Her poetry breathes a strong religious feeling, usually calm and contemplative, rather than brilliant or passionate. We are, indeed mistaken if in this direction there is not an under-current gaining in strength with intellectual maturity, or limited only by self-restraint.

Miss Jewett began writing for publication when nineteen. She is now thirty-nine, with a future of undoubted promise before her. Besides the volumes of her collected stories she has been a frequent contributor to the leading periodicals. She enjoys an unquestioned popularity with a multitude of readers who have become acquainted with her chiefly through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which most of her stories have appeared. We need hardly say that out-of-door life is with her a passion. Expert with the oar, an accomplished horsewoman, it is her delight to live in close companionship with nature; and we know that

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.

Her river is a mirror in which she sees a thousand pictures take form and fade into a memory. To her the woods are full of voices which she interprets through a mind and heart profoundly penetrated by the wisdom and beneficence of the Divine Giver. Being much alone she naturally drops into reverie. She thinks aloud, or, if the expression seems paradoxical, her pen is the medium by which the inspiration of the moment reveals itself.

Since literature became her vocation it is probably true that Miss Jewett has made a place for herself, and a very charming and engaging place it is. Her pure, healthy, and sympathetic language and underlying tenderness of thought and feeling reveal the unspoiled nature in all its natural grace and fragrance; so that Sarah Jewett has as many friends as she has readers, and they are a host. *Literary World.*

The following are the works of Sarah Orne Jewett, published in book form: "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," "Country By-Ways," "Play-Days," "The Mate of the Daylight, and Friends Ashore," "A Country Doctor," "A Marsh Island," "A White Heron, and other Stories," "The King of Folly Island, and Other People," "The Story of the Normans."

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

By A. E. WATROUS.

A much greater task than the disciplining of defiant postmasters and refractory collectors has been undertaken by the Protean Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. It is the writing of a book—of a very big book. The title of it is "The Winning of the West," and the subject of it is so vast that in the first two big, handsome volumes Mr. Roosevelt only gets from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, and from the year 1769 to the year 1783. It is of this same subject of West-winning that Professor McMaster somewhere says that it is the real history of the American people so far—that the theme of hemispherical life was this great rhythmic march westward in which the Civil War was but an interlude. But Mr. Roosevelt goes at this tremendous epic with a light heart, as he does at everything, from the hunting of a mayoralty to a grizzly, up or down. He does not in his preface indicate the scope or purpose of his work, and, therefore, it is unfair to bring him to the standard of the larger historians. His ear has not caught the measure of that awful tread of that vast, ever-growing multitude swinging ever westward, beating ever onward in a mighty wave, leveling hills and forests, crushing wild tribes of beasts and wilder tribes of men—making the great nineteenth century miracle the settlement of the United States. It is an epic beside which *Odyssey*, *Iliad* and *Æneid* are baby tales, and Mr. Roosevelt is not a Homer or even a Tasso. But he is writing a very clever, interesting, sketchy book, in which he makes Boone, Mansker, Sevier, Todd and other pioneers live as briskly as he made rugged Benton live in his recent admirable biography of that worthy. Not the least interesting thing about the book is Mr. Roosevelt's thoroughly frontiersman attitude toward the Indian—the best, etc., is a dead, etc. But the most interesting thing about the book is the fact that this brilliant young man—and brilliant Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly is—has advanced apparently quite unconsciously upon what is perhaps the most herculean literary task of the century.

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Mr. Frank Parsons of Boston, confesses in cold type, that he with Messrs. F. E. Crawford and H. T. Richardson has spent twenty years in compiling "The World's Best Books; a Key to the Treasures of Literature." At least he says that the book is the result of twenty years of reading of the "finest literature." It is to be feared that this has been largely a waste of time. To the true book-lover, such a dictum coming from a trio of unknown censors smacks of impertinence. It is as if the policeman on the corner had overhauled his visiting list and instructed him whom to cut and whom to cultivate. As for the unread,—though it is highly improbable that any one ever became well read through following a "course of

reading"—let us look at Mr. Parsons' twenty years of tabulation and see how far he and his friends have established the right to constitute themselves the worlds tutors in the art of reading. What can we say of a tribe of tabulators who have excluded Grattan from a list of orators, which includes Everett, Brooks, (we presume the Boston clergyman) and Ingersoll. What canon of taste gives Judge Tourgée a right to be read as a novelist, when Alphonse Daudet and Emile Zola in France, and Howells and James at home, to say nothing of William Black, George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson, in England, are shut out. It can not be on the ground of literary excellence. The men omitted are in their respective countries the masters of their art. It can not be in the case of the Frenchmen, on the ground of morals, for Balzac, Rousseau and Boccaccio are included in the list. It is charitable to suppose that the omission of Hawthorne's name is accidental. Again in the historical table, by what right do Mr. Parsons and his friends put Bancroft, Buckle and Guizot, on what they call the first shelf of the world's library and Lecky, Hallam and Gibbon on the second? Why should any man be asked to accept Herodotus as history and what business has Michelet in a list which excludes Kinglake? And if Mr. James Parton is an honest and a modest man, will he not flush a little to find himself on the same shelf with such biographers as Renan, Carlyle, Boswell and Plutarch. It is much to be questioned if M. Taine multiplied three times would undertake the task which these three wise men of Boston have undertaken; but it is not all to be questioned that their ideas of the "finest literature" are not M. Taine's.

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If Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's name was off the title-page one might almost say that Mr. Frederick Anstey had written "The Wrong Box." Almost, be it understood, not quite. For Mr. Stevenson is easily the first artist in English words now living and even though he clothe himself in cap and bells and go about mumming, he can not conceal the subtle evidence of his masterful skill of diction, which is apparent in every page of this brief drollery. When this is said there is little left to be said. The book is thoroughly in Mr. Anstey's vein, a series of impossible accidents happening in a perfectly natural way. It is based upon the anxiety of a young man to conceal the supposed death of his uncle, who is one of two last surviving lives in a Tontine fund of £116,000. The thread of mishaps winds upon his taking a body, supposed to be his uncle's, out of the dead of a railway accident and shipping it to his own house in London. A wag changes the address in the luggage van. A seedy artist receives the body and a chain of lively incidents is unveiled to the denouement with startling rapidity. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne is Mr. Stevenson's collaborator.

"Pan," in "Dinnerology," has the courage to say this much about a subject concerning which one side only has hitherto been heard, probably because the other side, like the Irish landlords, hasn't taken the trouble to talk: "A cigar has say ten times as much deleterious nicotine in it as the ordinary cigarette. Which is the stronger? The cigar has a leaf that has been soaked in dirty liquor, fingered by dirty hands, pasted with dirty paste, and this we suck in our mouths. The cigarette has a bit of clean paper. Which is the nicest? * * But the cigarette is and always will be the safest, cleanest, least harmful and most convenient way of using tobacco for temperate men. The sturdy Turk, bravest of all brave soldiers, hardest of all hardy toilers, is a cigarette smoker from his cradle to his grave. So are Spaniards, Frenchmen, Greeks,—but why enumerate almost all the nations?" It is not true that almost all the nations smoke cigarettes, but it is true, a point that "Pan" misses, that the nations which understand enjoyment—these he names—enjoy their tobacco in the form he advocates. Those which take their pleasure sadly eschew the cigarette. There are a number of original and amusing bits like this in "Dinnerology," but as for practical use to the housekeeper it is perhaps of no more value than the cook books which "Pan" says overflowed all the available shelf-space in his own house. There are certain horrible suggestions of the late Dr. Dio Lewis in the form of the book.

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To the constantly increasing number of those who pass as literary men among society people, and society men among literary men, the latest addition is the anonymous author or more probably authoress of "Miss Marlow, a story of Society." The thread of the story—there is no plot—puts "Miss Marlow" in love with "Lues Deane," keeps them apart on account of his comparative poverty, brings them together by reason of the ruin of the Marlow family fortunes and then quite irrelevantly and impertinently disposes of Lues with a pistol at the hands of a Spaniard who is understood to have formerly loved Miss Marlow, but who at the time of the homicide is the accepted lover of another woman. The Spaniard, by the way, says "draw and defend yourself," when he wants Lues to fight, though he at the same time produces two pistols from his own pocket. "Miss Marlow" marries "Charles Rittenhouse Delancey," and sails for Europe. To criticize the book would be breaking a butterfly.

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There are some good, plain folk in this land it is to be feared, who will stand ready to accuse Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge of making the Father of his Country out a "dude" in the American Statesmen series, and there are other equally plain but more discriminating

folk who will be apt to accuse him of making the aforesaid *pater patriæ* the representative not of the people but a class—the Virginia or rather the English gentleman. Mr. Lodge has assuredly set out fervidly to refute the charges of priggishness which early biographies and more especially pictorial allegories laid Washington open to, which is a not very difficult task, and also what is not so easy to obliterate the lineaments of the stiff, stupid phlegmatic country squire which Thackeray left on the great canvas of "The Virginians." In the place of Weems' absurd Washington, and Thackeray's commonplace one, he has limned for us a splendid cavalier in white and scarlet—the family colors with blue Norman blood running quelled riot in his veins, a daring horseman, a keen huntsman, a gallant lover and a bold warrior of giant size and strength, who in other days would have turned the tide of fight by the prowess of his single arm. It is a very splendid and dashing *pater patriæ* to whom Mr. Lodge has introduced us, an imposing figure which seems somehow to belong rather to the De Wessyngtons of the North of England than the Washingtons of Virginia. This is the young Washington of Mr. Lodge. Concerning the maturer man the author's chief insistence is upon his genius as a general, and especially as a political general, and considerable ingenuity is displayed in showing how Washington calculated in advance the effect of his victories, and even of his defeats upon the country and the world at large. Of Washington's compeers, the aristocracy of Virginia, Mr. Lodge says: "We must go back to Athens to find another instance of a society so small in numbers, and yet capable of such an outburst of ability and force." If the Old Dominion is not satisfied with such a whale of a compliment as this from her hereditary foe she must be hard to suit. But shades of Winthrops and Endicots what will they say in Boston!

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A very dull, drab monochrome is Daniel R. Goodloe's "Birth of the Republic" after Mr. Lodge's symphony in white and scarlet. Still it is a very useful volume containing as it does the most important State papers of the time, and for that very small class of readers who wish to form their own opinion of historical events it will be more welcome than all the clever Boston Congressman's word pictures. It is hard to understand why Mr. Goodloe should have his picture for the frontispiece of a book of this kind unless it is because he has a Chicago publisher.

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After the impossibility of realizing eternity comes the difficulty of realizing London, for London comes the nearest to realizing eternity of any mortal institution. What its end is or its beginning is a question that perhaps not one in one hundred thousand of its denizens or the strangers could give an intelligible

answer. Mr. Herbert Fry makes an intelligent effort to answer the query in his "London in 1889." It does not differ greatly from other guide books save in the possession of eighteen bird's-eye views of the most famous localities of the metropolis which are certainly calculated to give both travelers and students a clearer idea of Babylon than most of them now possess.

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It was with rare discretion that the first of England's marine novelists—to borrow a phrase from the sister art of painting—should have been selected to write the life of the greatest of English navigators in the English Men of Action Series. W. Clark Russell's sketch of Dampier is more purely a labor of love than almost any other of the biographies which are nowadays dropping innumerable from English and American presses. Almost any other man would have written a history of Dampier's battles, the taking of galleons, the harrying of towns; a wide and tempting field it is of South Sea romance. But Mr. Russell has written a history of Dampier's voyages, claiming, at the expense of color and interest, the reputation of a great sailor—not a mere sea-soldier—for his hero. Reading these stories which Mr. Russell so loves, of the early exploration of what still remain the boundaries of the known world, in crazy tubs, in which the sailor of to-day would hardly trust himself through the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, one is very apt to agree with this author, to think that the race of sailors, which began with the Armada and ended with Trafalgar, the sailors of whom Frobisher and Drake were the first and Nelson and Collingwood and our own great Commodores, Bainbridge, Decatur and the rest, the last, are an extinct race. How is the supremacy of England on the seas maintained to-day? By the active erection of floating iron islands which go ashore in a Mediterranean calm. What has become of the American sailor who in 1812 proved himself the first and last and only master of the British tar? Danes, Norwegians, Fins, Swedes and Liverpool wharf-rats supersede him in the forecastle, if they still have forecables, of the "Boston," "Chicago" and the "Yorktown." Is it the fact that when Jack Tar ceased to be a brute he ceased to be a seaman? Were the old rough conditions of life necessary for the breeding of the monarchs of the sea, that vast empire which only the Anglo-Saxon ever wholly conquered?

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A bit of Defoe comes very well after Dampier for had there been no Dampier to pilot the *Duke and Duchess* privateersmen to the island of Juan Fernandez there might have been no homecoming for Alexander Selkirk and possibly no Robinson Crusoe. It is not with Crusoe that Mr. Henry Morley deals in the Carisbrooke Library, but with the "Earlier Life

and Works." It is a timely excursion into the literature of Queen Anne. The very deftness of Defoe's work, the admirably assumed simplicity of his masterpiece is apt to conceal a large side of the man, that of an elaborate essayist and political satirist, both in prose and verse. Bitter he undoubtedly was and coarse according to the manners of his time, but there are not many even of his much better known contemporaries of the Augustan age who make as well spiced food for the thought of readers of the Victorian as do the papers on "Academies," "Fools" and "Projects." They are as good to-day as they were nigh two centuries ago.

MONTAIGNE.

Even in his old age Montaigne was a gay, cheerful, untiring traveller, always eager to be going on, delighted with every place he visited, and yet anxious for constant change of scene and for new experience. To be amusingly and simply selfish is ever part of the charm of Montaigne. He adds to his reader's pleasure in life by the keenness with which he relished his own existence, and savoured every little incident as a man relishes the bouquet of wine. Without selfishness, how can this be managed? and without perfect simplicity and the good faith on which he prided himself, how could Montaigne, how could Pepys, have enriched the world as they have done? His essays are among the few works that really and literally make life more opulent with accumulated experience, criticism, reflection, humor. He gives of his rich nature, his lavish exuberance of character, out of that fresh and puissant century to this rather weary one, just as his society in youth might have been given to the sick old man. Besides what he has to give in this manner, Montaigne seems to express French character, to explain the French genius and the French way of looking at life, more clearly and completely than any other writer. He has at bottom the intense melancholy, the looking forward to the end of all, which is the ground-note of the poetry of Villon, and of Ronsard, as of the prose of Chateaubriand. The panelled library in Montaigne's chateau was carved with mottoes, which were to be charms against too great fear of death. "For my part," he says, "if a man could by any means avoid death, were it by hanging a calf-skin on his limbs, I am one that would not be ashamed of the shift." Happy it is, he thinks, that we do not, as a rule, meet death on a sudden, any more than we encounter the death of youth in one day. But this is only the dark background of the enjoyment of life, to which Montaigne clings, as he says, "even too eagerly." Merely to live, merely to muse over this spectacle of the world, simply to feel, even if the thing felt be agony, and to reflect on the pain, and on how it may best be borne—this is enough for Montaigne. This is his philosophy, reconciling in a way the maxims of the schools that divided the older worlds, the theories of the Stoic

and wiser Epicurean. To make each moment yield all that it has of experience, and of reflection on that experience, is his system of existence.

From "Lost Leaders," by Andrew Lang.

SUCCESS IN FICTION.

It depends upon a hundred fluctuating things—upon the changes of fashion and public taste, upon accidental circumstances, upon what often seems a mere caprice and chance of popularity in so far as it does not depend upon the particular genius of the writer. It is not, perhaps, so wonderful as some people think that, in face of our fine nineteenth century theories of art for art and preference of analysis and fine-drawn character-painting to more robust models, the general reader should have gone back with a spring of evident relief to records of wild adventure, fighting and bloodshed. This is a sort of natural recoil from fare too ethereal for human nature's daily food. The wonderful power of George Eliot's genius kept us all up to the mark as long as flesh and blood could bear it. But when that force was withdrawn the lesser professors of the craft dropped, as men tugging at a rope would fall were its strands suddenly to give way. And now the fine workmanship, say, of Mr. Henry James, who carries that art to perfection—his minute and delicate and purposely inclusive renderings of a life too full of motive ever to come to anything—naturally gives the fascinated, yet unsatisfied reader an appetite for the downright effects of Mr. Rider Haggard. While the American Hamlet of the day wavers and hesitates, the Zulu's straightforward rules of action are delightful to the less sophisticated intelligence. This is quite enough to account for the sudden surging up of the ancient legend of adventure and movement amidst a society which has had its fill of philosophy, of domesticity, of criticism, and all the analytical processes. It explains why persons of the finest taste have set upon the fashion of turning, in real or affected disgust, with contemporary work—their own and others'—to the detective school of literature—to Gaboriau and his kind. But except by showing the necessary and inevitable succession of the tide in light literature as in everything else, this change of front throws but little light upon the causes of success in fiction. In a year which has consumed edition after edition of "Robert Elsmere," and done precisely the same thing for "Mr. Barnes of New York," what can any one say? Evidently no rule can equally affect these two exceptional successes. In every communication between the literary person and the public the chief necessity seems to me to be that the former should have something to say, not necessarily a moral lesson, nor anything of an instructive kind, but at least his story—something that has been in him before he had ever thought of making fame or money by it.

Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, in The Forum.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Four years have passed since a great stimulus to curiosity about the translator of Omar Khayyám was given by the double inscription, prologue and epilogue, *ave atque vale*, in which Lord Tennyson put forth his "Tiresias" to the world under the shadow of the name of Edward FitzGerald. The curtain was for a moment drawn from the personality of one of the most recluse and sequestered of modern men of letters, and we saw, with the eyes of the Poet Laureate, one of the earliest and one of the most interesting of his associates :

"Old Fitz, who from your suburb grange,
Where once I tarried for a while,
Glance at the wheeling orb of change,
And greet it with a kindly smile;
Whom yet I see as there you sit
Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
And watch your doves about you flit,
And plant on shoulder, hand and knee,
Or on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares
Whatever moved in that full sheet
Let down to Peter at his prayers;
Who feed on milk and meal and grass."

This dedication, as we now learn, had been written a week before FitzGerald's death, in June, 1883, when the intimacy of the two poets had lasted for nearly fifty years. Other friends, scarcely less dear or less admired, had already preceded FitzGerald to the grave. Thackeray, a little before the end, in reply to his daughter's inquiry which of his old friends he had loved most, had answered, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure." Carlyle growled at the comparative rarity of "your friendly human letters," and a few more—James Spedding, Thompson of Trinity, Crabbe, Bernard Barton, had tempted his woodland spirit from its haunts. But few indeed among the living can boast of having enjoyed even a slight personal acquaintanceship with Edward FitzGerald, and almost his only intimate friend now left is the editor of the "Letters and Literary Remains" which are just appearing, and which must reveal even to those who have placed FitzGerald's genius highest and studied him most carefully an unsuspected individuality of great force and charm. The learned and accomplished Vice-Master of Trinity has fulfilled his task in a manner almost too modest. He leaves FitzGerald to speak to us without a commentary from the pages of his matchless translations and from the leaves of his scarcely less delightful letters.

Edward Purcell was born in a Jacobean mansion near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, on the 31st of March, 1809. His father had married a Miss FitzGerald, and on the death of her father in 1818, he assumed the name and arms of FitzGerald. The poet's early childhood was spent in France, but at the age of thirteen he went to a school at Bury St. Edmunds,

where the Speddings, W. B. Donne, and J. M. Kemble were among his schoolfellows. In 1826 he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1828 he formed the friendship of two freshmen, slightly younger than himself who were to be his intimates for life, W. M. Thackeray and W. H. Thompson, lately Master of Trinity. He saw Lord Tennyson about this time, although he did not make his acquaintance until they left college; but half a century later he retained a clear recollection of the appearance of the Poet Laureate as an undergraduate—"I remember him well, a sort of Hyperion." It is consistent with all that we learn of the shy fidelity of FitzGerald that almost all the friendships of his life were formed before he was one-and-twenty. As early as 1830 he warns Thackeray not to invite him to meet anybody; "I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles;" and while the rest of the companionship, each in his own way, turned to conquer the world, FitzGerald remained obstinately and successfully obscure. In 1831 he was nearly caught, for a very delicate and fantastic lyric, published anonymously in the *Athenæum*, attracted remark and was generally attributed to Charles Lamb. FitzGerald took a farmhouse on the battle-field of Naseby, and paid no heed to the outstretched hands of the Sirens. He was in easy circumstances and adopted no profession. The seat of his family, and his own main residence until 1835, was Whinstead Lodge, a house beautifully placed on the west bank of the Orwell, about two miles from Ipswich. Thence they removed to a less attractive mansion, Boulge, near Woodbridge, in the same county, close to the place of his birth, and there FitzGerald resided until his death. His life was extremely simple, devoted to country cares, and with no duties much more severe than were involved in the fit pruning of roses, and in the politics of the circumjacent hamlet. Nor, at first, did he give promise of being more than an admirer, a contemplator, even in the fairy world of literature. We get charming glimpses of his sympathetic nature in some of the early letters. On the 7th of December, 1832, he says :

"The news of this week is that Thackeray has come, but is going to leave again for Devonshire directly. He came very opportunely to divert my Blue Devils; notwithstanding, we do not see very much of each other; and he has now so many friends (especially the Bullers) that he has no such wish for my society. He is as full of good humor and kindness as ever. The next news is that a new volume of Tennyson is out, containing nothing more than you have in MS. except one or two things not worth having. . . .

"I have been poring over Wordsworth lately, which has had much effect in bettering my Blue Devils; for his philosophy does not abjure melancholy, but puts a pleasant countenance upon it, and connects it with humanity. It is very well, if the sensibility that makes us fearful of ourselves is diverted to become a cause of sympathy and interest with nature and mankind; and this I think Wordsworth

tends to do. I think I told you of Shakespeare's sonnets before; I cannot tell you what sweetness I find in them.

'So by Shakespeare's sonnets roasted, and Wordsworth's poems basted,
My heart will be well toasted, and excellently tasted.'

This beautiful couplet must delight you, I think."

In June, 1834, Thackeray was illustrating "my Undine" (possibly a translation of Fouqué's romance) "in about fourteen little colored drawings, very nicely." What has become of this treasure? In May, 1835, some of the friends were together in the Lakes, and we get, incidentally, a pleasant glimpse of the most illustrious of them:

"Alfred Tennyson stayed with me at Ambleside. Spedding was forced to go home, till the last two days of my stay here. I will say no more of Tennyson than that the more I have seen of him, the more cause I have to think him great. His little humors and grumpinesses were so droll that I was always laughing, and was often put in mind (strange to say) of my little unknown friend, Undine. I must however say, further, that I felt what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own. This (though it may seem vain to say so) I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects; but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind, and perhaps I have received some benefit in the now more distinct consciousness of my dwarfishness."

His time, when the roses were not being pruned, and when he was not making discreet journeys in uneventful directions, was divided between music, which greatly occupied his younger thought, and literature, which slowly, but more and more exclusively, engaged his attention. His loneliness, and the high standard by which in his remote seclusion he measured all contemporary publications, gives an interest to his expressions with regard to new books, an interest which centres around himself more, perhaps, than around the work criticised. For instance, he says, in April, 1838, to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, who was his neighbor at Woodbridge, and who eventually became his father-in-law:

"I am very heavy indeed with a kind of influenza, which has blocked up most of my senses, and put a wet blanket over my brains. This state of head has not been improved by trying to get through a new book much in fashion—Carlyle's "French Revolution"—written in a German style. An Englishman writes of French Revolutions in a German style! People say the book is very deep; but it appears to me that the meaning *seems* deep from lying under mystical language. There is no repose, nor equable movement in it: all cut up into short sentences half reflective, half narrative; so that one labors through it as vessels do through what is called a short sea—small, contrary-going waves caused by shallows, and straits, and meeting tides, etc. I like to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-rolling eloquence, like that of Bacon or the Opium-Eater. There is also pleasant fresh-water sailing with such writers as Addison. Is there any *pond*-sailing in literature? that is, drowsy, slow, and of small compass? Perhaps, we may say, some Sermons. But

this is only conjecture. Certainly Jeremy Taylor rolls along as majestically as any of them. We have had Alfred Tennyson here, very droll and very wayward, and much sitting up of nights till two and three in the morning, with pipes in our mouths: at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking, and so to bed."

Few poets have been able to prepare for their life's work by so long and so dreamy a novitiate. In 1839 FitzGerald gives Bernard Barton a more than commonly full account of his daily life. He goes with a fellow-fisherman, "my piscator," two miles off to fish, and has tea in a pouthouse, and so walks home. "For all which idle ease," he says, "I think I must be damned." Or else upon glorious sunshiny days he lies at full length in his garden reading Tacitus, with the nightingale singing and some red anemones flaunting themselves in the sun. "A funny mixture all this; Nero, and the delicacy of spring; all very human, however. Then, at half-past one lunch on Cambridge cream cheese; then a ride over hill and dale; then spudding up some weeds from the grass; and then, coming in, I sit down to write to you." No wonder that Carlyle, groaning in London under the weight of his work and his indigestion, would gird playfully at the "peaceable man" at Woodbridge, with his "innocent far niente life." FitzGerald, on his part, was by no means blind to the seamy side of the loud Carlylean existence, but wished it were calmer, and retired to his Horace Walpole and his "Tale of a Tub" with fresh gusto after being tossed, as he called it, on Carlyle's "canvas waves." After an unusual burst of Chelsea eloquence, FitzGerald proposes a retreat: "We will all sit under the calm shadow of Spedding's forehead." Carlyle, meanwhile, after growing better acquainted with FitzGerald, to whom Thackeray had first presented him, became even more attached to him, and, visiting him, they scraped for human bones together in the Naseby battlefield. Here is a scrap from a letter of Carlyle to FitzGerald, dated October 16, 1844:

"One day we had Alfred Tennyson here; an unforgettable day. He stayed with us till late; forgot his stick; we dismissed him with "Macpherson's Farewell." Macpherson (see Burns) was a Highland robber; he played that tune, of his own composition, on his way to the gallows; asked, 'If in all that crowd the Macpherson had any clansman?' holding up the fiddle that he might bequeath it to some one. 'Any kinsman, any soul that wished him well?' Nothing answered, nothing durst answer. He crushed the fiddle under his foot and sprang off. The tune is rough as hemp, but strong as a lion. I never hear it without something of emotion—poor Macpherson; though the artist hates to play it. Alfred's dark face grew darker, and I saw his lip slightly quivering!"

FitzGerald's first book, "Euphranor," was published by Pickering in 1851, a modest little volume not passing much beyond the limits of a pamphlet. It seems to have been the child of memories of Cambridge impregnated by the Socratic talk of Spedding,

who had lately been visiting FitzGerald. It is a Platonic dialogue, easily cast—somewhat in the manner, one may say, of Berkeley's "Alciphron"—in a framework of landscape, Cambridge courts and halls, the river, the locks, the deep breeze blowing through the mays and the laburnums. The characters discuss the "Godefridus" of Sir Kenelm Digby, and how the principles of chivalry can be wholesomely maintained in modern life. Slight, perhaps, and notably unambitious "Euphranor" could scarcely have been written by any one but FitzGerald—unless, possibly, in certain moods, by Landor—and it remains the most complete and sustained of his prose works. He had scarcely published it, and, as shyly as Sabrina herself, had peeped from "the rushy-fringed bank" of Deben to see how the world received it, before he found himself engaged on another little anonymous volume. The tiny green 1852 quarto of "Polonius" lies before me at this moment, a presentation copy to the author's sister, "Andalusia De Soyres, from her Affecte. E. F. G." It is a collection of wise saws and modern instances, some of them his own, most of them borrowed from Bacon, Selden, Kenelm Digby, and, of the living, Carlyle and Newman, the whole graced by a charming and most characteristic preface by FitzGerald himself. And now he began with zeal to undertake the proper labor of his lifetime—he became a translator of poetry.

Six or seven years before this time, FitzGerald was corresponding on familiar terms with a younger friend, who survives him, and who appears to have been, to a very singular degree, and in the full Shakespearean sense, the "only begetter" of these ensuing translations. This was Mr. E. B. Cowell, now Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge. As early as 1846 Mr. Cowell had introduced FitzGerald to Hafiz; in 1852 we find that the latter has "begun again to read Calderon with Cowell;" and from a letter written long afterwards to the late Sir Frederick Pollock, we learn that their first study of Calderon dated from at least 1850. FitzGerald cared for but little in Spanish literature. He tried some of the other dramatists—Tirso de Molina, Lopé de Vega, Moratin, but he could take but scant interest in these. His admiration of Calderon, on the other hand, was inexhaustible, and he began to work assiduously at the task of translating him, taking all Shelley's pleasure in the "starry autos." The volume called "Six Dramas of Calderon, freely translated by Edward FitzGerald," was issued by Pickering in 1853, and is the only one of all FitzGerald's publications which bears his name upon it. The six plays are: "The Painter of his own Dishonor," "Keep your own Secret," "Gil Perez, the Gallician," "Three Judgments at a Blow," "The Mayor of Zalanca," and "Beware of Smooth Water." The book is now of extreme scarcity, the translator having withdrawn it from circulation in one of his singular fits of caprice, partly, I believe, on account of the severity with

which its freedom as a paraphrase was attacked. I am bound to say, however, that I find no traces of irritation on this subject in his letters of 1853, which refer to various reviews in a very moderate and sensible spirit.

The "Calderon" had scarcely passed through the printer's hands when FitzGerald took up the study of Persian, still in company with and under the direction of Mr. Cowell. In 1854, when he was visiting that friend at Oxford, he began to try his hand on a verse translation of the "Salámán and Absál" of Jámí, "whose ingenious prattle I am stilting into too Miltonic verse." This version seems to have been ready for the press in 1856, but it did not appear until more than twenty years had elapsed. Meanwhile Mr. Cowell was appointed Professor of History at a Calcutta college, and one main stimulus to steady production was removed out of FitzGerald's life. Yet, by good fortune for us, Mr. Cowell's absence from England induced FitzGerald to write to him more fully about his work than he would have done if the friends could have met. And here, on the 20th of March, 1857, we are allowed to be present at the first conception of what was afterwards to become the famous and admired "Omar Khayyám":—

"To-day I have been writing twenty pages of a metrical Sketch of the Mantic, for such uses as I told you of. It is an amusement to me to take what liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little art to shape them. I don't speak of Jeláeddín, whom I know so little of (enough to show me that he is no great artist, however), nor of Hafiz, whose *best* is untranslatable because he is the best musician of words. Old Johnson said the poets were the best preservers of a language; for people must go to the original to relish them. I am sure that what Tennyson said to you is true: that Hafiz is the most Eastern—or, he should have said, most *Persian*—of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Sáki and wine be real or mystical. Their religion and philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to me *cuckooed* over like a borrowed thing, which people, once having got, don't know how to parade enough. To be sure, their roses and nightingales are repeated enough; but Hafiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true metal. The philosophy of the latter is, alas! one that never fails in the world."

He was soon keenly engaged on his task; had in April opened up a correspondence with Garcin de Tassy about texts of Omar in the Paris libraries. This was the busiest year of FitzGerald's literary life. In May he was already beginning to warn his friend of another possible "sudden volume of translations," the desire to conquer a province of Æschylus in his peculiar way having seized him. The only result, however, was the preparation—but at what date I do not seem able to discover—of that extraordinary translation of the "Agamemnon, eventually printed without name of author, title-page, or imprint, in a hideous cover of grocer's azure, which is one of the rarest of FitzGerald's issues. In January, 1858, he began the

dismal business of trying, and at first vainly trying, to find a publisher bold enough to embark on the perilous enterprise of printing the little pamphlet of immortal music called "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." On the subject of this publication much has been loosely said and conjecturally reported of late years. We may, therefore, be glad to read FitzGerald's own account, in a letter to the late Master of Trinity :

"As to my own peccadilloes in verse, which never pretended to be original, this is the story of "Rubáiyát." I had translated them partly for Cowell : young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Fraser, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using : and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch ; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a copy, was naturally alarmed at it ; he being a very religious man : nor have I given any other copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other day, to whom I was showing a passage in another book which brought my old Omar up."

Late in 1859 the "Rubáiyát" appeared, in the casual way above indicated, and fell absolutely flat upon the market. There is no evidence in FitzGerald's correspondence that it attracted the smallest attention, and, except for a letter from Mr. Ruskin, which circled the globe for ten years (this sounds incredibly characteristic, but seems to be true) before it reached its address, the first publication of his magnificent poem appears to have brought FitzGerald no breath of recognition from the world outside the circle of his friends. The copies in Mr. Quaritch's shop seem to have found no buyers, and to have gravitated rather surprisingly soon to the fourpenny boxes outside the booksellers' stalls. Here Dante Gabriel Rossetti, so legend relates, discovered the hid treasure in 1861, and proclaimed it among his friends, Mr. Swinburne being forward in the generous race to make the poem appreciated at its proper value. It marks a rise in the barometer of popularity that Monkton Milnes (Lord Houghton) is anxiously inquiring for a copy or two in May, 1861. Yet it was not until 1868 that a second edition, now scarcely less rare and no whit less interesting to the collector, was called for. Since that time, much revised by its far too careful author, the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" has been reprinted in all manner of shapes, both on this side of the Atlantic and on the other.

Edmund Gosse, in The Fortnightly Review.

—A new series of small volumes, announced by the Putnams, is to be called "Literary Gems." It will have for its earliest issues Poe's "Gold Bug," John Brown's "Rab and his Friends," Goldsmith's "Goodnatured Man," Drake's "Culprit Fay," G. W. Curtis's "Our Best Society," and Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light."

AUTHORS' AGES.

The following summary of the ages of prominent American authors was prepared by W. J. Bok for the *New York Graphic*.

Dr. Holmes will be eighty in August. Whittier is eighty-one, and Lowell has reached his threescore years and ten. Richard Henry Stoddard is sixty-four, George H. Boker is sixty-five, George Bancroft next October will end his eighty-ninth year, George Ticknor Curtis is seventy-six, Joel T. Headley is seventy-six, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson is sixty-five, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is seventy, Edmund Clarence Stedman is fifty-six, John Bigelow is seventy-one, Mrs. Stowe is seventy-seven, Donald G. Mitchell is sixty-seven, Francis Parkman is sixty-six, Charles Dudley Warner is sixty, George William Curtis is sixty-five, Moncure D. Conway is fifty-seven, and Edward Everett Hale is sixty-seven.

Sarah Orne Jewett will be forty next September, Mrs. Humphry Ward is thirty-eight, Lucy Larcom is sixty-three, Harriet Prescott Spofford is fifty-four, Edith M. Thomas is thirty-five, Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune) is fifty-nine, Amélie Rives-Chanler will be twenty-six next August, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is thirty-nine, and she published her first story when only eighteen ; Celia Thaxter is fifty-three, Mrs. Croly (Jenny June) is fifty-seven, Miss Braddon is fifty-two, Blanche Willis Howard is forty-two, Rose Terry Cooke is sixty-two, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward will be forty-five in August, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is twenty-seven, Constance Fenimore Woolson is forty-one ; nobody ever found out exactly the age of Miss Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), but it is believed that she was born in 1845, which would make her age forty-four ; Mrs. Margaret Wade Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," is thirty-one, and Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), is at least twenty-eight years older.

F. Marion Crawford will be thirty-five in August, and he wrote "Mr. Isaacs" when only twenty-seven ; Robert Louis Stevenson is thirty-nine, W. D. Howells is fifty-two, E. W. Howe is thirty-five, Bret Harte is forty-nine, Julian Hawthorne is forty-three, Richard Malcom Johnson is sixty-seven, and Rossiter Johnson is forty-nine ; Arlo Bates is thirty-nine, Walter Besant is fifty-one, Thomas Bailey Aldrich will be fifty-three next November, and in his picture looks twenty-five ; William Black is forty-eight, William H. Bishop is forty-two, and General Lew Wallace is sixty-two, and he wrote "Ben Hur" when fifty-one ; John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," is forty-seven ; Joel Chandler Harris is forty-one, George W. Cable is forty-four, Edward Eggleston is fifty-one, and looks fifteen years older ; H. H. Boyesen is forty, H. C. Bunner is about thirty-eight ; James Anthony Froude has begun now to write novels at the age of seventy-one ; Frank R. Stockton is fifty-five, William Hamilton Gibson is forty-eight, Thomas Nelson Page is thirty-six ; James Whitcomb Riley was born in 1852, James

Payn is fifty-nine, Brander Matthews is thirty-seven, J. T. Trowbridge is sixty-one, and Jules Verne is the same age, while Edgar Fawcett is forty-two.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

Dr. Woolsey, Ex-President of Yale College, died at his home in New Haven, on July 1st. Theodore Dwight Woolsey was born in New York, October 1, 1801. He was the sixth son of William W. Woolsey, a merchant of that city, and Elizabeth Dwight, sister of President Dwight of Yale. After graduating at Yale in 1820, he studied law in Philadelphia and theology at Princeton; was tutor at Yale in 1823-25, and licensed to preach in 1825. He studied two years in France and Germany and spent one year in England and Italy. From 1831 to 1846 he was Professor of Greek at Yale and from the latter year until 1871 her President. In 1866 he presented his Greek library of 1,000 volumes to the college library. In 1842 he assisted in establishing and was editor of *The New Englander*, to which he contributed over sixty papers. Harvard made him a D. D. in 1847, and an LL. D. in 1886. Dr. Woolsey has published editions of "The Alcestis of Euripides," "The Antigone of Sophocles," "The Prometheus of Æschylus," "The Electra of Sophocles," "The Gorgias of Plato," an "Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with Special Reference to the United States," "Exemption of Private Property upon the Sea from Capture," "Helpful Thoughts for Young Men," "Introduction to Study of International Law," "Relations of Honor to Political Life," "Religion of the Present and the Future," "Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory," "Political Service; or, the State Theoretically and Practically Considered."

NOVELS THAT MEAN SOMETHING.

So complete and searching has been the survey of social life by the novelists that the society of to-day, with all its gradations and differences, could be reproduced from the pages of fiction. From the days of Fielding to those of Charles Reade, English life has never missed faithful record at the hands of those who have comprehended it because they have pierced it with their sympathetic insight. Every great political movement like Chartism, every striking political incident like the Gordon riots, every form of discontent and agitation among the lower classes, has had fit and often lasting record. While George Eliot has set forth the tremendous force of inheritance and environment, the vigorous and often coarse brush of Dickens has painted, on a great canvas, the homely life of the common people; and the inimitable art of Thackeray, equally akin to irony and tears, has made us permanent possessors of the social habit and character of the last century. The virile genius of

Björnson, in the latest work of his hand, "Flags in the City and the Harbor," deals with some of the most obscure problems of social and family life; Turguénief has made Russian character under the pressure of absolutism comprehensible to us; Tolstoi commands the attention of a new constituency of readers, deeply moved by the marvellous fidelity with which he reproduces phases of experience, hidden processes of character, at once remote and familiar; while of Zola it must be confessed, whatever we think of his themes and his art, that he at least assumes to lay bare the very heart of certain social conditions in France. Fiction is unquestionably the most attractive and influential form through which men of literary genius express themselves to-day; and no fact of social significance, no human relationship, no class limitation, capacity, or condition, will escape the instinctive search for life which possesses this generation. That which the student of social questions seeks as matter of science the novelist seeks as matter of art.

Hamilton W. Mabie, in Scribner's Magazine.

HOW TO READ POETRY.

My advice is, learn to read poetry judiciously, richly and clearly aloud; and then persevere in reading silently to yourself in the conscious way. Every attentive person must have noticed that there are two ways of silent reading. One with his eyes alone, automatically, rapidly, in the very back parlor of the brain; the other is with the lips also, in imagination, although no sound is made, with the formation of every word, and as if on the very frontier of vocal expression. The second of these modes should always be adopted in reading poetry to one's self. Here there is no breathless interest in the facts narrated, no overwhelming necessity to hurry on for information's sake. It must never be overlooked that the sound, the conduct of the metrical effect, is no matter of indifference. Even in mere rhapsodies divested of all real verse form, such as the effusions of Ossian and of Walt Whitman, there is a right way of reading and a wrong. Among the great masters, of metre we may take it as certain that, at all events in the characteristic writings, no apparent discord is an accident or a fault, but variation introduced for purposes of the most refined art. Hence, when the young or inexperienced reader comes upon a line which seems to him to be difficult or impossible to scan, he should not pass it by, or force it to bend itself unwillingly to his preconceived notions, but take as much pains to learn the poet's intended effect as he would take in mastering a page of Greek or Latin to find out the exact meaning of a stubborn phrase. Let him, above all, suppose himself in error sooner than the poet, and let him remember that one of the greatest scholars that ever lived, the famous Bentley,

brought ridicule on himself, because he could not bend Milton's text down to the level of his own rules, he ventured to set right the music of "Paradise Lost." It was like correcting a great master because his melody did not keep time with a barrel organ, and amazingly clever man as Bentley was, the world has never ceased to laugh at his presumption.

Edmund Gosse.

"THE LATEST BOOK."

The latest book, not "for review,"

One hates the thing one needs must do,

But just the long-awaited prize

That meets at last our eager eyes

To skim, or read it through and through.

Then if it seems the author knew

Our inmost thoughts, we sleep eschew

And sit, 'till it's in other wise

The latest book.

Time! though we grumble, yet a few

Good things you send us ever new,

When you are ended, and we rise

To face THE BOOK, may glad surprise

Find HE has writ our names into

The latest Book.

Gleeson White, in *The Bookmart*

CARMEN SYLVA.

The beautiful, white-haired, talented Queen of Roumania, possesses the rare charm of a musical voice, so sympathetic and melodious that a celebrated French author who heard her read aloud from one of his works declared that she had revealed him to himself. She is a most picturesque figure, always delicately and artistically dressed, and with eternal youth in her smile. Elizabeth of Roumania was educated as befitted her rank and, naturally gifted, she mastered many languages in her girlhood, and now paints her graceful word pictures with equal ease in almost any tongue. She is known in Europe as the Artist-Queen when she is not spoken of as Scheherezade—a name which has clung to her since the season she passed at Westerland, by the North Sea, and every day gathered the children about her on the sands to listen to her tales of fairies, goblins, elves and gnomes. The children were devoted to her and used to throw up a fortification of sand about her camp chair, plant their toy flags on the summit and defy even the sea himself to lay a finger on their beloved Märchentante (fairy-tale aunt). Carmen Sylva's writings command almost any price from the European magazines and she is besieged with offers from editors entreating her to name her own terms. In only one known instance did she comply with such a request, and this was in the case of a Styrian editor and her terms for the article were, that he should plant a bed of Alpine flowers in one of the Royal gardens at Bucharest.

Current Literature.

REVIEWS.

HAGGARD'S NEW ROMANCE.

CLEOPATRA. Being an account of the fall and vengeance of Harmachis, the royal Egyptian, as set forth by his own hand. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 73 cents; paper, 20 cents; by mail, 21 cents.

"Cleopatra" will prove for readers of "She" to be like revisiting past scenes of delight; not that Mr. Rider Haggard is a vain repeater of old achievements, but because the romantic elements that pervade the wild and wondrous tale of Kôr are scarcely less potent and impressive in the new romance. We are disposed rather to set "Cleopatra" above its predecessor, seeing that the theme is of far greater magnitude and complexity. Then, too, though we disclaim a parallel, the method and machinery are not dissimilar. In "Cleopatra" certain papyrus rolls replace the sherd writing of the older story; the transcriber of these is the narrator of the story in which he plays a dramatic part, and he, like the more modern adventurer, falls at times into prolixity and superfine conceits, and what is commonly called fine writing. "Cleopatra" shows freshness and daring in design. It is told, moreover, with skill and power striking enough to add to Mr. Haggard's reputation as a storyteller. In "She" the writer drew wholly on his remarkable resources in invention and fancy, and his only less remarkable gift of imagination. In "Cleopatra" he had to face, in portraying the career and times of the "enchanted queen," the old examples of poets and historians, not to mention the tradition of the elders, and possibly the fear of Egyptologists. We must admit at once that these considerations do not appear to have restrained the audacity and freedom of Mr. Haggard's treatment of an immortal theme. In depicting her whose person "beggared all description," Mr. Haggard has certainly not faltered, and in his rich and imposing portraiture he touches a higher distinction than any painstaking fidelity to external verities may yield. He is mindful of the "infinite variety" of Cleopatra, mindful, as an old writer has it, not merely of the incomparable beauty that charmed the senses of all men, but of the wit, the subtlety, the wisdom of the "Serpent of old Nile," that led their souls captive. Not ignoring altogether the popular conception of Shakespeare's "gipsy," Mr. Haggard is rightly not enslaved by it. His Cleopatra is both portent and prodigy. She is baleful as beautiful to Harmachis and the rest of the Egyptian conspirators who in the story plot the overthrow of the daughter of the Ptolemies. But she is also a very woman, as Mr. Haggard, by some fine and effective touches, adroitly indicates. This is especially notable in the very impressive scene of the night visit to the tomb of Menkau-ra, when Cleopatra lays sacrilegious hands on the treasures which were pre-devoted by the

great Pharaoh to the service of the country in the hour of imminent peril. She is moved by fear, not reverence—a superstitious fear—not dread even of the terrible curse read by Harmachis which shall overwhelm the profane. At the very moment she is about to forego the opportunity she is tempted by the precious jewels. "And yet," she urges, "what said the writing of the Divine Menkau-ra?—it was emeralds, was it not? And emeralds are now so rare and hard to come by. Ever did I love emeralds, and I can never find them without a flaw." And so she falls

the dagger of Harmachis, and threatens him with the death designed for herself. This dramatic incident is powerfully presented. Henceforth, till the penitent priest is inspired by vengeance, Harmachis is but the slave and deluded tool of Cleopatra. But he is ever a subtle presence in her life, and Antony himself plays but a secondary part in her fortunes. It is through this central idea of the baffled victim of enchantment taking up afresh the functions of Nemesis that the interest of this original and stirring romance is sustained to the end. Here and there in the narrative we confess there is some force in Mr. Haggard's generous admonishment to the reader who may be inclined to rebel against the weight of "illustrative matter" and is advised to "skip." But it is not so much the "illustrative matter," which is good of the kind, that we object to as a certain indiscreet profusion that is inartistic. Like Byron, Mr. Haggard seems to think "description is my forte," and, unlike Byron, his confidence carries him beyond the point where there is nothing so good as silence or a few asterisks. There are scenes of magic and mystery where we ought to feel

Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist es gethan.

Yet Mr. Haggard will not have it so, for sheer distrust of our imaginative powers. This matter apart, "Cleopatra" is a great acquisition to the lovers of romance in these dry discolored days. The illustrations are unequal. Some of the woodcuts are good, but the "process" plates are poor and fail to do the designs justice.

Saturday Review.



From Haggard's "Cleopatra."—Harper & Brothers.

"They wavered, thinking to slay me also."

with her dupe, Harmachis, into the snare; and the curse comes upon her at Actium, and her ruin is accomplished at the hands of her injured lover, Harmachis, priest of Isis, consecrated and crowned Pharaoh, who is enslaved by her arts, after being solemnly dedicated to the great enterprise of ridding the land of the Grecian yoke. The betrayal of the plot to Cleopatra by Charmion, the jealous lover of Harmachis, leads to a thrilling and passionate scene. Cleopatra allures the wavering instrument of the gods, gives him a drugged cup to drink, possesses herself of

thought of in the "No Name Series"—and naturally the book is not conventional or dull. It has to do with the everyday experiences of domestic life—with finding a home, moving, servants, visitors, children, dogs, cats, hens, cows and artists—and it is full of refreshing, spontaneous humor, with here and there a dash of pathos. The narrative is simply told, just as one bright woman would tell it to another in moments of friendly chat, and one may dip into it anywhere with the assurance of being entertained. Surely, Tibbie, the Scotch cook, was a rare treasure,

INSIDE OUR GATE.

By Christine Chaplin Brush, author of "The Colonel's Opera Cloak." 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

Although "Inside Our Gate" is called a story, it is a story only in form. Mrs. Christine Brush is the author—she whose "Colonel's Opera Cloak" was so much

and her portrait is inimitable; then there is Mary Ellen, the remarkable cat, and Scott, the still more remarkable collie, and little Douglas, who is as good in his way as Fauntleroy and twice as natural, and Jerry—what a capital fellow Jerry is!—and then the whole thing winds up with a chapter or so of sunny romance. It is a charming book from which to get an hour's diversion and there will not be many minutes when the reader is not either laughing or in tears. The account of the baby's last days and death and burial is very touching in its simplicity, and there are other parts of the volume equally pathetic. Tibbie, however, is the protagonist of the little drama. She is a positive acquisition to literature. *Boston Beacon.*

A NEW LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Henry Cabot Lodge. American Statesmen series. Two volumes. 12mo, \$1.80; by mail, \$2.00.

Was there room for a new life of Washington? At first thought, remembering the hundreds of biographies, comprehensive or concise, which, in the form of books, pamphlets, or speeches, cumber our shelves and memories we should be prompted to answer in the negative. Yet upon reflection we see reasons for believing that the time is well chosen for an attempt to justify the high place awarded to George Washington by the public opinion, not only of his own country, but of the enlightened world. We do not refer only to the coincidence of the hundredth anniversary of the installation of our Constitutional Government under his Presidency. We have in mind rather the scrutinizing, critical, skeptical spirit in which Washington's achievements have been examined by thoughtful men since our civil war, and which, sooner or later, unless checked and stifled, might have affected the popular judgment. From one point of view, indeed, it will be henceforth impossible for Washington to loom quite so large upon the American imagination as he did thirty years ago. Our civil war has taught us, what we never knew before, the proper scale of military greatness. Strategy, tactics, commissariat have very different meanings, according as they are applied to the head of a small body of 10,000 men, or to the commander of a hundred thousand. To put the effect of our new standards in a sentence, we venture to assert that the day has gone by when American debating clubs would solemnly discuss the question whether Washington or Bonaparte was the greater general. But one may be a great man without being a great General in the sense in which the latter encomium is sparingly conferred by judicious historians. It must be owned, however, that in these latter times men, whose personal sagacity is undeniable, have been inclined to question Washington's possession of greatness in any form. His uprightness, probity, elevation of aim and motive, his courage, self-control, and intuitive discernment in the selection

of officers, nobody, of course, disputes. But there has been a tendency to regard him, on the whole, as rather a dull and stolid man, whom an extraordinary combination of circumstances had exalted and magnified beyond the recognition of those who best knew him in his lifetime. In fine, the traditional conception of Washington has, notwithstanding the fustian current in centennial rhetoric, been threatened of late with eclipse.

It is as a champion of the traditional conception that Mr. H. C. Lodge comes forward in these two volumes. Let us acknowledge at the outset that the author's purpose has been to a large extent, accomplished. He has produced a remarkable biography the best of a series which has not been lacking in admirable work. No reader of this book will lay it down without a conviction that Washington was indeed a great man, whose personality was apparently essential to the success of the American struggle for independence. Had Mr. Lodge confined himself to a fresh demonstration of this fact no exception would be taken to his conclusions. Unluckily he seems to feel himself constrained to also prove that Washington was a General of the highest type, and his failure to make good this claim mars the general effect of his performance. Indeed, the singular exactness and fairness with which the author weighs and interprets evidence bearing on other aspects of Washington's career and individuality seems to desert him when he undertakes to graduate and classify his hero's military qualifications and exploits. *New York Sun.*

Mr. Lodge has timed the conclusion of his labor upon the "Life of Washington" at an opportune moment. The issue of it comes just after the celebrations, the sermons and addresses, connected with the centennial of the Nation have called fresh attention to the man whose face and form, by means of painting and statue, are among the most familiar of American possessions. It is therefore likely to be opened by very many who at other times would find no occasion for further study of the "Father of his Country." But each reader will quickly see that this is no common biography. It begins to enchain the attention from almost the first, and holds it captive to the end. It has a lucidity of arrangement and a directness of movement which are quite remarkable. When you finish the two volumes you plainly see the reason for this. Mr. Lodge has a clear idea of the personality of his subject, and wishes others to have the same. He believes that on the one hand Washington is a much misjudged man, and on the other is, as McMaster has said, "an unknown man." Nor does he mean by this misjudgment that Washington is depreciated, for this element has not much place nowadays. But much of the admiration which is given him places him in such a cold, unsympathetic, statuesque position as to remove him from the truest

human judgment. Mr. Lodge views Washington as one of the greatest men of all time. He shows by the abundance of his letters to Congress and to his friends, by his farsightedness of consequences, by his thorough discernment of possibilities which afterward became actualities, by his keen criticism of political principles, that he had the mind of a statesman. He also shows by Washington's grasp of the idea that the colonies must build up an army instead of relying upon militia, by his easy comprehension of coming critical movements on the part of the British, by his unerring perception of the steps to take even in the colonies where he could never set foot, by his judgment of the method in which the war should be fought, that he was one of the greatest generals of the world. But where Mr. Lodge by his work will most attract attention, and deservedly so, is in his delineation of the strength of Washington's nature, of the fire of passion which burned in his bosom, which burst out now and then to the amazement and awe of beholders, of the military instincts and fighting qualities of the man, which at times threatened to cost the army its leader. No one can read these volumes and feel that Washington was a sluggish man, roused with difficulty, as when he rebuked Lee on the field of Monmouth. But from first to last, Washington appears, in his letters and in his personal life and conduct, as a man controlling himself with difficulty against the slowness, stupidity, alienations, and misconceptions of the colonists and even of Congress. We see the glow of the intense fires within him, and we see, as never before, that the great leader was a strong man, wise to control himself, and therefore wise to control others, and save the colonies to themselves. Mr. Lodge utterly rejects the judgment of eminent writers that Washington was essentially an Englishman. He thinks this judgment superficial, and that while of necessity there was much of English appearance in Washington's outward life, yet in his sympathies as well as in the habit and principles of his mind he was essentially American. The author draws out very largely the human side of Washington, and clearly proves that while during the war he bore such a load of care as scarcely ever to smile, yet he had in his nature a fund of true humor and of appreciation of jovial society which at other times in his life revealed his real qualities. In discussing Washington's life subsequent to the war, Mr. Lodge is clear, direct, and emphatic. He thinks that Mr. Conway's plea for Edmund Randolph, while worthy, is somewhat ingenious, and that Washington's part in the matter is easily understood when all the facts are told. In many other respects he sets forth with originality his own views. While style and description and delineation of separate events are all of the highest order of biographical work, yet the supreme value of these two volumes is in the harmony of the whole presentation, and the artlessness with which it has been secured. The work will add to Mr. Lodge's

literary reputation, already high, and will hold a unique place in the list of biographies of Washington. It will be counted an advance on any other view which has been given us. Mr. Lodge closes by saying: "I see in Washington a great soldier, who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him; a great statesman, who did more than all other men to lay the foundations of a Republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvelous judgment, which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was 'dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequaled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him, too, a pure and high-minded gentleman, of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. George Washington will always receive the love and reverence of men, because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity."

Public Opinion.

THE METHOD OF DELSARTE.

AN HOUR WITH DELSARTE. A study of expression. By Anna Morgan. Illustrated by Rose Mueller Sprague and Marian Reynolds. 4to, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.63.

This book is not at all happily entitled, for it cannot be read in an hour, while the assimilation of its contents would take a good many hours. Mrs. Morgan is a teacher of what, for want of a better term, may be called expression, according to the method of Delsarte, and her book appears to be intended to inform those who know not what the method really is concerning its peculiarities. The difficulty with the treatise is, however, that it is neither a general essay nor a particular statement such as would make it a good text-book; but it is rather a confused and confusing setting forth of a matter that, if it be clearly explainable, ought to be explained in the most explicit terms possible. Delsarte was a Frenchman who claimed to be something very different from the ordinary elocutionist, and who professed to have discovered and formulated a science of expression. The apostle of Delsarteism on this side of the Atlantic is Mr. Steele Mackaye, but, to be plain about it, neither by his arguments nor by his personal expositions of Delsarteism on the stage has he done very much to convince the American public that the system had a large and particular value. Mrs. Morgan's little book is the first printed exposition of Delsarteism that we have any knowledge of, and it makes it very plain that there is something good in it, although it does not prove that it is the science its author and his disciples have claimed that it is. The starting point of Delsarte's system is that the inner or spiritual man receives its impressions through the outer or fleshly man, and also that the inner man must necessarily express itself through the outer man. Of course, this

idea is not original with Delsarte, but is the fundamental of the arts of oratory and acting, no matter by what system they may be taught, or whether they are taught by any system. Neither was the idea original with Delsarte that certain gestures or motions of the body—that is, of the outer man—are interpretative of the conditions of the inner man. What Delsarte attempted to do was, on the basis of these two notions, to formulate an exact system by which all emotions of every sort and description could be accurately and intelligently interpreted by bodily movements. The weak point of this system is, necessarily, the inability of exact formulation of anything so infinite and so subtle as expression. There are some things that elude final analysis, and this is certainly one of them, and Delsarte's system must necessarily, in the sense that its author intended it to be received, take rank with Bezold's scheme of color and other similar attempts to compel infinity to cease dividing and subdividing without exhausting itself. But it does not follow, because Delsarte to a certain extent missed his aim, and claimed more for his system than can be allowed to it, that it is without practical worth. Accepting Mrs. Morgan's formulation of the system as a correct one, we find a great deal of excellent and very practical matter in it that can scarcely fail to benefit persons studying for the stage or the platform, or, even those who believe that there is an art of deportment that is worth learning. Delsarte, unfortunately, died without effecting a distinct formulation of his system in a treatise by his own hand, and it therefore depends upon his disciples to perpetuate his ideas. Mrs. Morgan's little book has a value as stating in fairly understandable terms what the essentials of Delsarteism really are; and although we doubt the particular worth of some of its recommendations, it has much matter of interest and value in it.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

A DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS (A. D. 1450-1889.) By eminent writers, English and Foreign. With illustrations and woodcuts. Edited by Sir George Grove, D. C. L. In four volumes. Volume IV. With appendix, edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, M. A. 8vo, \$4.50; by mail, \$4.80.

Of Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians we have spoken repeatedly in the course of its protracted publication, and we need not renew our commendation of it as the best in our own or in any language—an invaluable accession to our works of reference. It is but just now completed by the issue of Volume IV, which contains an Appendix of some 3000 pages, embodying a great number of new articles, corrections and additions. New, for example, are the biographies of Gottschalk, Adelaide Philipps, Stephen C. Foster (author of "Old Folks at Home" and so many other American popular songs), Campanini, and Dvorák; and these

general articles: Part-writing; Carol; Dance Rhythm; Coronach; Episodes; Humorous Music—a very interesting view of a narrow field dominated by Beethoven; Negro Music, with special indebtedness on the writer's part to the pioneer collection, the "Slave Songs of the United States;" Histories of Music, in four pages of fine print; Collections of Musical Instruments, in which New York does not figure, though it has a good beginning; English



'Mine woes afflict
this spirit sore'

"The Delsarte Method."

Metrical Psalter, treated in thirteen pages; Gregorian Tones, etc. The "Harmonious Blacksmith" is recalled for a discussion as to its authorship, which Handel's free borrowing makes *a priori* not improbably another's. Important additions and revisions are given to the article on Musical Libraries. Boston Musical Societies and the Boston Mendelssohn Quintette Club are noticed for the first time. Under Beethoven we now get a catalogue of his printed works; under

Mozart, a consideration of works falsely attributed to him; under Chopin, a list of his piano-forte solos; under Liszt, a deal of fresh and agreeable information, not omitting reference to that monument to his generous character, the "Correspondence with Wagner." A few columns of "Final Additions" are chiefly occupied with obituaries, as late as April 6th of the present year. Dr. Grove tells us in the preface that we have yet to expect a copious index of the whole four volumes, which has been prepared by Mrs. Wodehouse, and will make a separate volume.

The Nation.

A DANE IN RUSSIA.

IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA. By Dr. Georg Brandes. Translated from the Danish by Samuel C. Eastman. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.01.

The confidence reposed by Dr. Brandes, (as his preface informs us,) in his own "capacity for observation and in the soundness of his judgments" is hardly warranted by the blunders with which the whole volume literally bristles. It may, indeed, be charitably hoped that the translator and not the author is responsible for such phrases as "silent quiet" (which matches Dickens's famous "in death expire") or the extraordinary confusion of pronouns recalling the immortal "English as she is spoke." The same thing may perhaps be said of the mention at page 42 of "a large group" of two men, and the rather free translation of the Russian provincialism "Avos" (may be) by "Fire away!"

But the author has quite enough to answer for on his own account. He gravely tells us that "besides the Emperors and Generals in bronze only one single statue is to be found in St. Petersburg," whereas there are four on the Anitchkin Bridge alone and several more in the Summer Park and on the Island of Vasili-Ostroff. He makes 1824 instead of 1825 the last year of Alexander I. With Skobelev's wonderful career still fresh in public memory he coolly pronounces that Suvoroff (who was crushed like an egg-shell by the armies of France in 1799) was "undoubtedly the only genius among the Generals of Russia." It would probable startle the Russian police to learn that the one characteristic of the natives of Russia which specially impressed our author, was their "large and broad frankness," and that "nowhere else are men and women occupying the most advanced places in culture heard expressing themselves so openly and without reserve." * * *

But amid all the blunders and absurdities with which the earlier chapters abound, we meet every now and then with some touch of keen observation or of shrewd and vigorous criticism which goes far to redeem them. In the following passage a very important truth looms through a thin haze of exaggeration: "When a Russian has got hold of a thought, a principle, a purpose, he does not rest until he has followed it out to the

last results. Therefore the Russians are the most arbitrary oppressors and the most reckless liberators in the world, blindly orthodox, following sectarian religions to self-destruction, free thinking to Nihilism, sedition to attempts at murder and dynamite assaults. If they believe in the idea of authority, they bow down before it till the forehead touches the earth; if they hate the idea, that hate forces percussion bombs into their hands. They are radicals in everything—in faith and infidelity, in love and hate, in submission and rebellion."

Even deeper and truer than this is the striking summary of the dilemma which at present hampers Russia's intellectual life.

"The progressive Russian who desires the broadening and development of the nationality of his people, and that the foreign element should be kept at a distance, soon comes to the conviction that the fragments of Western culture in his land are always worth more than the unquestionable national roughness and the equally national barbarity. He feels the impossibility of wishing for progress and freedom of thought at the same time with the strengthening of national feeling in Russia. * * * On the plane of development that Russia has at this time reached he inevitably finds himself compelled to choose between two forces—either the national, with the sacrifice of the ideal of progressive freedom and culture, or the decidedly liberal, but then also without any firm footing on Russian soil, and with only a weak connection with the national spirit. All the most remarkable men of Russia have this dilemma to contend with. Minds like Pushkin, Gogol, and Dostoyevski chose definitely to pursue the former direction; those like Alexander Herzen and Ivan Turgeneff, the latter."

The second part of the book—which treats of Russian literature and art and the leading names in both—is a vast improvement upon the first. The sketches of the chief native authors and artists are full of spirit, and Count Tolstol's numberless readers will peruse with interest the following brief summary of his present mode of life:

"Tolstol has a clear, penetrating mind, especially tolerant of such as think otherwise, and of an angelic goodness. He reads everything, is interested in everything, and in his conversation does not attempt any propaganda. Poorly clad, half in rags, he lives in his family, which does not share his convictions, but which honors and idolizes him. His wife is an intelligent woman and an excellent mistress of her house—a house which is kept up in grand style. The sons, practical men, take care of the estate. The daughter is beautiful and worldly; in her very elegant costume she goes out to walk with her half-dressed father, and worships him. The people who surround him at the present time consist of three classes: firstly, the half-mad, who see in him what they want to see, and who get out of his words what they wish. In the second place, the good-for-nothings, who come to profit by his benevolent disposition, and who are often discontented, since he cannot satisfy all their demands. Finally the correspondents of the different newspapers, who write about him entirely according to the tendency of the paper to which they contribute."

The chapters which deal with early Russian folklore are well worth studying, for amid the strong, simple, vivid picturesqueness of these grand old legends Dr. Brandes is in his element, and does himself full justice for the first time. It is true that to begin Russian history from the nursery tales of Herodotus and the metrical whinings of exiled Ovid savors of the critic who defined the Homeric siege of Troy as "an abortive attempt to settle the Eastern question." But the analogies traced between the ancient Slavic traditions and the Scandinavian "sagas" of Dr. Brandes's forefathers are full of interest, and prove conclusively that while criticising intelligently the literature of the nineteenth century, he has not in any way overlooked what is good in that of the ninth. In fact, the best method of perusing this work to advantage is to read the second part twice over, and not to read the first part at all.

New York Times.

The well-known Danish man of letters, Dr. Georg Brandes, made last year a somewhat extended lecturing tour in the dominions of Czar Alexander III, and his observations are recorded in a volume whose English version bears the title of "Impressions of Russia." His book provides us with a long-needed supplement to the writings of "Stepniak" and Mackenzie Wallace. Stepniak discusses Russian topics from the point of view of a reformer and revolutionist; to Wallace Russian phenomena offered material for an interesting study in sociology. Both are inclined to propound and examine abstract questions: neither indulges in reminiscence without shielding the people mentioned under the veil of anonymity. Dr. Brandes, on the contrary, often puts the dots upon the *i's*; if he alludes to a conspicuous person in the official fashionable or literary society of St. Petersburg, Moscow, or Warsaw—and his opportunities of observation were exceptionally good—he frequently names the subject of the sketch; tells us how he looked, what he said and what others said of him. It follows that the book is filled with anecdotes of a singularly vivid and authentic kind, while there is at the same time no lack of comprehensive and judicious deduction. In short, Dr. Brandes and his translator have between them given us the most entertaining, while also one of the most valuable books about Russia that have been published in the English language. * * *

The 350 pages of this volume are crammed with interesting matter. No man who wishes to learn something of the social, political, and literary condition of Russia at the present hour should fail to make himself familiar with these impressions of one of the most acute and competent of contemporary observers.

N. Y. Sun.

—Amélie Rives-Chanler has been invited by Catulle Mendes to collaborate a novel with him.

MR. HENLEY'S VERSES.

A BOOK OF VERSES. By William Ernest Henley.
New Edition. 16mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.08.

It is a pleasant thing to know that so good "A Book of Verses" as William Ernest Henley's has reached a second edition. In everything they are so modest—like the songs of a bashful singer whose voice is only heard when he is alone on some hill-top where he breaks into music for joy and the love of it. This poet is so hopeful when he is sad, so gay when he has suffered. He has made up his mind that "life's a dream worth dreaming"—and he dreams it bravely.

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done;
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

Like the poems of his friend Stevenson, these songs are the tributes of love and affection—of the gentler emotions that always make life worth living. For what can fate bring to any man that may rob him of the love of his friends? And while that remains existence is a pleasure.

There is a lyrical quality in many of the poems which is an echo of Shelley—a choice of simple and musical words to express gentle fancies:

"A wink from Hesper falling
Fast in the wintry sky,
Comes through the even blue,
Dear, like a word from you,
Is it good-bye?
"Across the miles between us
I send you sigh for sigh.
Good-night, sweet friend, good-night!
Till life and all take flight,
Never good-bye."

The deepest note of the volume is in the poem "Matri Dilectissimæ"—a tribute to a mother, dead. Deep and tender feeling is expressed in the solemn, irregular measure of unrhymed lines:

"Between the river and the stars,
O royal and radiant soul,
Thou dost return, thine influences return
Upon thy children as in life, and death
Turns stingless. What is death
But life in act? Sweetest, how should the grave
Be victor over thee,
Mother, a mother of men?"

Drosch, in Life.

It is something over a dozen years ago—in fact, I believe it was in 1873—that William Ernest Henley was discovered. A clever Scotch physician, who himself was a lover of literature, found in that hospital at Edinburgh called "The Old Infirmary," an

eager-eyed young man, surrounded by the novels of Alexandre Dumas, with which he was trying to beguile the dreary days of enforced confinement. The doctor talked with this odd patient, became interested in him, and when he went away sent Robert Louis Stevenson to see him. This was the beginning of a friendship between these two men which bids fair to last them through life. Stevenson dedicated that delightful volume of essays entitled "*Virginibus Puerisque*" to Henley, in a letter which is as charming as anything else in the book. At the close of it he says: "These

devoted to his experiences and observations in the hospital, he writes of Stevenson (whose name he misleadingly spells Lewis). It was, I fancy, under Stevenson's influence that Henley first came to London and entered on literature as a profession. . . . There are some books one reads, and respects, and lays away; others that one reads, mildly approves of and forgets; still others which one puts in the little case at the head of one's bed, and takes down to read in wakeful nights or lazy mornings. I shall put "*A Book of Verses*" in the aforesaid little bookcase.

Mrs. Moulton in Boston Herald.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

A STORY OF THE WAR. By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. Illustrated, 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

For stirring action, breadth of view, and potent charm in the portrayal of a romantic love affair, "*Between the Lines*" is by far Captain Charles King's best story. The scene is for the most part in Northern Virginia, near the Shenandoah valley, in that vexed territory alternately ravaged by Federal and Confederate forces during the first years of the war. There in a picturesque old mansion, dwell the Armisteads, and when Lieutenant Kearney of New Jersey, out on scouting duty, sees the fair Lucy, he naturally falls in love with her. She, however, is an ardent rebel, and although when the lieutenant is brought to her home sadly wounded she nurses him back to health, she will not listen to his suit. The lieutenant himself falls under suspicion as a deserter and then as a murderer, but he finally clears his good name from the taint of dishonor. Meanwhile, things go from bad to worse with the Armisteads, and through it all the lieutenant is a devoted friend. What reward he got for his devotion the reader shall be allowed to discover. Captain King presents many a vivid picture of war; one will not soon forget his description of the route of Stuart's cavalry at Gettysburg. The whole book is harmonious, varied in interest, and definite in its outline of character. Lucy

Armistead is indeed a fascinating heroine, and in such womanly manner does she play her part that the fidelity of the author to human nature cannot be questioned.

Boston Beacon.

—Roberts Bros. will publish very soon Sir Edwin Arnold's latest volume of poems, entitled "*In My Lady's Praise*," consisting of tributes to his late wife, who was an American. Sir Edwin is coming to Boston in the autumn to lecture at Harvard College.



From "*Between the Lines*."

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papers are like milestones on the wayside of my life, and as I look back in memory there is hardly a stage of that distance but I see you present, with advice, reproof or praise. Meanwhile, many things have changed, you and I among the rest; but I hope that our sympathy, founded on the love of our art, and nourished by mutual assistance, shall survive these little revolutions undiminished, and, with God's help, unite us to the end."

In the "Envoy" to Charles Baxter, with which Henley concludes that portion of "*A Book of Verses*"

WINNING THE WEST.

THE WINNING OF THE WEST. By Theodore Roosevelt.
2 vols. With maps. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.10.

The two handsome volumes which are occupied with the recital by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt of the story of the winning of the country west of the Alleghenies, and of the first moves that were made in the great game of politics which secured to us that broad band of territory which extends unbroken from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and makes the English-speaking race the masters of the best of the North American continent, are, in their outward seeming, not unworthy of their great subject. As for the intrinsics of the books, they are worthy of all the painstaking that a writer of great good gifts has bestowed upon them; and it is gratifying to be able to say that Mr. Roosevelt has handled his theme not merely with an ample appreciation of its importance, but in such a way as to win for it the consideration of a very large number of readers. This is much the most important work that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has yet undertaken, and certain of his other writings may fairly be regarded as preparations for it. It treats of a subject that has never yet been dealt with in thoroughgoing fashion, or with a full appreciation of its high importance. It is safe to say that the average American of the Atlantic Coast is vastly more familiar with the history of the country between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains and beyond, than he is with the story of the conquest of the territory between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi, which made the other possible; and yet there is no chapter of our nation's story that is fuller of romance, or that more imperatively needs to be rightly understood, if the development of our institutions is to be viewed from the proper standpoint. Of late years there has been a disposition shown by several meritorious writers to discuss the conditions of the conquest of the Mississippi Valley; but the publications hitherto made have mainly treated of episodes or with a single hero as the main theme of discussion, and Mr. Roosevelt's book is the first comprehensive summary of the whole subject by a writer properly equipped for the task. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt's book is in one sense a fragment, for it only refers to the country between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi, and to the period from 1769 to 1783. But the subject discussed in these volumes is, in a certain way, complete in itself, and it needs to be discussed as a whole and viewed as a whole, if a right understanding of the subsequent events which secured to us not merely the entire Mississippi Valley, but the great territory to the west of it, is to be obtained. The West was practically won when Boone, Sevier, Robinson, and the other heroes of the trans-Allegheny region finished their work. The so-called Louisiana purchase only accomplished in a pacific way, and at a comparatively early day, what would have been accomplished some day in any event; but the Louisiana purchase would not have been thought of

had not the trans-Allegheny region been won, and well won, before the statesmanship of Jefferson had the opportunity offered for one of the grandest strokes that has been accomplished since the Declaration of Independence. As those who are acquainted with his previously published volumes are aware, Mr. Roosevelt is an agreeable writer, as well as one who is properly careful about his subject-matter. The readableness of his latest work is not the least of its recommendations. Its author has an intimate personal acquaintance with the country, the early history of which he has undertaken to recite, and he has been a diligent explorer of its annals. The result is a work which is a very satisfactory discussion of a fine subject, and one that it is surprising has not been taken up long ere this by some competent writer.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

NOTES.

—Robert Browning is reported to have a new volume of verse ready.

—George Meredith's new novel, which is almost ready for publication, has for its title "A Romance of Journalism."

—A volume of essays on George Meredith as novelist and poet is coming out in London. Mr. La Gallienne is the author.

—Lord Tennyson has nearly ready for publication a new lyrical poem, and several short pieces will be issued along with it as a volume.

—Mr. Wilkie Collins, who had a stroke of paralysis on June 30, we are glad to hear, is recovering. His new story is said to be nearly finished.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards is to sail for New York October 26th by the "Etruria." Miss Bradbury will accompany her on her American tour.

—Thomas Baily Aldrich has gone to London where he intends to finish a long poem of the time of Queen Elizabeth, which he began a year or two ago.

—Mr. William Allingham has in press a new volume of poems entitled "Life and Phantasy. The book is to have a frontispiece by Sir John Millais, and a design by Arthur Hughes.

—Professor Max Müller's new book on "Natural Religion," being the Gifford lectures which he delivered at Glasgow last year, will be issued here in a few days by Longmans, Green & Co.

—Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish "The Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald," the translator of Omar Khayyám; a popular life of Father Damien, by his friend Mr. Edward Clifford, and a cheap edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's first novel, "Miss Bretherton."

—Whoever wishes to teach himself German easily, pleasantly, and rapidly, could not do better than subscribe for *Germania*, a new magazine published at Manchester, N. H., (\$3 per year), and master its contents each fortnight. The number before us contains a chapter of Max Ring's novel "*Das Haus Hillel*," with explanatory notes, a "Beginner's Course," consisting of an interlinearly translated story, a valuable section of puzzling grammatical points, articles of general interest, reviews, correspondence, exercises in translation, etc.

—Of the books that influenced him in early days Professor Huxley says: "Looking back nearly fifty years * * * I was a voracious and omnivorous reader; a dreamer and speculator of the first water, well endowed with that splendid courage in attacking any and every subject which is the blessed compensation of youth and inexperience. Among the books and essays, on all sorts of topics, from metaphysics to heraldry, which I read at this time, two left an indelible impression on my mind. One was Guizot's 'History of Civilization,' the other was Sir William Hamilton's essay 'On the Philosophy of the Unconditioned,' which I came upon, by chance, in an odd volume of the *Edinburgh Review*. Philosophy and history having laid hold of me in this eccentric fashion, have never loosened their grip." *Bookmart*.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Queries concerning Books, Authors and Publishers will be answered in this column.

Mrs. D. P. H.—

Edgar Fawcett is the author of "The Buntling Ball."

J. F. F.—

You will find "The Wants of Man" in "Poems of Religion and Society," by John Quincy Adams.

C. E. S.—

Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes writes: "I do not know that we are in any way related to Dr. O. W. Holmes. I only wish we were."

C. O. C.—

It is not easy to say which are the "best" works of an author. We can only say which we like best, or which are most popular. We believe the following to be the most popular works of the authors you ask about: Aldrich, "Marjory Daw," "The Story of a Bad Boy;" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Howells, "The Lady of the Aroostook," "The Rise of Silas Lapham;" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Stockton, "Rudder Grange," "The Late Mrs. Null;" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Harte, "The Luck of Roaring Camp;" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Wallace, "Ben Hur;" (Harper & Brothers). Cable, "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes;" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Miss Murfree, "The Tennessee Mountains," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains;" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

You can obtain any of these books by sending to our Book Department.

A. R. D.—

"*Salammbo*" is the title of Gustave Flaubert's romance of Ancient Carthagina. There is a scene in the book, the "Communion of *Salammbo* with the Sacred Serpent," which your picture probably represents.

E. L. S.—

Since the July number of *Book News* was issued we find a further list of translations of Fredrika Bremer's novels; they are "Father and Daughter," "The Four Sisters," "The Neighbors," "The Home," "Life in the Old World." These are published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

J. M. D.

(1) Rolfe says: "It is probable that the title 'As You Like It' was suggested by the preface to Lodge's novel. In his address 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' he says: 'Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, bute hewen down by a souldier with his curtelaxe, not bought with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, where everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so; and yet I will bee yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour.' Tieck believed that the title was meant as a reply to Ben Jonson's criticisms on the loose and irregular style of Shakespeare's comedy, and that it was suggested by the following passage in the Epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels*:

"I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
"By —'t is good, and if you like 't you may."

Ulrici sees in it a reference to the meaning and spirit of the play itself. In summing up his argument, he says: "In fact, all do exactly what and as they please; each gives himself or herself up, in unbridled wilfulness, to good or evil, according to his or her own whims, mood, or impulses, whatever the consequences may prove to be. Each looks upon and turns and shapes life as it pleases him or her. * * * It is a life such as not only must please the dramatic personages themselves, but would please every one, were such a life only possible; it is the poetic reflex of a life as you like it." * * *

(2) And this editor says that the name "Twelfth Night" "was probably suggested by the time of its first production, or by its embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth Night (twelfth after Christmas) sports and revels—a time devoted to festivity and merriment. The second title, 'Or What You Will,' seems to imply that the first has no special meaning." In "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art" Ulrici devotes nearly a page to the significance of the title of this play.

(3) Charlton T. Lewis's History of Germany is very good, and so is Menzel's, published in three volumes in Bohn's Library. Vol. III is very full between the years 1700 and 1800. Baring Gould's "Germany, Past and Present," is good. The most extensive history, as far as it goes, is that by Herbert Tuttle, in three volumes. Vol. I, "History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederic the Great" (1734–1740). Vols. II and III, "History of Prussia Under Frederic the Great" (1740–1756).

DESCRIPTIVE

PRICE-LIST OF NEW BOOKS

AT WANAMAKER'S.

HISTORY.

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC. Compiled from the National and Colonial Histories and Historical Collections, from the American archives and from memoirs, and from the journals and proceedings of the British Parliament. By Daniel R. Goodloe. 8vo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65.

Beginning with the resistance of the colonies to the enforcement of the stamp-act, the book gives a full account of nearly every public meeting of importance down to the adoption of the declaration of independence. Resolutions and addresses are freely quoted, an outline of the formation of the Constitution is provided, the election of President Washington is depicted from contemporary comment, and his first inaugural address is printed in full. The book certainly brings the student of the colonial period into close touch with the men who made the republic, and for its deep sense of actuality as well as its exploitation of almost inaccessible material, it will be welcomed by all who wish to know how their fathers resisted tyranny. One thing is brought out very clearly by the testimony of this volume. The Americans were not from the first bent upon independence. They demanded simply a fair degree of political liberty, and it was the oppression of the home government which forced them inevitably along the road to absolute separation. This conclusion agrees with that of Professor Fiske in his history of American independence, and is doubtless the only one to which an enlightened examination of the facts can subscribe. Mr. Goodloe's book is provided with an index; but an analytical table of contents would be an advantage.

Boston Beacon.

THE WINNING OF THE WEST. By Theodore Roosevelt. 2 vols. With maps. 8vo, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.10.

See review in this number.

BIOGRAPHY.

ELI AND SIBYL JONES. Their Life and Work. By Rufus M. Jones. With portraits. 12mo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.32.

With the personal help of Eli Jones and from the letters and diaries of the venerable preacher and his wife, the author has prepared a book which has his full approval. For over fifty years they have held the most prominent place as preachers and missionaries in the Society of Friends. Sibyl Jones certainly ranks among remarkable women. Whittier and John Bright have both spoken in the highest terms of her inspiration, her power, and her poetic language. There is not a family of Friends that will not have an earnest desire to read this book, as nearly all have a personal acquaintance with them.

Publishers' Weekly.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Henry Cabot Lodge. American Statesmen series. Two volumes. 12mo, \$1.80; by mail, \$2.00.

See review in this number.

HERNDON'S LINCOLN. The true story of a great life. The history and personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln. By William H. Herndon and Jesse William Weik, A. M. 3 vols. 12mo, \$3.25; by mail, \$3.50.

Is an important contribution to the ever-growing library of Lincoln literature. The especial motive of the work is set forth in the preface; "The object * * * is to deal with Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer, as a citizen, as a statesman. Especial attention is given to the history of his youth and early manhood."

This is an ambitious undertaking and requires ample command of resources and literary ability of the highest order. Mr. Herndon has an abundance of material, his long association with Mr. Lincoln as his law partner, his intimate acquaintance with the Lincoln family and twenty years of industrious research have given him a mass of information which will unquestionably be found of value. As to the ability needed to handle this material and to present the facts "so that the reader will see and feel the living man," the conclusion unfortunately must be that Mr. Herndon does not display it in these volumes. He seems conscientiously anxious to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but his controlling idea seems to be that he must tell everything he can get hold of and give the last detail without regard to its significance. He lacks knowledge of literary perspective, and fails to distinguish the relations that his facts bear to each other and to the subject of his composition. The result is that his book is not a biography but a collection of memoranda; a collection of great interest, but cumbered with notes not worth preserving.

As to the sensational revelations of Lincoln's private life, the exhibition of the skeleton in the closet, "the insertion of things that would be omitted or suppressed" by less candid biographers, the expectation that the book will rival Mrs. Beecher Stowe's defense of Lady Byron, is destined to be disappointed. The author seems to attach more importance to these matters than the public will be likely to. He has, however, accumulated a deal of information which could hardly be obtained except under conditions of intimate personal association, and this the public will undoubtedly receive with gratitude.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

WILLIAM DAMPIER. By W. Clark Russell. English Men of Action series. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 68 cents; flexible cloth, 45 cents; by mail, 52 cents.

Least important historically of the "English Men of Action" series, but one of the most readable volumes, is this story of Dampier's life and adventures. Incidentally, it shows where the biographer, Mr. Clark Russell, got material for some of his old-time sea stories. It also makes clear the difference between the vessels and sailors of two centuries ago and those of to-day. As for Dampier himself, he seems in the narrative, as in his portrait, to have been a man of high intelligence and little balance—a fellow who by turns could be priest and pirate, according to his surroundings for the time being. Like Frederic, the hero of the "Pirates of Penzance," he started to be a pilot, but chancing to fall among pirates he discharged his unexpected duties with a degree of zeal and skill which made him quite popular with the nation which then was the principal patron of sea robbers. Mr. Russell has made an exciting book, with a genuine old time flavor.

N. Y. Herald.

DESCRIPTION.

ATLANTIC CITY. Illustrated. Oblong 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 81 cents; smaller edition, 40 cents; by mail, 44 cents.

A HOLIDAY TOUR IN EUROPE. By Joel Cook. New edition. With illustrations. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 90 cents.

Some years ago when Mr. Joel Cook, of the *Public Ledger*, spent a summer in Europe, he wrote letters for that paper which were so full of interest and useful information that they were afterwards collected and printed in a volume which had wide circulation. Its title was "A Holiday Tour in Europe." Mr. David McKay has now published a new and very handsome edition, beautifully printed and well illustrated. Mr. Cook traveled with his eyes open through England, France, Switzerland and Germany, writing down his impressions while they were freshest. Those who have visited the same scenes enjoy his descriptions, and those who propose making the tour should fortify themselves with his narrative, which is worth a dozen of the standard hand-books for travelers.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT. (Rambles through American Society.) By Max O'Rell and Jack Allyn. Translated from the French by Madame Paul Blouët. New edition. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

LONDON. Illustrated by twenty bird's-eye views of the principal streets. Also by a map showing its chief suburbs and environs, and by a street-map of Central London. By the Late Herbert Fry. New edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo, 65 cents; by mail, 74 cents.

BY LEAFY WAYS. Brief Studies from the Book of Nature. By Francis A. Knight. Illustrated by E. T. Compton. 12mo, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60.

The volume is made up of a series of short out-of-door studies, well described by its sub-title. The writer has evidently made a careful study of English summer life, although he has not confined his observation to this season. The varying aspects of the English landscape, its foliage, its shrubbery, and the birds and animals which haunt it, have been studied at first hand, and are written about with an ease and sympathy which are very engaging. It is a long time since we have happened upon any out-of-door book so fresh and fragrant, or one which leads the reader more willingly and with less effort to the heart of nature. The volume is well printed, and charmingly illustrated.

Christian Union.

WASHINGTON. Photographic Album of Views. Oblong 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 64 cents; parchment, 40 cents; by mail, 44 cents; smaller edition, oblong 18mo, 40 cents; by mail, 43 cents; parchment 20 cents; by mail, 22 cents.

OUR JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES. By Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.49.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH AND WEST, WITH COMMENTS ON CANADA. By Charles Dudley Warner. 12mo, half leather, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.50.

RELIGION.

THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. By the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. The Expositor's Bible. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.26.

Dr. Marcus Dods's Commentary on "The First Epistle to the Corinthians" may add to his reputation as a preacher, but will not raise his standing as a theologian. We are glad to see that, upon the whole, he approves of "Paul," but he appears to yearn for something better. The book is pleasantly written and some people may find it instructive. The great object is to show that St. Paul (it is as well to give him his title occasionally) was a nineteenth-century Dissenter of the broad and foggy kind. The task is not an inviting one for an expositor for this particular Epistle, but Dr. Dods does not want courage. First of all, we come upon the schisms at Corinth. Dr. Dods begins by dwelling with much good sense on "the mischief done by disunion in the Church," and ends with the extraordinary conclusion that unity of organization, and apparently unity of creed, are not desirable things. "Paul" would have made short work of this kind of gloss upon his meaning. It is not right to say that "to this man (St. Paul) we owe our Christianity," nor is it true that "the government of the Church was in Paul's idea thoroughly democratic." If Dr. Dods will read again the passage in question (that treating of the excommunication of an offender), he will see that the Apostle intervened in very high-handed fashion.

Saturday Review.

ESSAYS ON THE WORK ENTITLED SUPERNATURAL RELIGION. Reprinted from *The Contemporary Review*. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., L.L.D. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.39.

SIGNS OF PROMISE. Sermons preached in Plymouth Pulpit, Brooklyn, 1887-9. By Lyman Abbott. Printed from stenographic reports. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.23.

His sermons, as printed in this volume, are not only distinct, forcible and tersely expressed, but they indicate a breadth of view which is deplorably rare in ministerial utterances. They contain nothing unorthodox or even startling; all are on lines which all churches claiming to be evangelical agree upon, nevertheless there are new ways of stating old truths, and Mr. Abbott has admirable command of some of them. His collection of sermons will have peculiar interest for many because he is the first successor of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth pulpit, and in the minds of some people he has been heavily handicapped by the fame of his illustrious predecessor. If sermonizing is a fair indication Plymouth Church is still on solid foundations.

N. Y. Herald.

A NEW COMMENTARY ON GENESIS. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. Translated by Sophia Taylor. Vol. II. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.41.

ESSAYS AND TREATISES.

PROHIBITION: THE PRINCIPLE, THE POLICY AND THE PARTY. A dispassionate study of the arguments for and against prohibitory law, and the reasons governing the political action of its advocates. By E. J. Wheeler. 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents; paper, 20 cents; by mail, 27 cents.

ETHICAL RELIGION. By William Mackintire Salter. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

TIMES AND DAYS. Being Essays in Romance and History. 18mo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.28.

DAYS OUT OF DOORS. By Charles C. Abbot. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

THE MOSSBACK CORRESPONDENCE. Together with Mr. Mossback's views on certain practical subjects, with a short account of his visit to Utopia. By Francis E. Clark. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

REGIMENTAL LOSSES IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, 1861-1865. A treatise on the extent and nature of the mortuary losses in the Union regiments, with full and exhaustive statistics compiled from the official records on file in the State Military Bureaus and at Washington. By William F. Fox, Lt. Col. U. S. A. Large 4to, \$5.00; by mail, \$5.45.

THE ART OF SELLING. With Hints on Good Buying; also Recent Changes in Business Conditions and Methods; Salesmen's Compensation, Opportunities and Prospects; Commercial Travelers; Retail Merchants and Salesmen; Saleswomen; How to Read Character; and the Most Important Legal Principles, Points and Decisions Governing Sales. By F. B. Goddard. 12mo, flexible cloth, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

Mr. Goddard's little book is a good one, and, holding that honesty is the best policy, he represents what are the true interests and aims of a very large and by no means unimportant class of men.

New York Times.

POETRY.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Vol. XV. "Dramatic Idyls," "Jocoseria." New edition. 16mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.19.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES. A poem in six cantos. By Sir Walter Scott. Routledge's Pocket Library. 32mo, 30 cents; by mail, 34 cents; gilt top, uncut edges, 45 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

BLUEBIRD NOTES. Poems. By Ira Billman. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.29.

PROSE FICTION.

BETWEEN THE LINES. A Story of the War. By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. Illustrated. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.02.

See review in this number.

PAYING THE PENALTY, AND OTHER STORIES. By Charles Gibbon, George Manville Fenn, Clive Philipps-Wolley, Helen Shipton, Katharine S. Macquoid. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 88 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

The other stories are: In Marine Armor, being the Adventures of Abel Dane, by G. M. Fenn; My Soldier Keeper, by Clive Philipps-Wolley; Golden Feather by the author of "Mehalah"; Saved by the Skin of His Teeth, a true story, by Helen Shipton; Gone, a Story of Some Years Ago, by Katharine S. Macquoid.

Publishers' Weekly.

AMERICAN COIN. By the author of "Aristocracy." 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 69 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

THREE TIMES TRIED, AND OTHER STORIES. By B. L. Farjeon, Grant Allen, J. Maclaren Cobban, Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Austen Pember, George Manville Fenn. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 87 cents; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

The other stories are: A Terrible Inheritance, by Grant Allen; By Telegraph, by J. Maclaren Cobban; For Dick's Sake, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; Slipping Away, or the Price of a Tale, by Austen Pember; Lord John, or, a Search for Gold, by G. Manville Fenn.

Publishers' Weekly.

A RIDE ON A CYCLONE. By William Hosea Ballou. Illustrations by H. Clay Coultaus. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES ON THE GOLDEN TEXTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS OF 1889. Second Part. By Edward E. Hale. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

The lessons for the last half of the year are taken from the Old Testament beginning with the story of Samuel. The stories are written by a "Ten," consisting of Mr. Hale, his sisters and his children, with the assistance of Miss Elizabeth Orne White and Mrs. Bernard Whitman, the secretary of the central organization of the Lend-a-hand Clubs.

Publishers' Weekly.

THE HISTORY OF A SLAVE. By H. H. Johnston, F. R. G. S., F. Z. S., etc., author of "The Kilimanjaro Expedition," etc. With 47 full-page illustrations, engraved from the author's drawings. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 49 cents.

DEUX SŒURS. Par André Theuriet. 12mo, paper, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.28.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN ON THE GOLDEN TEXTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS OF 1889. By Miss Lucretia P. Hale and Mrs. Bernard Whitman. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents.

Covers the same ground as Mr. Hale's volume, but the stories are worded for the youngest members of the Sunday-school.

Publishers' Weekly.

ANNA KARÉNINA. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

ELIZABETH MORLEY. By Katharine J. Macquoid. Lovell's International series. 12mo, paper, 25 cents; by mail, 26 cents.

JOHN HERRING. By S. Baring Gould. Lovell's International series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

Mr. S. Baring Gould's stories are always dramatically told and artistically constructed. They have about them much rugged strength and vigor, and all the figures on the canvas are surcharged with individuality, move freely and naturally, and seem to be real flesh-and-blood characters. In John Herring there is much to attract by its novelty, and its lifelike treatment of incidents. The plot cannot well be summarized, but its pictures of English country life and manners, its insight into and analysis of motives, and its broad types of humanity make up a fascinating story, one which follows no much worn or well-trodden path, but strikes out into a region entirely new and strange in fiction.

Philadelphia Record.

THE SEARCH FOR BASIL LYNDHURST. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Lovell's Household series. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 22 cents.

A SWALLOW'S WING. A tale of Pekin. By Charles Hannan. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

A work of fiction built on unusual lines, and interesting as well as novel, is furnished by Charles Hannan in "A Swallow's Wing." The story is peculiar in being laid in China, a country seldom selected by English-writing novelists as the scene of an entire book, although it has frequently received the honor of a chapter or two in prose fiction, and has afforded generous inspiration to comic English rhyme. One might consider that it would be difficult to conduct a genuine romance properly amid Chinese surroundings, but Mr. Hannan has performed his work successfully in spite of the unusual nature of the ground.

N. Y. Sun.

DERRICK VAUGHAN, NOVELIST. By Edna Lyall. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

The lady who writes under the pseudonym of Edna Lyall has made a little character study and monograph, which she calls "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," purporting to give, in the words of an intimate friend of that personage, the real history of one who ranks among "noted men," and who "leapt into fame" as suddenly as Lord Byron. Needless to say, the story is well told. Derrick, like so many of the heroes of women novelists, is too near perfection, while Laurence, his twin brother, a dashing military man, is too much in contrast. However, Derrick's really noble traits and his renunciation of self and of the girl he loved, from a sense of duty to his disreputable old father, command both pity and admiration. Freda Merrifield, the girl, does not for a long time comprehend the position, and underrating him, is captivated by the brilliant Laurence, but discovers her mistake before it is too late, and the brave, loyal, patient, long-suffering Derrick is rewarded in the end. Not the least interesting portions of the story are those where the author reveals something of her own personality in Derrick's aspirations and trials in writing his novels.

Literary World.

CLOUD AND CLIFF; OR, SUMMER DAYS AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. By Willis Boyd Allen. Illustrated. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

The principal characters are our old friends the Percivals, Rose Burton, the Martins, Pet Sibley, and others who a year ago made Camp Kelp one of the liveliest places on the north shore. The readers of "Kelp" will remember that when the camp broke up in August most of its members set their faces towards the White Mountains, the first objective point being the Crawford House. The boys, concluding they would not ride in a Pullman the entire distance, separated at Portland from the rest of the party, walked to the Glen, up the carriage-road to the summit of Mt. Washington, then down over the bridal-path to Crawford's. Half the book is taken up with the adventures of the boys on this journey. They are lost on the mountains and spend a fearful night there.

Publishers Weekly.

IVAN ILYITCH, AND OTHER STORIES. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. New edition. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

THE SCARLET LETTER. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Riverside Paper series. 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

JOHN WARD, PREACHER. By Margaret Deland. Riverside Paper series. 12mo, 40 cents; by mail, 41 cents.

A TROUBLESOME GIRL. By "The Duchess." Lovell's International series. 12mo, paper, 25 cents; by mail, 26 cents.

THOTH. A Romance. By the author of "A Dreamer of Dreams." 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

A quaint story of the olden times when the countries round about the Mediterranean were the outgrowth of Greek colonies and their theories of government and religion were as diaphanous as the morals of the day. An Egyptian city had so devoted itself to the science of government that mind became everything and heart nothing; so women, being supposed to be without mind, were degraded, disgraced and placed in contempt, that men should no longer care for them and waste time upon them. As a natural consequence, though the wise Egyptians never foresaw it, the successive generations of men were feebler and feebler of intellect, so it became necessary to search elsewhere for women to become mothers of Egyptian children. Some intelligent girls were purchased as slaves at Athens, and one of them, through her spirit and character, overturned the entire hierarchy of the Egyptian city, a result not to be regretted. The story, like its author's earlier book, is somewhat inconsequent, nevertheless it is interesting.

N. Y. Herald.

A VAGABOND LOVER. By "Rita." Lovell's International series. 12mo, paper, 18 cents; by mail, 19 cents.

Is a mere sketch, the hero having been a child who was washed on shore from a shipwreck during a storm, and found by a man who believed that he had discovered the cause and generation of life. The child was made a subject for experiment, life was breathed into it, but only physical life and not its higher principle, the mysterious divine spark, which is the source of universal spirit, and leaves that source but to return to it again. The result is that the child grows up to manhood without one redeeming virtue, and seems to delight in doing all manner of evil. The story is stilted and overstrained, and the reading of it leaves behind a sense of weariness. *Philadelphia Record.*

THE LAST OF THE VAN SLACKS. A story of to-day. By Edward S. Van Zile. Cassell's Sunshine Series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

THE VENGEANCE OF MAURICE DENALGUEZ. By Selina Dolaro, author of "Bella-Demonia." 12mo, paper, 40 cents, by mail, 42 cents.

A HEART TWICE WON; OR, SECOND LOVE. By Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon. New Edition. 12mo, paper, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

CLEOPATRA. Being an account of the fall and vengeance of Harmachis, the royal Egyptian, as set forth by his own hand. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 73 cents; paper, 20 cents, by mail, 21 cents.

See review in this number.

CLIP HER WING; OR, LET HER SOAR? By a Lady of Louisiana. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.14.

Paul Marvin's dread that his daughter will make *mésalliance* leads him to send her to a Northern school; here for a time her class duties absorb her attention. But on her return home her father finds that her sentiment for Gordon Lindsey has undergone no material change. In addition to combating her father's wrath Sadie has the intriguing of a false friend and the feelings of a would-be lover to contend with. Her manner of overcoming these difficulties is the interesting part in a novel which at times is rather "gushing." *Publishers' Weekly.*

A SAGE OF SIXTEEN. By L. B. Walford. Leisure Hour series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 83 cents; paper, 25 cents; by mail, 26 cents.

The author of "Mr. Smith," who also wrote "A Sage of Sixteen," has not an equal in the art of making a hero of an unobtrusive figure. Mr. Smith, alluded to above, was such a being—a simple, stout, middle aged, bald headed man of business, who nevertheless, by force of example and without a bit of precept, much less of cant, transformed several utterly trivial lives into something approaching nobility. "A Sage of Sixteen" is a character much simpler—a young girl, rather younger than her years, and without a bit of genius, pertness or any other substitute for natural ability, yet through the force and influence of an honest, warm heart, and without a word of preaching or "goody-goody" talk changes two London families from fashionable inanities, well meaning but inactive, into positive and cheering influences among all people with whom they come in contact. The book ranks in the shops as a novel, but it ought nevertheless to be in every Sunday-school library: it is a disguised sermon on one of the sweetest and highest moralities, yet a readable and amusing story. *N. Y. Herald.*

UNCLE PETER'S TRUST; OR, FOLLOWING THE DRUMS. By George B. Perry. Illustrated. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 87 cents.

Is a story for boys, and a capital good story it is, notwithstanding that it runs along quite familiar lines in some respects. The hero is a bright little fellow who is saved from shipwreck, who becomes a drummer-boy, and who finally finds his father under circumstances most gratifying to both. The story is told in an animated way, and there is good entertainment of a good kind in it. *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

MISS MARLOWE. A Story of Society. 12mo, 60 cents; by mail, 66 cents.

Is a bright little love story, apparently by a new hand. The "society" of which this is a story is Philadelphian, and the action of the play may be said to centre at Bryn Mawr, although its threads extend to remote regions. The story is nicely told, amid some laughter and some tears, and there are several sketches of character that have positive merit. The intrinsic interests of the story are such that it is well worth tucking away in the hand-satchel for the beguilement of a couple of hours on the cars or the boat; while, as a first effort in the line of fiction, it certainly promises well for the future attempts of its author. *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

THE CRIME OF HENRY VANE. A study with a moral. By F. J. Stinson. New edition. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 47 cents.

A CROOKED PATH. By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour series. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents; paper, 30 cents; by mail, 32 cents.

THREE DAYS. A midsummer love-story. By Samuel Williams Cooper. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

The scene is a sea-coast summer resort—Bar Harbor, perhaps. To the Hotel Gladstone comes Morris Ashton, of New York, a handsome, impecunious lawyer, whose aim in life is to marry an heiress, and thus retain his foothold in the fashionable life he loves so well. His friend, Col. McAlpin, at whose invitation he has come to the Hotel Gladstone, has selected a rich and beautiful woman, Margaret Lee, as worthy of his admiration and ambition. But Ashton perversely turns aside and for "three days" devotes himself to an innocent little girl, without money or position. He wins her heart and then—rides away, to marry the heiress he had already secured at Newport. The plot is not new, but the author tells his story with a good deal of cleverness. The dainty white and gold cover, and the eight full-page illustrations by Hal. Hurst and C. C. Cooper, Jr., give the volume an unusually attractive appearance. *Publishers' Weekly.*

A WHEEL OF FIRE. By Arlo Bates. New edition. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS. A Story of Love and Adventure in the Bush and in the Gold-fields of Australia. By Rolf Boldrewood. 12mo, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.03.

Old Marston, originally an English poacher and transported to Australia, is the parent of two thorough-faced scoundrels, Jim and Dick. The three ply the business of cattle lifting, and do it in a very wholesale way, under the leadership of Captain Starlight. The gang vary their performances by stopping mail coaches, robbing banks, and cracking houses. A profession of this kind cannot be successfully carried out without an occasional killing, and in "Robbery Under Arms" some dozen constables and bandits are shot. People in the cattle business in Arizona, Montana, or Kansas may look leniently on the road agent, but stealing cattle—even a poor horse—is generally discouraged, and by "discouraged" is meant punishment without giving the culprit any chance to reform; so although cowboy ethics may have been first formulated in Australia, there has been evolution in the United States. If both Jim and Dick had been strung up, as they deserved, there would have been a fitting conclusion to this highwayman's romance, but this brace of rascals manages to get free. The influence of "Robbery Under Arms" is decidedly a bad one, but there is cleverness in the descriptions, of Australian bush life, and Rolf Boldrewood comes out remarkably strong when he writes about horses. Rainbow deserved a better fate than did his master Starlight, for both were targets for bullets. As for Crib, old man Marston's dog, he was a lurcher, and a lurcher is a despicable beast, yet one really felt more pity for him than the swindling poacher who owned him. *N. Y. Times.*

THE MEMOIRS OF BARRY LYNDON, ESQ., AND DENIS DUVAL. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With forty-one illustrations by W. Ralston and an introductory note setting forth the history of these works. Library edition. 8vo, \$1.10; by mail \$1.25.

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TWO SIDES OF A STORY, OLEY GROW'S DAUGHTER, MRS. WINTERROWD'S MUSICAL, "UNFINISHED," MARCH AND APRIL, RAISING CAIN. By George Parsons Lathrop. Cassell's Sunshine series. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 42 cents.

Is the title of the volume whose contents are made up of George Parsons Lathrop's more notable contributions to *Harper's*, *The Century* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Lathrop is not like some authors who put their best work into their novels. He has never written anything better than his short stories.

American Bookseller.

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DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XIX. Finch-Forman. 8vo, \$2.80; by mail, \$3.06.

THE WORLD'S BEST BOOKS. A key to the treasures of literature. By Frank Parsons, F. E. Crawford, and H. T. Richardson. 12mo, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.09.

Every book that aims to set forth a course of reading for all to follow must of necessity be biased by the personal preferences and characteristics of its author. Mr. Parson's book is no exception to the rule. It must be said in his favor, however, that he has seemed to try to make his judgment catholic, and so to broaden his view that his choice of the world's best books might be, as far as possible, the choice that the world should make. Of course, in less than 130 pages no one can undertake to do more than catalogue the world's best literature. Mr. Parsons has made a conscientious effort to do his work of cataloguing well, and he has succeeded in making a useful and valuable book. The necessary brevity of his comments makes them sometimes seem inadequate, and he has a tendency to the use of superlatives, and to "fine writing," too, at times. Any one who is planning a course of reading for himself, however, will find in this book a useful guide and aid.

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See review in this number.

SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED. A Dictionary of Synonymous words in the English Language, illustrated with quotations from standard writers. By the late Charles John Smith, M. A. New edition. With the author's latest corrections and additions. Edited by the Rev. H. Percy Smith, M. A. 8vo, \$1.80; by mail, \$1.95.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Writer.

MY CONFESSION. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian. New edition. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

MY RELIGION. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the French by Huntington Smith. New edition. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail, 48 cents.

THE COMING SCHOOL. By Ellen E. Kenyon. A sequel to "The Young Idea," by Caroline B. Le Row. 16mo, boards, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

It is doubtful that the average teacher wants to remember at this season of the year that such an institution as the school exists; yet the enthusiasts on "methods" will doubtless read with avidity this brochure with its advocacy of object teaching. There is much sense and nonsense talked about pedagogics at this time; and it seems that the author has managed to compress an amazing amount of both into a very short and enthusiastic work.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. With notes and introductions to each play by F. A. Marshall and other Shakesperian scholars, and numerous illustrations by Gordon Browne, and other artists. Vol. VI. 8vo, \$2.25; by mail, \$2.53.

PLAIN TALKS WITH YOUNG HOME MAKERS. By F. McCready Harris (Hope Ledyard.) 18mo, boards, 30 cents; by mail, 35 cents.

It contains in its 116 pages a great amount of plain talk which all young people just establishing a home would do well to read. It is not a book of theories, as is the rule with writings of this class, but it states plainly some very wholesome advice. Of course, there are some points on which readers might differ with the writer as to the best policy to be pursued, but on the whole the good sense of the writer will prevail.

The first few chapters relate to the matter of choosing and furnishing the home and in these the author talks more to those young people who are obliged to commence "in a small way." The other chapters relate to the care and teachings of children, and those household duties which all experience. These chapters may be read with profit by all young housekeepers. The book is surely one which should be added to the library of new homes.

Boston Times.

AN HOUR WITH DELSARTE. A Study of Expression. By Anna Morgan. Illustrated by Rose Mueller Sprague and Marian Reynolds. 4to, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.62.

See review in this number.

THE EARLIER LIFE AND THE CHIEF EARLIER WORKS OF DANIEL DEFOE. Edited by Henry Morley, LL. D. The Carisbrooke Library. 8vo, half leather, 90 cents; by mail, \$1.05; cloth, 75 cents; by mail, 90 cents.

AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES. A medium of Intercommunication for Literary Men, General Readers, etc. Vol. II. November, 1888, to April, 1889. 4to, half leather, \$1.80; by mail, \$1.97.

The character of this admirable little periodical is already firmly established as the only adequate medium of intercommunication for literary men and general readers published in the United States. It is edited with scholarly thoroughness by Mr. William H. Garrison, and is steadily winning the cordial and wide support it deserves.

Philadelphia Press.

THE PEOPLE I'VE SMILED WITH. Recollections of a Merry Little Life. By Marshall P. Wilder. 12mo, \$1.10; by mail, \$1.22.

The philosopher who wins the most votes and does humanity the most good in these days is the laughing philosopher. Mr. Marshall P. Wilder started out on his brilliant career with the theory that there were too many solemn people in the world, and so far as is possible he has been trying to mitigate that deplorable evil. His efforts have been crowned with flattering success. He has been about the world a good deal, has met with many persons of celebrity, and now in this jovial little book he has jotted down some of his random recollections. That it is a bright book, goes without saying. It contains anecdotes of Mr. Beecher, General Grant, ex-President Cleveland, Mr. Blaine, the Prince of Wales, Henry Irving, Buffalo Bill, and other eminent characters, all of whom always showed their best sides to the kindly humorist; and it is full of excellent stories, some quoted, some his own.

Boston Beacon.

THE GARDEN'S STORY; OR, PLEASURES AND TRIALS OF AN AMATEUR GARDENER. By George H. Ellwanger. 18mo, 90 cents; by mail, 98 cents.

DINNEROLOGY. Our Experiments in Diet. From Crankery to Common Sense. A Tale for the Times. By Pan. 12mo, paper, 40 cents; by mail 41 cents.

A married couple of ten years' standing make the discovery that they are getting uncomfortably stout, and are martyrs to a most uncomfortable dyspepsia. They determine to study diet, and to reduce not only their size but their market and doctor's bills. Their experiments are full of interest. First they try an entirely vegetable diet, then they admit fish and meat, but sparingly—the object being all the time to have substantial food at a small cost. Recipes are given throughout of the dishes they try, and a good deal of useful information on food and cooking. The style is bright and clever, recommending the book to others than housekeepers.

Publishers' Weekly.

LOG CABINS. How to build and furnish them. By William S. Wicks. Illustrated. Oblong 8vo, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.30.

Mr. William S. Wicks has contributed in a measure to revive what promised soon to become a lost art. He has also done more than that by furnishing for the benefit of summer excursionists descriptions, accompanied by illustrations, of several of the many picturesque lodges, of logs and rustic work, which have of late years sprung up so rapidly in the Adirondacks and other forest-clad regions. It is true that some of these are far too elegant in appearance and elaborate in design to accord with their savage surroundings; but Mr. Wicks caters to all tastes, and the millionaire or the man of modest means will find in his book no lack of useful hints. Lovers of woodcraft are indebted to him for an especially agreeable and useful little volume.

N. Y. Sun.

YOUNG FOLKS WORTH KNOWING. From *The Pansy*. Illustrated. 16mo, 75 cents; by mail, 84 cents.

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—Mr. Lowell, who is paying us his usual summer visit, has written a preface to a new edition of "The Compleat Angler." He has had the good fortune to discover one or two facts which, if not of great importance, will still be a welcome addition to a life of which there is so little new or exciting to tell as Isaac Walton's. The book is to be published at Boston in the autumn. *Athenæum*.

—Miss Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, died at Lynn, Mass., on June 28th. She was born at Nantucket in 1818. At an early age Miss Mitchell became an active assistant to her father, William Mitchell, teacher and astronomer, in his scientific work. At eighteen she was appointed librarian of the Nantucket Athenæum and held that position for more than twenty years. In 1847 she discovered a telescopic comet, in recognition of which she received a gold medal from the King of Denmark. On the opening of Vassar College, in 1865, Miss Mitchell was appointed Professor of Astronomy and director of the observatory in that institution, which position she occupied for nearly a quarter of a century. In 1887 Columbia College conferred on her the degree of LL. D. She was a member of various scientific societies, and was the first woman to be elected to the American Academy of Sciences. Her published writings were restricted to scientific papers, with the exception of some poems contributed to a volume called "Seaweeds from the Shores of Nantucket."

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